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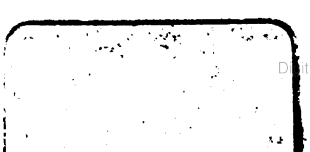

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DEAN SWIFT'S WORKS,

IN

NINETEEN VOLUMES.

1801.

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JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

Published May 1st 1800, by J. Nichols, &c &c.

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED BY THOMAS SHERIDAN, A.M.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

A NEW EDITION, IN NINETEEN VOLUMES;

CORRECTED AND REVISED

BY JOHN NICHOLS, F.S.A. EDINBURGH AND PERTH.

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1801.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FRANCIS RAWDON HASTINGS,

EARL OF MOIRA, BARON RAWDON, &c. &c.

THAN WHOM THE UNITED DOMINIONS
CONTAIN NOT A TRUER PATRIOT;

WHO COULD DISTINGUISH HIMSELF BY HIS PEN,
NO LESS THAN BY HIS SWORD AND HIS ELOQUENCE;

THE WORKS

OF

DEAN SWIFT,

ARE,

WITH STRICT PROPRIETY,

INSCRIBED,

BY

A MEMBER OF THE CORPORATION OF LONDON;

WHO HAS THE HONOUR TO SUBSCRIBE HIMSELF

HIS LORDSHIP'S

GREATLY OBLIGED, AND

VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

J. NICHOLS.

July 1, 1801.

932168

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" Whoever in the three kingdoms has any books at all, has SWIFT."
CHESTERFIELD.

" I verily think, there are few things he ever wrote, that he did not
" wish to be publiſhed at one time or other." DELANY.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

In presenting to the publick a new edition of the Works of so well known and popular a writer as Dr. Swift, it would be equally unjust and invidious to withhold the preliminary observations of men high in esteem for critical sagacity, who on former occasions have not disdained to undertake the office of ushering the dean's writings into the world. These, therefore, will be found collected into one point of view at the beginning of the second volume.

From a large accumulation of useful materials (to which the present editor had contributed no inconsiderable share, and to which in 1779 he annexed a copious index to the dean's works, and a chronological list of the epistolary correspondence) a regular edition in seventeen volumes was in 1784 compiled by the late Mr. Sheridan; who prefixed an excellent life of the dean, which no man was better qualified than himself to undertake, and which renders it unnecessary to enter farther on that subject, than merely to observe, in the words of a late worthy friend *, that, "if we deduct somewhat from report, "which is apt to add to the oddities of men of note, "the greatest part of his conduct may be accounted "for by the common operations of human nature.— "*Choler*,' lord Bacon observes, 'puts men on action; "when it grows adust, it turns to melancholy.' In "Swift, that humour seems to have been predomi-"nant; governed, however, even in his younger days, "by

* Mr. Bowyer, the justly celebrated printer.

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" by a fund of good sense, and an early experience
" of the world. He was thrown, luckily, in the prime of
" life, into the family of a great personage, where he
" had the happiness of an interview with a monarch;
" from whence he had reasonable hopes of satisfying
" his towering ambition. But he found them followed
" by nothing but disappointment. In a course of
" years, honours seemed a second time to make their
" court to him. He came into favour with a prime
" minister under another reign, even when different
" principles prevailed from those which guided his
" former patron; a rare felicity! which, however, in
" the event, served only to convince him, that he
" was banished to Ireland for life, and that all hopes
" were cut off of his rising, even there, any higher
" than the deanery. What would one of his parts and
" wit do in such a situation, but drop mankind as
" much as possible, especially the higher class of it,
" which to a man of humour is naturally a restraint;
" where, at best, as he observes, the only difference is,
" to have two candles on the table instead of one?
" What, I say, would such a one do, but cultivate
" an acquaintance with those who were disappointed
" like himself? what but write compliments on ladies,
" lampoons on men in power, sarcasms on human
" nature, trifle away life between whim and resent-
" ment, just as the bile arose or subsided? He had
" sense, and I believe religion, enough to keep him
" from vice; and, from a consciousness of his inte-
" grity, was less solicitous about the appearances of
" virtue, or even decency, which is often the coun-
" terfeit of it. The patriot principle, which he had
" imbibed in queen Anne's reign, lurked at the bot-
" tom of his heart; which, as it was more active in

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"those days than since, sometimes roused him to "defend the church, and Ireland his asylum, against "any encroachments.—View him now in his de- "cline. Passions decay, and the lamp of life and rea- "son grows dim. It is the fate of many, I may say "most geniuses, who have secluded themselves from "the world, to lose their senses in their old age; espe- "cially those who have worn them out in thought "and application. Providence, perhaps, has there- "fore ordained, that the eyes, the inlets of know- "ledge, should be impaired, before the understand- "ing, the repository of it, is decayed; that the de- "fects of the former may protract the latter. Few "of us are enough sensible how much the conjugal "tie, and the several connexions which follow from "it, how much even domestick troubles, when sur- "mountable, are the physick of the soul; which, at "the same time that they quicken the senses, preserve "them too."

Not wishing to trouble the publick with any more *last words* of Dr. Swift; the editor contented himself with writing in the margin of his own books such particulars as occurred relative either to the dean, or to his writings; a circumstance which now enables him to supply several matters which had escaped Mr. Sheridan's observation, and to elucidate some passages which were left unexplained *. Careful, however, not to interfere with the general arrangement of the last edition; what has been done to the seventeen volumes, though attended with no small labour,

* Neither Mr. Sheridan, nor any other of the dean's biographers, has noticed, that he once possessed the prebend of Dunlavin; see vol. XI, pp. 76, 259.

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labour, it is useless to the general reader to point out. To the critical collator, it would be superfluous.

For the principal part of the contents of the eighteenth and nineteenth volumes, the Editor is alone responsible. The authority on which the miscellaneous tracts are adopted is in general given; and the articles in the Epistolary Correspondence sufficiently speak for themselves, and need no apology. Some of these are now first printed from the originals; and "Letters written by wise men," says an experienced writer, "are of all the works of men, in my judg-"ment, the best *."

One advantage at least this edition possesses: a complete general Index, compiled by a Gentleman to whom the revision of the whole work at the press has been consigned by the proprietors, and whose kind attention has much facilitated the labours of the editor.

For the critical notes the reader is almost wholly indebted to the late Mr. Sheridan. Those which are historical are selected from the former publications of lord Orrery, Dr. Delany, Dr. Hawkesworth, Deane Swift, esq., Mr. Bowyer, Dr. Birch, Mr. Faulkner, and the present editor.

J. NICHOLS.

* Bacon, de Augment. Scientiarum.

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THE

LIFE

OF

DOCTOR SWIFT,

WRITTEN

By THOMAS SHERIDAN, Esq.

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DETUR DIGNISSIMO.

I HERE present the world with the Life of Dr. Swift: a man, whose original genius, and uncommon talents, have raised him, in the general eſtimation, above all the writers of the age. But, from causes to be hereafter explained, his character as a man, has hitherto been very problematical; nor shall I find it easy, notwithstanding the most convincing proofs, to persuade mankind, that one who flourished in the beginning of this century, in times of great corruption, should afford in himself a pattern of such perfect virtue, as was rarely to be found in the annals of the ancient republick of Rome, when virtue was the mode. Yet if it can be shown that even at this day, when corruption seems to have arrived at its utmost pitch, when proſtitution is openly avowed, and publick spirit turned into a jeſt; if in such times as these *in fæce Romuli*, there lives a man fully equal to Swift in all the moral virtues attributed to him; the improbability of the existence of such a character at a former period, will be much leſſened. In the following history SWIFT has been represented as a man of the most diſinterested principles, regardless of self, and constantly employed in doing good to others. In acts of charity and liberality, in proportion to his means, perhaps without an equal, in his days. A warm champion in the cause of liberty, and support of the Engliſh conſti-

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tution. A firm patriot, in withstanding all attempts against his country, either by oppression, or corruption; and indefatigable in pointing out, and encouraging the means to render her state more flourishing. Of incorruptible integrity, inviolable truth, and steadiness in friendship. Utterly free from vice, and living in the constant discharge of all moral and christian duties. If, in these times, there should be found a man resembling him in all these points, it is fit the memorial of him, together with that of his immortal compeer, should be handed down to latest posterity: and that such a one does exist, will be acknowledged by all who have ever heard the universally revered name of Sir GEORGE SAVILE.

To him, therefore, is the following Life of a congenial patriot inscribed by its author; who has long admired his character, and been well acquainted with his worth, though a stranger to his person.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE above was committed to the press some weeks before the much lamented death of the excellent man, to whom it was addressed; but the publication has by some accidents been deferred 'till now. That the author had no interested view in his choice of a patron (though he must ever regret the occasion) he has now an opportunity of showing, by letting the above Dedication remain in its original state, and thus consecrating to the memory of the dead, that tribute of praise, so justly due to the living.

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INTRODUCTION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the several attempts to gratify the curiosity of the world, in delineating the Life and Character of the immortal SWIFT, yet hitherto little satisfactory has been produced on that subject. The different, and often opposite lights in which he has been shown by the several writers, have occasioned an equal diversity of judgments in their several readers, according to their various prepossessions; and even the most candid are too often left in a state of doubt, through the want of having the truth laid before them supported by sufficient proofs.

Perhaps there never was a man whose true character has been so little known, or whose conduct at all times, even from his first setting out in life, has been so misrepresented to the world, as his. This was owing to several causes, which will be laid open in the following work. But the chief source of all the erroneous opinions entertained of him, arose from Swift himself, on account of some singularities in his character, which at all times exposed him to the shafts of envy and malice, while he employed no other shield in his defence, but that of conscious integrity.

He had, early in life, from causes to be hereafter explained, imbibed such a strong hatred to hypo-

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crisy, that he fell into the opposite extreme; and no mortal ever took more pains to display his good qualities, and appear in the best light to the world, than he did to conceal his, or even to put on the semblance of their contraries.

This humour affected his whole conduct, as well in the more important duties, as in the common offices of life.

Though a man of great piety, and true religion, yet he carefully shunned all ostentation of it: as an instance of which, it is well known that during his residence in London, not being called upon by any duty to officiate publickly in his clerical capacity, he was seldom seen at church at the usual hours that pretenders to religion show themselves there; but he was a constant attendant on early prayers, and a frequent partaker of early sacraments.

Though generous and charitable in his nature to the highest degree, he seemed to part with money so reluctantly, and spoke so much about economy, that he passed for avaricious, and hardhearted.

His very civilities bore the appearance of rudeness, and his finest compliments were conveyed under the disguise of satire.

Lord Bolingbroke, who knew him well, in two words, summed up his character in this respect, by saying, that Swift was a *hypocrite reversed.*

In short, he always appeared to the world in a mask, which he never took off but in the company of his most intimate friends: and as the world can judge only by appearances, no wonder they were so much mistaken in the ideas formed of him.

When we consider that the time in which he

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made the chief figure in life, was a season wherein faction raged with the greatest violence; that he was looked upon as the principal champion of the tory cause, and therefore was the common butt at which all the writers on the whig side levelled their shafts; there will be no occasion to wonder, that out of the many calumnies poured out against him, some of them should stick. These were indeed so numerous, that we are told by himself, that in the space of not many years, upward of a thousand pamphlets and papers were written professedly against him; to which he never deigned to give an answer, nor endeavoured to wipe off any aspersion thrown on him. Thus by the former part of his character, just laid open, he afforded his enemies sufficient groundwork on which to raise what superstructure of calumny they pleased, and as no defence was made, it was daily suffered to increase. For he had very unwisely laid it down as a maxim, "To act uprightly, and pay no regard to the opinion of the world *."

Thus, while he was admired, esteemed, beloved, beyond any man of his time, by his particular friends, not only on account of his superiour talents, but his preeminence in every kind of virtue; he was envied, feared, and hated by his enemies, who consisted of a whole virulent faction to a man. And when we take in the general appetite for scandal, and the spirit of envy in the bulk of mankind, which delights in the humiliation of an exalted character,

* Miss Vanhomrigh, in one of her letters to him, has the following passage. "You once had a maxim, which was—To act "what was right, and not mind what the world would say."

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we shall not be surprised, that even among his own party, he found few advocates to vindicate his fame; and that he had no other support in this torrent of abuse, but the consciousness of his own rectitude, and the unalterable attachment of his intimate friends: among which number he could count such as were most eminent in those days, both for talents and virtue.

In this state Swift continued till the death of the queen; admired by all as a genius, detested by most as a man. All the world now knows, upon that event, with what implacable malice the whigs pursued their antagonists, as soon as they had got all power into their hands. This spirit raged still more violently in Ireland, than in England; the effects of which Swift sensibly felt on retiring to his deanery. The ill name he had obtained in London, followed him to Dublin; where he was the object of general hatred for some years. But when, in process of time, his true character came to be known, and his exemplary conduct gave the lie to the gross misrepresentations that had been made of him; when his spirit of patriotism broke forth into action, and saved his country from threatened ruin; when it was seen that the great object of his life was to promote publick good; that in the discharge of all moral and religious duties, he had no superiour; in the choice and extent of his charities, perhaps no equal; he obtained such a degree of publick favour, as no man in that country had ever reached. Praise was united to his name, admiration and affection to his person; and this just tribute was ever after paid to him during his life, and to his memory after his decease; till a certain author

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thor arose, bent upon sullying his fair fame, who, opening the channels of calumny, long covered over by time, and raking in them with a *friendly* industry, once more brought their foul contents to light. Nor was it an enemy that did this, but one who professed himself Swift's friend, and who was, during his lifetime, his greatest flatterer; I mean John earl of Orrery.

The cruel manner in which he has treated the memory of his *friend* Swift, as his lordship in the course of the work often affects to call him, had something so surprising in it, that people were at a loss how to account for it, except by supposing it to proceed from some uncommon degree of malevolence in his lordship's nature. But though he cannot be wholly cleared from an imputation of that sort, yet I am persuaded that his chief motive to it was not quite of so black a die. His father had, in his will, bequeathed his library from him; and this circumstance made the world conclude that he looked upon his son as a blockhead. This stung the young man to the quick; and we may see how deep an impression it made on him, by the account he gives of it in one of his letters to his son. It seems to have been the chief object of his life afterward, to wipe away this stigma, and convince the world of the injustice done him, by publishing some work that might do him credit as a writer. Conscious of his want of genius to produce any thing original, he applied himself diligently to a translation of Pliny's Letters; but he was so long about this task, and put it into so many hands to correct it, that Melmoth's excellent translation of the same work, slipped into the world before his, and forestalled this avenue to fame.

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fame. Vexed at this disappointment, he looked out for some other way by which he might acquire literary reputation, and he found no field so suited to his talents, as that of criticism; since, to make a figure there, required neither genius, nor deep learning: and therefore he might, with ease, arrive at the title of a *true* critick, as described in the Tale of a Tub. Of whom it had been remarked, "That "a *true* critick is a sort of mechanick set up with a "stock and tools for his trade, at as little expense as "a tailor." But Swift denies this position—"For, "(says he) on the contrary, nothing is more certain, "that it requires greater layings out to be free of the "criticks company, than that of any other you can "name. For, as to be a true beggar, it will cost the "richest candidate every groat he is worth; so, be-"fore one can commence a *true critick*, it will cost a "man all the good qualities of his mind: which, per-"haps, for a less purchase, would be thought but an "indifferent bargain." As his lordship has fairly paid the purchase, it would be hard if he should be denied the title.

The business now was, to find out a proper subject on which to exercise his talents in that way. As there never had been published any History of Swift's Life, he thought nothing could excite general curiosity more than some account of that extraordinary man. It is true he was supplied with but scanty materials for such a work; for though he had lived a short time in some degree of intimacy with Swift, yet it was only in the latter part of his life, when he was declined into the vale of years, when his faculties were impaired, when his temper, soured by disappointments, and his spirits sunk

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sunk by continual attacks of a cruel disorder, made as great a change in his mind, as in his outward form, so that little of his former self remained. To draw his character at length, from observations made at such a period, was the height of injustice; and yet his lordship had no opportunity of knowing any thing of the brighter part of his days, but from common report. For, as Swift was the last man in the world to talk much of himself, his lordship's acquaintance with him furnished him with no materials of that sort; he therefore had recourse to common fame, which, as I have before shown, had been always busy in calumniating that great man; and with a cruel industry he collected and revived all the reports, which had formerly been spread to his disadvantage. His lordship's chief view in publishing this work, being to acquire celebrity as an author—

——————— *hominum volitare per ora*—

in order to obtain this end, he knew that satire was more likely to procure a rapid sale to the book, than panegyrick. All regard therefore to truth, justice, honour, and humanity, was to be sacrificed, whenever they came in competition with this great end.

The event did credit to his lordſhip's sagacity, for the work had a rapid sale, and soon ran through a variety of editions. This was owing to several causes. The whigs were then a great majority of the nation, and in possession of all the power. Though their animosity against those of the opposite party had somewhat subsided, yet was it far from being wholly extinguished. They had always entertained an implacable hatred to Swift, as the great champion of the other side; which was not extinguished

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extinguished by his death, as in the case of others, because his immortal works still continued a living war against the base measures they pursued. It was with delight therefore they read over a work, which painted him in the same colours, in which they had always endeavoured to represent him. The bulk of mankind, finding that the accounts there given, coincided with the general prejudices founded on common fame, readily received them as true. And that spirit of envy, an inmate in the breasts of most men, which delights in seeing those of superiour talents degraded, and brought down more to a level with themselves, was highly gratified by the perusal of that book. Nor was it the least cause of an extensive sale, that it was written by a *lord*; a thing so rare in latter times! Wonder, usually accompanied by a bad taste, looks out only for what is uncommon; and if a work comes abroad under the name of a thresher, a bricklayer, or a lord, it is sure to be eagerly sought after by the million.

To these, and similar causes, was owing the favourable reception this book met with; which, in itself, contains little that could be approved of by men of true taste. What relates to Swift's Life, from the scantiness of his materials, does not take up a sixth portion of the whole. The greater part of the remainder, consists of useless or invidious criticisms on his works. Yet all this not being sufficient to make up a *just* volume, (according to the booksellers phrase) he has eked it out from his commonplace book, in order to show his learning, by introducing several dissertations, foreign to the subject in hand: such as those on madness, idiotism; characters of Homer, Aristotle; of Ramus, Scotus, and Aquinas;

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nas; of Epicurus, Descartes, and Gassendi. Remarks upon the writings of lord Bacon, Milton, Harrington, Algernon Sidney, lord Clarendon, Dr. Sprat, sir William Temple, Addison, lord Bolingbroke, &c. with many other impertinencies.

Not long after the publication of this work, there came out an answer to it, under the title of "Observations on lord Orrery's Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Swift," afterward known to be written by Dr. Delany; who from an early and long intimacy with the dean, was able to refute most of the facts, upon which his lordship grounded his observations, by producing uncontrovertible proofs to the contrary. Yet, though this book was written with great spirit, and carried the evidence of truth with it; as it was an anonymous publication, it was little attended to, except by those who wished well to the memory of the dean. Besides, truth is not the object sought after by those, who are desirous of remaining in an errour. Swift has an observation on this head which will be found to be generally true. "The ill talent of the world is such, that those who "will be at pains enough to inform themselves in a "malicious story, will take none at all to be unde-"ceived; nay, will be apt with some reluctance to "admit a favourable truth." This observation was never more strongly verified than in the case before us; for, while the book which calumniated Swift's character, and endeavoured to depreciate his talents, though poorly written, went through a great number of editions; the single one of the Answer, incomparably superiour in every thing which can recommend writings of that kind, still remains unsold.

But

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But whatever favourable reception this book met with in England, never did I know such a universal indignation as was excited in all ranks of people, by the publication of it in Ireland. They were the only proper judges of his character, who had an opportunity of knowing his conduct, during a residence of so many years. If they admired him for his genius, they almost adored him for his virtues. In his publick capacity, he was one of the truest patriots that ever lived; and for the many important services he did his country, he was hailed by the general voice *pater patriæ*. In his private life, of the strictest morals; and in the discharge of his clerical duties, of exemplary piety. His charities were boundless, and the whole business of his life was, doing good. As party animosities had long before subsided, he had few enemies left; and even those few, when their hatred, together with their fear, had been buried in his grave, joined in doing all justice to his memory. To calumniate the character of such a man, was thought little less than sacrilege; and the rage of the people was such, that it vented itself even on the poor printer of the work, who became for a long time the object of publick odium. It was happy for his lordship that he did not pay a visit to that country during the ferment, for he would, most assuredly, have been grossly insulted by the populace, and avoided by all of a superiour rank.

Dr. Delany's Answer was followed by another from Deane Swift, esq. As it came from a near relation of the dean's, it, at first, excited some expectation; which was soon succeeded by disappointment, and the work consigned to oblivion. Where let it rest.

On

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On the publication of a new edition of Swift's works, the proprietors applied to Dr. Hawkesworth to write his Life. He was an author of no small eminence; a man of clear judgment, and great candour. He quickly discerned the truth from the falsehood; wiped away many of the aspersions that had been thrown on Swift's character; and placed it, so far as he went, in its proper light. But as he had no new materials of his own, and was confined to such only as were contained in former publications, the view he has given of his life is very imperfect; many of the most important articles are omitted, and others still left in a very doubtful state.

The last writer who has given any account of Swift, is Dr. Johnson; who seems to have undertaken this task, rather from the necessity he was under of taking some notice of him in the course of his Biographical History of the English Poets, than from choice. He has presented us only with a short abstract of what he found in Dr. Hawkesworth, for which he makes the following apology. "An account of Dr. Swift has "been already collected with great diligence and "acuteness, by Dr. Hawkesworth, according to a "scheme which I laid before him in the intimacy of "our friendship. I cannot therefore be expected to "say much of a life, concerning which I had long "since communicated my thoughts, to a man capa-"ble of dignifying his narration, with so much ele-"gance of language, and force of sentiment." Accordingly he has produced little new on the subject, except some observations of his own, which are far from being favourable to the character of Swift. It is much to be lamented, that a man of his great abilities did not choose to follow his friend Hawkesworth

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worth in the paths of just and candid criticism, instead of associating himself with lord Orrery to the band of *true* criticks. Of which body he has shown himself no unworthy member, not on this occasion only, but in the many severe strictures passed on the lives and writings of some of the greatest geniuses this country has produced; to the no small indignation of their several admirers, and to the great regret of the doctor's own. As this work is more likely to be generally read than any of the others; both on account of the great reputation of the author, and as it will of course present itself to the eyes of all who shall go through his collection of lives, I shall hereafter take an opportunity of making some comments upon those passages, which tend to depreciate and misrepresent the character of so great a man.

These several publications, which place the life and character of Swift in very different, and often opposite points of light, have occasioned great diversity in the judgments formed of them by the world, according to the different degrees of prejudice, or candour, in their several readers. But as the sale of the first essay on this subject, written by lord Orrery, was infinitely superiour to that of all the others put together, the prepossessions in favour of the accounts delivered by him, have, for reasons already assigned, made too deep an impression on the bulk of mankind, to be easily erased. I have before taken notice of the scantiness of his materials, which yet he has not ranged in any regular order; and which consist chiefly of detached facts and unconnected anecdotes, so that there is no appearance of a whole. The portrait he has drawn of him, puts one in mind of certain

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tain paintings to be seen at the optician's in St. Paul's churchyard, where we behold some scattered and distorted features, covered with blotches of various colours, so that we cannot discover what it is intended to represent: till, by the application of a cylindrical mirror, we are surprised to see start forth a face of the finest proportioned features, and most beautiful complexion. By such an application of the mirror of truth I hope to shew Swift in a similar light.

I have long wished for leisure to set about this task, which a life spent in a variety of laborious occupations has hitherto prevented. And even now I am obliged to suspend pursuits of more advantageous kind with regard to myself, in order to accomplish it. But, reflecting, at this advanced period of life, on the near approaches of old age, which might soon disqualify me from carrying my design into execution, I determined to postpone all other considerations, that might stand in the way of an object I have had so much at heart. The love I had to his person, and the reverence in which I was taught, from my earliest days, to hold his character, and with which I had an opportunity of being well acquainted, on account of the long intimacy subsisting between him and my father; and, above all, the means I have in my power of rescuing his good name from the aspersions thrown on it by foulmouthed calumny, have made me think it an indispensable duty, no longer to delay doing justice to his memory.

From the above acknowledgment of my early prepossessions in his favour, it may be thought that I shall prove not an unprejudiced historian: but, though I am conscious to myself that I shall never be

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guilty of any wilful misrepresentations, I know too well how little weight all professions of impartiality carry with them on such occasions, to trouble the reader with any. I desire no credit to be given to assertions or opinions not supported by the most convincing proofs: which therefore, in all disputable points, I hope I shall be indulged in producing at full length. And I doubt not but that the display of Swift's true character and conduct in life, though to the confusion of his maligners, and disappointment of the envious and malevolent, will give great satisfaction to all good minds; as it is of moment to the general cause of religion and morality, to make it appear, that the greatest genius of the age was, at the same time, a man of the truest piety, and most exalted virtue.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

THE

LIFE

OF

DOCTOR SWIFT.

SECTION I.

SWIFT was descended from an ancient family in Yorkshire, of no small note, and considerable property. He was of the younger branch *. His grandfather, the rev^d. Thomas Swift, was possessed of a good estate, and was distinguished above any man of his station in life, for his attachment to Charles I, and the sufferings he underwent in support of the royal cause, by which his fortune was entirely ruined. He had ten sons, and three daughters. Five of his sons went to seek their fortune in Ireland: the fourth of whom, Jonathan, was father to the famous doctor Swift. He had married Mrs. Abigail Erick, descended from an ancient fa-

* For farther particulars of Swift's family, see the Appendix.

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mily of that name in Leicestershire, but with little or no fortune. He died young, in about two years after his marriage, seven months before the birth of his only son; and as he was but just beginning the world, left his widow in very distressed circumstances.

JONATHAN SWIFT, afterward the celebrated dean of St. Patrick's, was born on the 30th of November 1667, in Hoey's court, Dublin. When he was but a year old, he was, without the knowledge of his mother or relations, stolen away by his nurse, and carried to Whitehaven; which place she was under a necessity of visiting, on account of the illness of a relation, from whom she expected a legacy; and, as is usual among Irish nurses, she bore such an affection to the child, that she could not think of going without him. There he continued for almost three years; and she took such care of him, that he had learned to spell, and could read any chapter in the Bible before he was five years old.

At the age of six he was sent to the school of Kilkenny; and at fourteen admitted into the university of Dublin. The expense of his education being defrayed by his uncle Godwin Swift, the eldest of the brothers who had settled in Ireland. He was a lawyer of great eminence, and had made considerable sums of money, which were for the most part squandered away in idle projects. By means of which, soon after his nephew had entered the college, he found himself involved in great difficulties; and being father of a numerous offspring by four wives, he was under a necessity of reducing the

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the stipend allowed to his nephew for his support at the university, as low as possible. The real situation of Godwin's affairs not being then known to the world, and as he was looked upon to be much the richest of the family, Swift's other relations seemed at that time to think that their aid was not at all necessary; so that he was obliged to make the best shift he could, with the wretched allowance that his uncle gave him. Thus was one of the most aspiring and liberal minds in the world, early checked and confined, by the narrowness of his circumstances; with this bitter aggravation to a generous spirit, that the small pittance afforded by his uncle, seemed to him, from the manner in which it was given, rather as an alms doled out for charity, than an act of beneficence due from so near a relation; who was supposed by him, as well as by the rest of the world, to be in circumstances that might have afforded a much more liberal stipend, without prejudice to his own family. Under this load did the spirit of Swift groan for the space of near seven years that he resided in the college of Dublin; which made so deep an impression on him, that he never afterward could think with patience of his uncle Godwin, nor could heartily forgive the neglect shown him during that time by his other relations.

The uneasy situation of mind which a young man of high spirit must have been in, under such circumstances, produced consequences likely to prove destructive of his future fortunes. For, in such a state, he could not bear to give the necessary application to some of the more dry parts of the academick studies, for which he had indeed naturally no

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great relish; but passed his time chiefly in reading books of history and poetry; which were better suited to his taste, and more calculated to relieve the troubles of his mind. In consequence of this, when the time came for his taking the degree of bachelor of arts, he was stopped, as he himself expresses it, for dullness and insufficiency. It is to be supposed that the word dullness was on this occasion used by Swift jocosely, as the cause assigned for stopping any person of a degree, is answering badly in any branch of literature appointed for that particular examination; which does not necessarily imply dullness, as it may as well proceed from idleness. But in Swift's case it was rather to be imputed to contumacy, than either the one or the other. For the fact is, there was one branch of the examination, on which the greatest stress was laid in those days, in which he could not be said to answer badly, for he did not attempt to answer at all. This account I had from his own lips. He told me that he had made many efforts, upon his entering the college, to read some of the old treatises on logick writ by Smeglesius, Keckermannus, Burgersdicius, &c. and that he never had patience to go through three pages of any of them, he was so disgusted at the stupidity of the work. When he was urged by his tutor to make himself master of this branch, then in high estimation, and held essentially necessary to the taking of a degree; Swift asked him, what it was he was to learn from those books? His tutor told him, the art of reasoning. Swift said that he found no want of any such art; that he could reason very well without it; and that as far as he could observe, they who had made the greatest

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greatest proficiency in logick, had, instead of the art of reasoning, acquired the art of wrangling; and instead of clearing up obscurities, had learned how to perplex matters that were clear enough before. For his own part, he was contented with that portion of reason which God had given him, and he would leave it to time and experience to strengthen and direct it properly; nor would he run the risk of having it warped or falsely biassed, by any system of rules laid down by such stupid writers; of the bad effects of which he had but too many examples before his eyes, in those reckoned the most acute logicians. And accordingly he made a firm resolution that he never would read any of those books. Which he so pertinaciously adhered to, that though he was stopped of his degree the first time of sitting for it, on account of his not answering in that branch, he went into the hall a second time, as ill prepared in that respect as before; and would also have been stopped a second time, on the same account, if the interest of his friends, who well knew the inflexibility of his temper, had not stepped in, and obtained it for him; though in a manner little to his credit, as it was inserted in the college registry, that he obtained it *ſpeciali gratia*, by special favour; where it still remains upon record.

In going through the usual forms of disputation for his degree, he told me he was utterly unacquainted even with the logical terms, and answered the arguments of his opponents in his own manner, which the proctor put into proper form. There was one circumstance in the account which he gave of this, that surprised me with regard to his memory;

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for he told me the several questions on which he disputed, and repeated all the arguments used by his opponents in syllogistick form, together with his answers.

He remained in the college near three years after this, not through choice, but necessity; little known or regarded. By scholars he was esteemed a blockhead; and as the lowness of his circumstances would not permit him to keep company of an equal rank with himself, upon an equal footing, he scorned to take up with those of a lower class, or to be obliged to those of a higher. He lived therefore much alone, and his time was employed in pursuing his course of reading in history and poetry, then very unfashionable studies for an academick; or in gloomy meditations on his unhappy circumstances. Yet under this heavy pressure, the force of his genius broke out, in the first rude draught of the Tale of a Tub, written by him at the age of nineteen, though communicated to nobody but his chamber fellow Mr. Waryng; who, after the publication of the book, made no scruple to declare that he had read the first sketch of it in Swift's handwriting, when he was of that age.

Soon after this, his uncle Godwin was seized with a lethargy, which rendered him incapable of business; and then it was that the broken state of his affairs was made publick. Swift now lost even the poor support that he had before; but his uncle William supplied the place of Godwin to him, though not in a more enlarged way, which could not be expected from his circumstances; yet with so much better a grace, as somewhat lightened the burden of dependance, and engaged Swift's gratitude afterward,

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ward, who distinguished him by the title of the best of his relations. He had no expectation however of receiving any thing more from him than what was absolutely necessary for his support; and his chief hopes now for any thing beyond that, rested in his cousin Willoughby Swift, eldest son of his uncle Godwin, a considerable merchant at Lisbon. Nor was he disappointed in his expectations. For, soon after the account of his father's unhappy situation had reached Willoughby Swift at Lisbon, he, reflecting that his cousin Jonathan's destitute condition demanded immediate relief, sent him a present of a larger sum than ever Jonathan had been master of in his life before. This supply arrived at a critical juncture; when Swift, without a penny in his purse, was despondingly looking out of his chamber window, to gape away the time, and happened to cast his eye upon a seafaring man, who seemed to be making inquiries after somebody's chambers. The thought immediately came into Swift's head, that this might be some master of a vessel who was the bearer of a present to him from his cousin at Lisbon. He saw him enter the building with pleasing expectation, and soon after heard a rap at his door, which he eagerly opening, was accosted by the sailor with,—"Is your name Jonathan Swift?" "Yes!" "Why then I have something for you from master Willoughby Swift of Lisbon." He then drew out a large leathern bag, and poured out the contents, which were silver cobs, upon the table. Swift, enraptured at the sight, in the first transports of his heart, pushed over a large number of them, without reckoning, to the sailor, as a reward for his trouble; but the honest tar declined taking

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taking any, saying that he would do more than that for good master Willoughby. This was the first time that Swift's disposition was tried with regard to the management of money; and he said that the reflection of his constant sufferings through the want of it, made him husband it so well, that he was never afterward without some in his purse.

Soon after this, upon the breaking out of the war in Ireland, Swift determined to leave that kingdom, and to visit his mother at Leicester, in order to consult with her upon his future plan of life.

Such was the opening of this great man's life; and from such a beginning, who could at that time have imagined that such mighty things were to ensue? He was now in his one and twentieth year; unqualified for any profession but that of the church; in which he had no prospect of succeeding from interest; and the disgraceful manner of his taking his degree, was a strong bar to any hopes on the score of merit. He had made no advances in any of the useful studies necessary to put a young man forward in the world; the recluseness of his life had rendered him little known; and a temper naturally splenetick, soured by the misery of his situation, did not qualify him much for making personal friends. How unpromising were the prospects of such a man, just entering into the world, under such circumstances! and yet it is to those very circumstances, probably, that the world owes, *a Swift*; to the want of money, want of learning, want of friends. Whoever is acquainted at all with the life and writings of Swift, must see that he had an uncommon share of spirit and fire in his constitution. Such as, had it not been kept under during the heat of youth, would

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would probably have precipitated him into some extravagant courses. Nothing less than the lowness of his circumstances from his birth, could have kept that fire from bursting out; nothing less than the galling yoke of dependance, could have restrained that proud spirit within due bounds. His poverty and his pride were two excellent guards set over him, during that most dangerous time of life, to fix and keep him in a course of virtue. The one debarred him from excesses in the pleasurable gratifications of youth, which money only can procure; the other kept him from endeavouring to obtain from the purse of others, by mean compliances, any pleasures that he could not purchase from his own fund. Thus, necessarily fixed in a course of temperance, the practice of other moral duties became easy to him. And indeed there was no flaw to be found in his moral character, during his residence in the college, however low his parts might be rated.

Thus far I have shown the benefits which were probably derived to him from his want of fortune. I shall now show what advantages it is likely he derived from want of learning.

Had Swift met with sufficient encouragement to apply himself to the learning of the times; had his situation in the college been rendered easy to him, so that he might have pursued his studies with an undisturbed mind; had his emulation been rouzed in such a way as to make him enter into a competition with those of his own standing; it is highly probable, from the greatness of his parts, that he would have thrown all competitors at a distance. And in that case he might have acquired a fondness for those studies by which he obtained fame, however disagreeable

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agreeable they might have been to him at first. He might have proved the foremost logician, metaphysician, or mathematician of his time; he might have past his life, like some of the most eminent of his fellow students, in useless speculations; and instead of writing a Laputa, he might himself have been qualified for a professorship in the academy of that airy region.

Let us only suppose Swift to have been a distinguished scholar in the university, and we may reasonably suppose also, that, circumstanced as he was, his friends would have made him sit for a fellowship there, as the surest and best provision for any one so educated. Or else, encouraged by the hopeful expectations raised from the distinguished figure he made in the college, they would have pushed all their interest to have gotten him some small preferment in the church. In either of which cases, the *Swift* of *the world* might have been lost in a university monk, or a country vicar. On the other hand, the disgrace thrown on him in the college, deprived him of all hopes of preferment, and rendered his friends so cold to his interest, that he had no expectations of future support, but by changing the scene to another country; where only there was a field large enough for the exertion of those high talents, which yet in a great measure lay dormant in him.

And with respect to the third article, the want of friends; had it not been for that circumstance, he would not have been under a necessity of going to seek for new ones, in another country; and he might probably never have fallen into the hands of that particular friend, who was perhaps the only one living, capable

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capable of forming his mind to those great things which he afterward executed.

It was in the year 1688 that Swift left Ireland; he was then in his one and twentieth year. Suppose him landed in a country where he was utterly unknown, and without recommendatory letters that might introduce him to the acquaintance, or procure him the assistance of any one in that country, with regard to any future plan of life. Let us stop a while, and survey the future Swift, setting out on foot from Chester, in order to go to a mother, who was utterly incapable of affording him the least assistance, as she herself was chiefly supported by presents and contributions from her relations. One can hardly imagine a situation more hopeless with regard to externals: and with respect to his own internal powers, he had yet given no proofs of those which would not rather occasion despondency in his relations, than raise in them any hopes of his being able to push his own way in the world. And indeed at that juncture perhaps there were few living less qualified than he to do any thing for his own support.

The world was all before him where to choose
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.

And he seems indeed to have been then under the immediate guidance of Providence; for, hopeless as the end of such a journey might at that time have appeared, it proved in fact the means of all his future greatness.

After

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After a residence of some months with his mother, he laid before her the uncomfortableness of his present situation, and the gloominess of his future prospects; requesting her advice what course he should pursue. She clearly saw that her son's case required the assistance of some powerful friend, and the unfortunate can seldom number such among their acquaintance. She recollected however that sir William Temple's lady was her relation; and that there had been a long intimacy between sir John Temple, father to sir William, and the family of the Swifts in Ireland; she knew also that a cousin german of her son's, the rev. Thomas Swift, had been chaplain to sir William Temple, and had been provided for by him in the church, on the score of family connexions. She recommended it therefore to her son to go to sir William, and make his case known to him.

However grating such an application might be to the proud spirit of Swift, yet, as it was his only resource, he followed his mother's advice, and soon afterwards presented himself to sir William Temple at Shene *, requesting his advice and assistance. Sir William was a man of too much goodness and humanity, not to take compassion on a young man born an orphan, without fortune, distressed from his cradle, and without friends or interest to push him forward in life; who at the same time had a double claim to his favour, as related by blood to a wife for

* Sir William Temple's own place of residence was a seat which he had purchased, called Moor Park, near Farnham in Surry; but at the time of the Revolution, as Moor Park grew unsafe by lying in the way of both armies, sir William went back to his house at Shene, which he had given up to his son.

whom

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whom he had the highest honour and affection; and as the offspring of a family with whom his father had lived in the closest ties of friendship. He accordingly received him cheerfully into his house, and treated him with that hospitable kindness which family connexions, and what was still more to a generous mind, his unfortunate situation demanded of him. But yet we do not find, for a long time, that his kindness to him was increased from motives of personal regard, on a nearer acquaintance with him. It is probable that sir William early sounded his depth of knowledge, and examined into the progress he had made in his studies; which was far from being so great as might have been expected from his course of education, and time of life. The first good office that sir William could do him, therefore, was to put him into a course of reading, in order that he might redeem lost time. Accordingly we find, that Swift, during his residence with sir William, applied himself with great assiduity to his studies; in which, for the space of eight years, he was employed, by his own account, at least eight hours a day, with but few intermissions. The first of these was occasioned by an illness, which he attributed to a surfeit of fruit, that brought on a coldness of stomach, and giddiness of head, which pursued him more or less during the remainder of his life. After two years residence at Moor Park, to which place he had removed with sir William when the troubles were ended, his state of health was so bad, that he was advised by physicians to try the effects of his native air toward restoring it. In pursuance of this advice he revisited Ireland; but finding himself growing worse there, he soon returned

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returned to Moor Park; where, upon the abatement of his illness, he renewed his application to his studies.

It does not appear that sir William Temple knew any thing of the value of his young guest, till about this time; and Swift himself says that it was then he began *to grow into some confidence with him.* The little progress Swift had made in learning at his first arrival at Shene, must have given sir William but a mean opinion of his capacity; and the few things which he wrote during his first two years residence with him, could have given him no very high idea of his genius. For Swift had at that time so far mistaken his talents, that he tried his strength only in Pindarick odes; in which, though there appeared some vigour of mind, and efforts of an uncommon genius, yet it was apparent that it was vigour improperly exerted, and the efforts of a genius misapplied. The sentiments were strained and crowded; and the numbers irregular and harsh *. How then shall we account for the sudden change of sir William's sentiments toward him? It could not be on account of his progress in literature, for he had not had time enough to stand highly in the opinion of so distinguished a scholar as sir William was on that score. And indeed, with all his assiduity, it is probable that he had not then so far recovered lost time as to be master of the learning which his standing required. The most probable conjecture is, that Swift had, at his leisure, revised and corrected his Tale of a Tub, which was sketched out by him in the col-

* Two of these odes, as being the first that have appeared of his poetical writings, are placed, on that account only, at the head of the first volume of his poems in this edition.

lege,

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lege, as was before mentioned, and now first showed it to sir William. A work, bearing such a stamp of original genius, must, in a man of sir William Temple's delicate taste, and nice discernment, have at once raised the author into a high place in his esteem, and made him look upon him afterward with very different eyes. Accordingly we find that, about this period, he trusted him with matters of great importance. He introduced him to king William, and suffered him to be present at some of their conferences *. He employed him in a commission of consequence to the king, when he was unable to attend him himself, which required dexterity, and knowledge in the history of England. And above all, he consulted him constantly, and employed him in the revisal and correction of his own works.

In this situation Swift continued, still applying closely to his studies till the year 1692, when he went to Oxford in order to take his master's degree: to which he was admitted on the 5th of July 1692.

From

* Sir William had been ambassador and mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen before the Revolution. In this character he contracted a close intimacy with the prince of Orange; who, after he had ascended the English throne, frequently visited him at Shene, and took his advice in affairs of the utmost importance. Sir William being then lame of the gout, substituted Swift to attend his majesty in his walks round the gardens; who admitted him to such familiarity, that he showed him how to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion; and once offered to make him a captain of horse. But Swift appears to have fixed his mind very early on an ecclesiastical life; and it is therefore probable, that upon declining this offer, he obtained a promise of preferment in the church; for in a letter to his uncle William, dated 1692, he says,—"I am not to take orders till the king gives me a prebend."

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From his delaying so long to take this degree, it may be concluded that Swift was determined to prepare himself for it in such a way, as might do him credit in the eyes of the university, in order to wipe off the disgrace of the former. And we may judge that his progress in academick studies had been very small, when it required four years application before he thought himself qualified to appear at Oxford with that view. Nor can there be any other reason assigned for his not having done it sooner, as he was of sufficient standing to have applied for his master's degree in the first year of his residence at Moor Park. From the satisfaction he expresses at the behaviour of the university of Oxford, and the civilities he met with there, it is probable that he was not undistinguished as a scholar; and that he found the first end he proposed by his studies, fully answered.

From Oxford he paid a visit to his mother, and then returned to Moor Park. Not with a design of continuing there, for he now wanted to enter into the world; but in expectation of getting some preferment by means of sir William's interest with the king, which he had promised to exert in his behalf, and had already indeed obtained an assurance of that sort from his majesty. But Swift at this time entertained some suspicion, that sir William was not *so forward* on the occasion as *he could wish*; and the reason he assigned for it was, that sir William was apprehensive *Swift would leave him*, and *upon some accounts, he thought him a little necessary to him* *. Swift was indeed by this time become very necessary to a man in the decline of life, generally in an ill state

* Thus Swift expresses himself in a letter to his uncle William, dated Moor Park, November 29, 1692.

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state of health, and often tortured with the most excruciating disorders. The loss of such a companion as Swift, after such a long domestick intimacy, would have been like the loss of a limb. Besides, as he seems to have had nothing so much at heart in the latter part of his life, as the leaving behind him a corrected copy of all his writings, done under his own inspection, he could not bear the thought that Swift should leave him, till that point was accomplished. He had already experienced the use that he was of to him in that respect, and knew that his place was not easily to be supplied. And his ill state of health occasioned the work to advance but slowly, as it was only during the more lucid intervals he applied to it. On these accounts, sir William was in no haste to procure any preferment for his young friend, to the great mortification of Swift. In this uneasy state he continued at Moor Park two years longer, and then, quite wearied out with fruitless expectation, he determined at all events to leave sir William, and take his chance in the world *. When this his resolution was made known to sir William, he received it with evident marks of displeasure; but that he might seem to fulfil his promise to Swift, of making some provision for him, he coldly told him, that since he was so impatient, it was not at that time in his power to do any thing more for him, than to give him an employment, then vacant in the office of the Rolls in Ireland, to the value of somewhat more than a hundred pounds a year. Swift immediately replied, "that, since he "had now an opportunity of living, without being "driven

* See his account of this, in his letter to his cousin dean Swift, dated June 3, 1694.

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" driven into the church for a maintenance, he was " resolved to go to Ireland to take holy orders." To comprehend the full force of this reply, it will be necessary to know that sir William was well acquainted with Swift's intention of going into the church, from which he had been hitherto restrained only by a scruple of appearing to enter upon that holy office, rather from motives of necessity, than choice. He therefore saw through sir William's design, in making him the offer of an employment which he was sure would not be accepted by Swift. With great readiness and spirit therefore, he made use of this circumstance, at once to show a proper resentment of the indelicacy of sir William's behaviour toward him; and to assign an unanswerable motive for immediately carrying his long formed resolution into act. Their parting on this occasion was not without manifest displeasure on the side of sir William, and some degree of resentment, not ill-founded, on the part of Swift.

He procured a recommendation to lord Capel, then lord deputy of Ireland, from whom is uncertain, but it may be presumed, from the smallness of the provision made for him in consequence of it, that it was not a powerful one; and therefore, that sir William Temple had no share in it. He went over to Ireland, and was ordained in September 1694, being then almost 27 years old. Soon after this, lord Capel gave him the prebend of Kilroot in the diocese of Connor, worth about one hundred pounds a year. To this place Swift immediately repaired, in order to reside there, and discharge the duties of his office. He now for the first time enjoyed the sweets of independence; but these sweets were

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were not of long duration, as he soon saw that the scene of his independence could not possibly afford him any other satisfaction in life. He found himself situate in an obscure corner of an obscure country, ill accommodated with the conveniencies of life, without a friend, a companion, or any conversation that he could relish. What a contrast was this to the delightful scene at Moor Park! replete with all the beauties, and adorned with every elegance, that could charm the senses, or captivate the fancy; and where the mind had a continual feast of the most rational and refined conversation. But still the spirit of Swift so far prized liberty above all other blessings in life, that had he had no other alternative, he would certainly have preferred that uncomfortable situation, to any state of dependance. But he now began to feel his own strength, and, conscious of his powers, could not conceive they were meant for so narrow a sphere as that of a small country living. He felt an irresistible impulse once more to launch into the world, and make his way to a station more suited to his disposition. In this temper of mind, he received accounts from his friends, that sir William Temple's ill founded resentment had subsided soon after his departure, and that he was often heard to lament the loss of his company. Soon after, upon receiving a kind letter from sir William himself, with an invitation to Moor Park, his resolution was at once fixed. He determined upon returning to England, but first resolved to resign his living. As there were some singular circumstances attending this resignation, I shall relate them exactly as I received them from a gentleman of veracity, who declared he had the

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account from Swift himself. He said, that soon after he had come to this determination, he was taking his customary walk, and met an elderly clergyman riding along the road. After the usual salutation, he fell into discourse with him; and was so pleased with what paſſed between them, that he invited him to dinner, and easily prevailed on him to be his guest for a day or two. During this time Swift found that he was a man of great simplicity of manners, good sense, some learning, and unaffected piety. And upon inquiring into his circumstances, learned that he had only a curacy of forty pounds a year, for the maintenance of a wife and eight children. Swift lamented his situation, and told him that he had some interest which he would exert in his behalf, and endeavour to procure him a living, if he would only lend him his black mare to carry him to Dublin; for Swift was not at that time possessed of a horse. The clergyman readily consented, and went home on foot; promising to meet him at any time he should appoint on his return. Swift went to town, and represented the poor curate's case to his patron in such strong terms, as soon prevailed on him to consent that Swift's living should, upon his resignation, which was proposed at the same time, be made over to him. Nor was this a difficult point to accomplish, as, beside motives of humanity, it was for the interest of the patron to accept of an old incumbent of near sixty years of age, in the room of a young one of twenty seven. Swift, having dispatched this business, returned as soon as possible to the country, and gave notice to the old clergyman to meet him. He found him at his door on his arrival, and immediately upon their going into the

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the parlour put the presentation into his hand, desiring him to read it. Swift said, that while he was doing so, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the old man's face, in which the joy of finding that it was a presentation to a living, was visibly expressed: but when he came to that part of the writing which mentioned the name of the living, and found that it was Swift's own which he had resigned in his favour, he looked at him for some time in silence, with such a mixed emotion of astonishment and gratitude in his countenance, as presented to Swift one of the most striking pictures of the mind expressed in the face, he had ever seen; and he said, that he never before had felt such exquisite pleasure of mind as he did in that hour. Nor is this to be wondered at, since it was the first opportunity he ever had of letting loose that spirit of generosity and benevolence, whose greatness and vigour, when pent up in his own breast by poverty and dependance, served only as an evil spirit to torment him. And when we consider the nature of this action in all its circumstances, that the object of it was the worthy father of a numerous family, for whom it was impossible he could make any provision from so poor an income as he then possessed; that the motive to it was pure disinterested benevolence, without any alloy, as the man was a stranger to him, and therefore there could be no incentive to it from ties of blood or friendship; that the gift was such as would brighten the latter days of a well spent life, though hitherto clouded with indigence, and make a whole family happy; and lastly, that this gift was not like that of a wealthy man, who might easily spare it without feeling the loss, but the whole visible in-

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come Swift possessed for present and future support, the sole means in his power of preserving that independance which he had so long sighed for, and at last with difficulty obtained: it is no wonder, I say, all these circumstances considered, that the great mind of Swift should have exulted in so glorious an opportunity, of paying off at once, the large debt, which, from the narrowness of his circumstances, he had been contracting all his life, to benevolence.

After seeing his successor established in the living, he soon settled his affairs, and set out for Dublin, in his way to England. The old man, before his departure, pressed him to accept of his black mare, which was the most valuable of his possessions, as a small token of his gratitude; and Swift was too well acquainted with the sensibility of a generous heart, under obligations, to hurt him by a refusal.

With about fourscore pounds in his pocket, which by his own account was all his worldly wealth at that time, Swift once more embarked for England, and arrived at Moor Park in the year 1695, after somewhat more than a year's absence.

To all appearance he had but little bettered his condition by his journey to Ireland. He was now returned to the same state of dependance, which had before proved so irksome to him, that he determined to break away from it, at all hazards. But there were several circumstances which contributed to make his present state, though still dependant, of a very different nature from the former. In the first place, his situation now was not the effect of necessity or constraint, but the object of his choice. In the next, he was highly gratified with an opportunity of showing his regard and attachment to sir William,

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William, by returning voluntarily to him, when it was in his power to have lived independently, though he scorned to be compelled into it from motives of neceſſity. Then, by so readily complying with sir William's request, and giving up all his visible support in order to do so, he had laid him under such an obligation as entitled him to all future favours, which might be in his power to bestow. Accordingly we find, that Swift's mind being now perfectly at ease, and sir William considering his return, with all its circumstances, in the most obliging light, these two great men lived together to the time of sir William's death, in the most perfect harmony, and with marks of mutual confidence and esteem. Nor do we find during that space, which was almost four years, that Swift was at all pressing on the score of preferment promised him; which, had he been so, he would certainly have obtained; but, from a true generosity of mind, he seemed determined to stay with his friend in order to cheer his latter days, which were embittered by illness and pain, and required such a cordial to make life supportable; and to lay aside all views with regard to himself, till his friend's death should release him from the benevolent task, and leave him at liberty to pursue his own interest.

During this space Swift's time was fully and usefully employed. He devoted eight hours a day, as before, to the prosecution of his studies *. His function

* As many may be curious to know of what nature his studies were, the following account of the books which he read in one year, preserved in his own handwriting, may afford some satisfaction.

From

function as a clergyman was confined to a private family, but he was regular in the discharge of it, having stated times in the morning and evening for their meeting together at prayers. He took upon himself the office of preceptor to a young lady, niece to sir William Temple, residing in his house, teaching her English, and directing her in a proper course of reading. At the same time miss Johnson, afterward so well known by the name of Stella, was a fellow student with the other young lady, and partook of the benefit of the same instruction. Miss Johnson was daughter to sir William Temple's steward; and was at that time about fourteen years of age, beautiful in her person, and possessed of such fine talents, as made Swift take great delight in cultivating and forming her mind. At this time too he writ his famous Digressions to be found in the Tale of a Tub; and the Battle of the Books, in honour of his great and learned friend.

In

From Jan. 7, 1696-7.

Lord Herbert's Harry VIII. *fol.*
Sleidan's Comment. abstracted, *fol.*
Council of Trent, abstracted, *fol.*
Virgil, *bis.*
Horace, 9 vols.
Sir William Temple's Memoirs
——————— Introduction
Camden's Elizabeth
Prince Arthur
Histoire de Chypre
Voyage de Syam
Voiture
Mémoires de Maurier
Lucius Florus, *ter.*
Collier's Essays, 2 vols.
Count Gabalis
Sir John Davies, of the Soul
Conformité de Religion, &c.
Dialogues des Morts, 2 vols.
Lucretius, *ter.*
Histoire de Mr. Constance
Histoire d'Ethiopie
Histoire de Cotes de, &c.
Diodorus Siculus, abstr. *fol.*
Cyprian & Irenæus, abstr. *fol.*
Voyage de Maroce, &c.
Ælian, Vol. I.
Homer, Iliad, & Odyss.
Cicero's Epistles
Bernier's Grand Mogol, 2 vols.
Burnet's Hist. of Reform. *fol.*
Petronius Arbiter.
Oeuvres mêlées, 5 vols.

From Jan. 7, 1697-8.

Thucydides, by Hobbes, abstr. *fol.*
Theophrasti characteres
Vossius de Sibyllinis.

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In the year 1699, sir William Temple died, leaving Swift a legacy, and the care, trust, and advantage, of publishing his posthumous writings. As he had also obtained a promise from king William, that he would give Swift a prebend either of Canterbury or Westminster, he thought he had made a sufficient return for all his merits toward him, and that he left him in the high road to preferment *.

Before we accompany Swift into the world, let us review the manner of his passing his life, from the time that we stopped to survey him on his way to Leicester, when, forlorn and hopeless as his condition was, the unseen hand of Providence was guiding him to the means of all his future greatness, in placing him under the hospitable roof of sir William Temple. However bounteous nature had been, in bestowing on Swift extraordinary talents, yet were they of such a kind, as required much time and application to bring them to perfection, and fit them to answer their destined ends. He had missed the usual season of cultivating those talents, but at the same time he had escaped the danger of their being perverted and misapplied. His mind had not been straitlaced into that fashionable shape which seemed most beautiful to the eyes of pedantry, but was suffered to reach its full growth according to the course of nature. Thus did it attain an unusual size, vigour, and ease. He did not enter seriously upon

* Such was the love and attention which Swift showed to this great man, that in his last illness he kept a daily register of the variations which appeared in his constitution, from July 1, 1698, to the 27th of January following, when he concludes with this note, "he died at one o'clock in the morning, and with him all that "was great and good among men."

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upon his studies till his understanding was mature; thus all that he read was to some useful end, nor was his memory charged with those important trifles, about which the scholastick world is generally so busy. He read the classicks at a time when he could penetrate into their profoundest depths, and enrich himself with the spoils of their hidden treasures; not at the usual season of boyishness, when the weak sight can be regaled only with such flowery beauties as are pointed out to it on the surface. Thinking for himself as a man, he soon saw that no science was so valuable to man, as that of human nature. He judged that the best way to obtain a general knowledge of that, was from history; and a more particular view of it, from studying mankind. He could not possibly have been better situate than at Moor Park, to have made observations on the higher and more refined life; and he studiously sought all opportunities, during his little excursions and journies, to make himself acquainted with low life; often preferring the conveyance of waggons, and their inns, to those of coaches. Scenes of middling life must, of course, often fall in his way; and where, to a boundless curiosity, there was added from nature an uncommon penetration, it is no wonder he became such an adept in the knowledge of man, and of the world. A science essentially necessary to him to make that figure which he afterward did in life.

His situation at sir William Temple's was indeed in every respect the happiest that could have been chosen, to prepare this great genius for the complicated part he was to act in the world. Swift was to figure as a writer, as a politician, as a patriot. And

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And where could a young man have found such a director and assistant in fitting him for the performance of these several parts, as sir William Temple; who was himself one of the finest writers, one of the ablest statesmen, and the truest lover of his country, that had been produced in that, or perhaps in any other age?

It was from the frequent revisal of that great man's works, under his own inspection, that Swift acquired his first lights with regard to propriety and purity of style, which he was afterward allowed to carry to a greater degree of perfection than any English writer whatsoever. The high opinion he entertained of sir William's works in this respect, was known to me from the following circumstance. When I was an undergraduate in the college, he recommended it to me to lay aside some portion of time every day for the study of English; and when I asked him what authors he would advise me to read, he immediately replied, sir William Temple; not, said he, his latter works, written during or after his long residence abroad, for his style became then somewhat corrupted by the introduction of new-fangled foreign words and phrases, which he fell into by conversing and writing so much in foreign languages; but such of his works as were written before his going ambassador to Nimeguen. And after him, added he, I do not know any writer in our language that I would recommend to you as a model. I had upon this occasion a fair opportunity of paying him a just compliment; but I knew his detestation of any thing that carried the appearance of flattery with it, too well, to make mention of his own works to him.

With

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With respect to politicks, it must be allowed that there was no man of that age better qualified than sir William Temple, not only to instruct Swift in the general system of politicks pursued in the several states of Europe, but likewise to lay open to him all the arcana of state, all the most secret springs of action, with regard to publick affairs, both foreign and domestick, during his time; in which he himself had born so principal a part: and with regard to patriotism, sir William Temple must be allowed to have been the most shining example of that noblest of virtues, produced in that age; as he passed all the vigorous part of his life in the most indefatigable endeavours for the good of his country, upon the most disinterested principles; never having received any reward, nor seeming solicitous about any, for a long series of the most important services rendered to his king and country, often at his own expense; and at last nobly declining the highest station to which a subject could be raised, when offered to him, as it was at a time of life, when he found the vigour of his mind so far abated, that he did not think himself equal to the arduous employment of first minister. And with respect to private virtue, there could not have been a more illustrious example placed before the eyes of a young man, than that of an old courtier, who during the dissolute reign of Charles II had singly at court maintained his integrity unshaken, and his morals untainted.

Under the direction of such a tutor, such a guide, under the influence of such an example; how happily was the most dangerous season of life passed in studious

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studious retirement, far from the dangers and temptations of a corrupt world.

When we reflect that Swift was first brought up in the school of adversity (who though she be a severe mistress, yet does she generally make the best scholars) and that he was thence removed to another lyceum, where presided a sage, in whom were blended Socratic wisdom, stoical virtue, and Epicurean elegance; we must allow his lot to have been most happily cast for forming a great and distinguished character in life. Nor did he fail to answer the high expectation that might be raised of a young man endowed by nature with uncommon talents, which were improved to the utmost by a singular felicity of situation, into which fortune had thrown him.

Let us now accompany Swift into the world, from entering into which he was happily detained till his thirty-first year. His mind was now stored with variety of useful knowledge; his understanding had arrived at its utmost maturity and strength; his fancy was in its prime; and his heart, long filled with the noblest affections toward God, and toward man, swelled with impatience for proper opportunities of discharging his duty to both. With such abilities, and such dispositions, behold him now entering on the great stage of the world, to perform the character allotted to him in the drama of life, that of an able, bold, and unwearied champion, in the cause of religion, liberty, and virtue.

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SECTION II.

From the Death of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE to the Time of his Introduction to Lord OXFORD.

UPON the death of sir William Temple, Swift immediately removed to London; where his first care was to discharge the trust reposed in him, that of publishing a correct edition of sir William Temple's works; which he effected as speedily as possible, and presented them to king William, with a short dedication written by himself, as publisher. He thought he could not pay a more acceptable compliment to the king, than by dedicating to him the posthumous works of a man, for whom, from his earliest days, when prince of Orange, he had professed the highest friendship and esteem; and with whom he lived, after his arrival at the crown of England, on the most intimate footing; frequently visiting sir William in his retreat, after he had found his endeavours vain to draw him out of it, by the tempting offer of making him his first minister. There was another reason too, which must have made the publication of these works peculiarly acceptable to the king; which was, that some of the most important transactions mentioned in those writings, were relative to himself; and many personal anecdotes with regard to him, were now brought to light, which could have been disclosed by no one but sir William, and which put the character of

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that truly heroick prince in a high point of view. On these accounts Swift thought that such a dedication was not only the politest method of reminding the king of his promise made to sir William Temple in his behalf, but the likeliest means of having it speedily carried into execution. However, as he did not find the event answer his expectation, he applied to that monarch by memorial.

But after waiting some time, he found that his memorial had produced no better effect than his dedication. He therefore readily accepted of an offer made to him by lord Berkeley, then appointed one of the lords justices of Ireland, to attend him to that kingdom, in the double capacity of chaplain, and private secretary.

This total neglect of his promise, made in consequence of a last, and it may be called a dying request, of his particular friend, seems to bear not a little hard on the character of king William. But it is to be observed that Swift was the most unfit man in the world to solicit a point of that sort in due form, without which nothing is to be done at court. He thought that his showing himself there, or at most the dedication of sir William's works, was all that was necessary to be done on his part. And with regard to the memorial, he himself exonerated king William so far, as to say often that he believed it never was received. For he put it into the hands of a certain nobleman, who professed great regard to him, and offered to present it to the king, and second it with all his might; but Swift had afterward reason to believe that he had sunk it, and said not a word of the matter.

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Swift acted as secretary to lord Berkeley, till they arrived at Dublin; when he was supplanted in that office by one Bush, who had by some means ingratiated himself with my lord; and representing the office of secretary as an improper one for a clergyman, he was appointed in Swift's room. Lord Berkeley making the best apology to him that he could, and at the same time promising to make him amends, by bestowing on him the first good church preferment that should fall in his gift. Swift was not a man to be treated in this manner with impunity. Accordingly, he gave free scope to his resentment, in a severe copy of verses, which placed the governor and his new-made secretary in a most ridiculous point of light, and which was every where handed about to their no small mortification. Soon after this the rich deanery of Derry became vacant, and as it was the earl of Berkeley's turn to present to it, Swift applied to him for it upon the strength of his promise. Lord Berkeley said, that Bush had been beforehand with him, and had got the promise of it for another. Upon seeing Swift's indignation rise at this, my lord, who began to be in no small fear of him, said that the matter might still be settled if he would talk with Bush. Swift immediately found out the secretary, who very frankly told him that he was to get a thousand pound for it, and if he would lay down the money, he should have the preference. To which Swift, enraged to the utmost degree, at an offer which he considered as the highest insult, and done evidently with lord Berkeley's participation, made no other answer but this; "God confound you both for a couple of "scoundrels."

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"scoundrels." With these words he immediately quitted the room, and turned his back on the castle, determined to appear there no more. But lord Berkeley was too conscious of the ill treatment he had given him, and too fearful of the resentment of an exasperated genius, not to endeavour to pacify him. He therefore immediately presented him with the rectory of Agher, and the vicarages of Laracor and Rath-beggan, then vacant in the diocese of Meath. Though these livings united did not make up a third of the deanery in value, and though from the large promises which had been made him, he had reason to expect much greater preferment, yet, considering the specimens already given of the performance of those promises, Swift thought it most prudent to accept of those livings, dropping all future expectations from that quarter. Nor did he afterward estrange himself from lord Berkeley's family, but continued still in his office of chaplain; to which he seems to have been chiefly induced, from the great honour and respect which he had for his excellent lady: whose virtues he has celebrated in so masterly a manner, in the Introduction to the Project for the Advancement of Religion.

From this behaviour to lord Berkeley, we may judge how little Swift was qualified to rise at court, in the usual way of obtaining preferment; and we may estimate the greatness of his spirit, by the degree of resentment shown to the man, in consequence of ill treatment, upon whom all his hopes of preferment then rested.

It was at this time that Swift's true humorous vein in poetry began to display itself, in several little pieces, written for the private entertainment of lord

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Berkeley's family; among which was that incomparable piece of low humour, called The humble Petition of Mrs. Frances Harris, *&c.*

When lord Berkeley quitted the government of Ireland, Swift went to reside on his living at Laracor; where he lived for some time in the constant and strict discharge of his duty.

It was about this time that Mrs. Johnson (the afterward celebrated Stella) arrived in Ireland, accompanied by another lady of the name of Dingley, who was related to the family of the Temples. Sir William Temple had bequeathed to Mrs. Johnson a legacy of a thousand pounds, in consideration of her father's faithful services, and her own rising merits. After sir William's death, she lived for some time with Mrs. Dingley, a lady who had but a small annuity to support her. In this situation Swift advised his lovely pupil to settle in Ireland, as the interest of money was at that time ten per cent in that kingdom; and considering the cheapness of provisions, her income there would afford her a genteel support, instead of a mere subsistence in England: for the same reason also he recommended it to Mrs. Dingley to accompany her. This proposal was very agreeable to both the ladies. To the latter, as she had scarce a sufficient income to subsist on in England, though managed with the utmost frugality; to the former, that she might be near her tutor, whose lessons, however they might dwell on her memory, had sunk still deeper into her heart. These ladies, soon after their arrival, took a lodging at Trim, a village near Laracor, which was the place of Swift's residence. The conversation of this amiable woman, who, by his own account,

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count, had the most and finest accomplishments of any person he had ever known of either sex, contributed not a little to sweeten his retirement, which otherwise must soon have become burdensome to so active a spirit. But though Stella's beauty was at that time arrayed in all the pride of blooming eighteen, yet it is certain that he never dropped the least hint that might induce her to consider him in the light of a lover. In his whole deportment he still maintained the character of a tutor, a guardian, and a friend; but he so studiously avoided the appearance of any other attachment to her, that he never saw, or conversed with her, but in the presence of some third person. The truth is, that Swift, at that time, knew not what the passion of love was; his fondness for Stella was only that of an affectionate parent to a favourite child; and he had long entertained a dislike to matrimony. He seems to have been under the dominion of a still more powerful passion, that of ambition: a passion which, from his boyish days, had taken strong hold of his mind, and never afterward forsook him, till all hopes of its being farther gratified had failed.

Urged by this restless spirit, he every year paid a visit to England, absenting himself for some months from the duties of his parish, and the charming conversation of the amiable Stella, in hopes of finding some favourable opportunity of distinguishing himself, and pushing his fortune in the world. His first visit to London, from the time he had taken possession of his living, was in the year 1701. At which time he found the publick in a ferment, occasioned by the impeachment of the earls of Portland and Orford, lord Somers, and lord Halifax,

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by the house of commons. Upon this occasion Swift wrote and published his first political tract, entitled, A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome. In which he displayed great knowledge in ancient history, as well as skill in the English constitution, and the state of parties. The author of this piece concealed his name with the greatest precaution, nor was he at that time personally known to any of the nobles, in whose favour it seems to have been written; and indeed, from the spirit of the piece itself, we may see that Swift was induced to write it from other motives than such as were private and personal. As no one understood the English constitution better, so no one loved it more, or would have gone greater lengths to preserve it, than Swift. He saw clearly that the balance, upon the due preservation of which the very life of our constitution depends, had been for some time in a fluctuating state, and that the popular scale was likely to preponderate. All the horrours of anarchy, and the detested times of a Cromwell, came fresh into his mind. He therefore thought it his duty to lay before the publick the fatal consequences of the encroachments then making by the commons upon the other two branches of the legiſlature; which he executed in a most masterly manner, with great force of argument, assisted by the most striking examples of other states in similar circumstances; and at the same time in a style and method so perspicuous, as to render the whole clear to common capacities. Another reason for supposing that Swift wrote this wholly from a principle of duty, is, that the author deals throughout in generals, excepting only one oblique compliment to the four lords

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who were impeached by the commons, which at the same time served to strengthen his general argument. The truth is, Swift, at that time, was of no party; he sided with the whigs merely because he thought the tories were carrying matters too far, and by the violence of their proceedings were likely to overturn that happy balance in our state, so lately settled by the glorious revolution; to which there was not a faster friend in England than himself. However it is certain that it remained for some time a profound secret to the world, who the author of that admirable piece was. And the first discovery made of it, was by Swift himself, upon the following occasion. After his return to Ireland, he happened to fall into company with bishop Sheridan, where this much talked of pamphlet became the topick of conversation. The bishop insisted that it was written by bishop Burnet, and that there was not another man living equal to it. Swift maintained the contrary; at first by arguments drawn from difference of style, manner, &c. and afterward upon being urged, said, that to his certain knowledge it was not written by Burnet. Then pray, said the bishop, who writ it? Swift answered, my lord, I writ it. As this was the only instance in his life that Swift was ever known to have owned directly any piece as his, it is to be supposed that the confession was drawn from him by the heat of argument.

Early in the ensuing spring, king William died; and Swift, on his next visit to London, found queen Anne upon the throne. It was generally thought, upon this event, that the tory party would have had the ascendant; but, contrary to all expectation,

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the whigs had managed matters so well, as to get entirely into the queen's confidence, and to have the whole administration of affairs in their hands. Swift's friends were now in power, and the whigs in general, knowing him to be the author of the Discourse on the Contests, *&c.* considered themselves as much obliged to him, and looked upon him as fast to their party. The chiefs accordingly applied to him for his assistance in the measures which they were taking; and there is no doubt that he had now a fair opening for gratifying his ambition to the utmost, only by joining heartily with them, and exerting his talents on their side. But great as his ambition was, he would not have purchased its highest gratifications at the expense of his principles; nor would all the wealth and honours of the realm, accumulated, have tempted him to act contrary to the conviction of his mind. Upon examining into their new political system, which varied in many points from that of the old whigs, he considered several of their measures as of a dangerous tendency to the constitution. Notwithstanding therefore, both his interest and personal attachments were of their side, he declined all overtures made to him by the heads of the whiggish party, and after some time determined to have no concern in their affairs. This conduct in Swift was so unexpected, for they had all along counted upon him as a sure man, that it met with the same sort of resentment from the whigs, as if he had deserted their party, and gone over to the enemy; though Swift, in reality, so little liked the proceedings of either, that for several years he kept himself entirely a neutral, without meddling in any shape in politicks.

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The chief reason that made him decline any connexion with the whigs at that time, was, their open profession of low church principles; and under the specious name of toleration, their encouragement of fanaticks and sectarists of all kinds to join them. But what above all most shocked him, was, their inviting all deists, freethinkers, atheists, jews, and infidels, to be of their party, under pretence of moderation, and allowing a general liberty of conscience. As Swift was in his heart a man of true religion, he could not have born, even in his private character, to have mixed with such a motley crew. But when we consider his principles in his political capacity, that he looked upon the church of England, as by law established, to be the main pillar of our newly erected constitution, he could not, consistently with the character of a good citizen, join with those who considered it more as an ornament, than a support to the edifice; who could therefore look on with composure while they saw it undermining, or even open the gate to a blind multitude, to try, like Sampson, their strength against it, and consider it only as sport. With such a party, neither his religious nor political principles would suffer him to join; and with regard to the tories, as is usual in the violence of factions, they had run into opposite extremes, equally dangerous to the state. He has fully given us his own sentiments upon the state of parties in those times, in these words: "Now, because it is a point of difficulty to "choose an exact middle between two ill extremes; "it may be worth inquiring in the present case, "which of these a wise and good man would rather "seem to avoid: taking therefore their own good "and

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" and ill characters of each other, with due abate-
" ments, and allowances for partiality and passion;
" I should think, that in order to preserve the con-
" stitution entire in the church and state, whoever
" has a true value for both, would be sure to avoid
" the extremes of whig, for the sake of the former;
" and the extremes of tory, on account of the
" latter."

This was a maxim, which, however well founded, was not likely to influence the opinion of many, amid the violence of party rage; however, as Swift was firmly persuaded of the truth of it, it was by that principle he governed his conduct, though on that account he stood almost alone.

Finding therefore that he could be of no use to the publick in his political capacity, while things remained in the same state, he turned his thoughts wholly to other matters. He resided for the greatest part of the year at his living, in the performance of his parochial duties, in which no one could be more exact; and once a year he paid a visit to his mother at Leicester, passing some time also in London, to take a view of the state of things, and watching some favourable crisis.

During this period, Swift's pen was hardly ever employed, except in writing sermons; and he does not seem to have indulged himself even in any sallies of fancy, for some years, excepting only the Meditation on a Broomstick, and the Tritical Essay on the Faculties of the Mind, both written in the year 1703. As Swift has been much censured for writing the former of these pieces, on account of the ridicule contained in it of the style and manner of so great and pious a man as Mr. Boyle, it may not be improper

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improper here to relate an anecdote * which I had from undoubtedly good authority, with regard to the occasion of writing that piece, and which will in a great measure exonerate Swift from the charge brought against him on that account. In the yearly visits which he made to London, during his stay there, he passed much of his time at lord Berkeley's, officiating as chaplain to the family, and attending lady Berkeley in her private devotions. After which, the doctor, by her desire, used to read to her some moral or religious discourse. The countess had at this time taken a great liking to Mr. Boyle's Meditations, and was determined to go through them in that manner; but as Swift had by no means the same relish for that kind of writing which her ladyship had, he soon grew weary of the task; and a whim coming into his head, resolved to get rid of it in a way which might occasion some sport in the family; for which they had as high a relish as himself. The next time he was employed in reading one of these Meditations, he took an opportunity of conveying away the book, and dexterously inserted a leaf, on which he had written his own Meditation on a Broomstick; after which, he took care to have the book restored to its proper place, and in his next attendance on my lady, when he was desired to proceed to the next Meditation, Swift opened upon the place where the leaf had been inserted, and with great composure of countenance read the title, "A Meditation on a Broomstick." Lady Berkeley,

* This anecdote came from lady Betty Germaine, daughter of lady Berkeley, and was communicated to me by the late lady Lambert, an intimate of lady Betty's.

a little

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a little surprised at the oddity of the title, stopped him, repeating the words, " A Meditation on a " Broomstick!" bless me what a strange subject! But there is no knowing what useful lessons of instruction this wonderful man may draw, from things apparently the most trivial. Pray let us hear what he says upon it. Swift then, with an inflexible gravity of countenance, proceeded to read the Meditation, in the same solemn tone which he had used in delivering the former. Lady Berkeley, not at all suspecting a trick, in the fulness of her prepossession, was every now and then, during the reading of it, expressing her admiration of this extraordinary man, who could draw such fine moral reflections from so contemptible a subject; with which, though Swift must have been inwardly not a little tickled, yet he preserved a most perfect composure of features, so that she had not the least room to suspect any deceit. Soon after, some company coming in, Swift pretended business, and withdrew, foreseeing what was to follow. Lady Berkeley, full of the subject, soon entered upon the praises of those heavenly Meditations of Mr. Boyle. But, said she, the doctor has been just reading one to me, which has surprised me more than all the rest. One of the company asked which of the Meditations she meant. She answered directly, in the simplicity of her heart, I mean that excellent Meditation on a Broomstick. The company looked at each other with some surprise, and could scarce refrain from laughing. But they all agreed that they had never heard of such a Meditation before. Upon my word, said my lady, there it is, look into that book, and convince yourselves. One of them opened the book, and found it

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it there indeed, but in Swift's handwriting; upon which a general burst of laughter ensued; and my lady, when the first surprise was over, enjoyed the joke as much as any of them; saying, what a vile trick has that rogue played me! But it is his way, he never balks his humour in any thing. The affair ended in a great deal of harmless mirth, and Swift, you may be sure, was not asked to proceed any farther in the Meditations. Thus we see that his original intention in writing this piece, was not to ridicule the great Robert Royle, but only to furnish occasion for a great deal of innocent mirth on lady Berkeley's enthusiasm, and simplicity of heart; and at the same time to get rid of the disagreeable task of reading to her writings which were not at all to his taste. And that it afterward got out into the world, was owing to the eagerness of those who were acquainted with the Berkeley family, to procure copies of a piece of such exquisite humour. This was the case indeed in almost all the small things afterward written by Swift, scarce any of which were published by himself, but stole into the world in that way.

Though the greatness of Swift's talents was known to many in private life, and his company and conversation much sought after and admired, yet was his name hitherto little known in the republick of letters. The only pieces which he had then published, were the Battle of the Books, and the Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome, and both without a name. Nor was he personally known to any of the wits of the age, excepting Mr. Congreve, and one or two more, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance at sir William Temple's.

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The knot of wits used at this time to assemble at Button's coffeehouse; and I had a singular account of Swift's first appearance there from Ambrose Philips, who was one of Mr. Addison's little senate. He said that they had for several successive days observed a strange clergyman come into the coffeehouse, who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those who frequented it; and whose custom it was to lay his hat down on a table, and walk backward and forward at a good pace for half an hour or an hour, without speaking to any mortal, or seeming in the least to attend to any thing that was going forward there. He then used to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. After having observed this singular behaviour for some time, they concluded him to be out of his senses; and the name that he went by among them, was that of the mad parson. This made them more than usually attentive to his motions; and one evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times on a gentleman in boots, who seemed to be just come out of the country, and at last advance toward him as intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what this dumb, mad parson, had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, "Pray, sir, do you "remember any good weather in the world?" The country gentleman, after staring a little at the singularity of his manner, and the oddity of the question, answered, "Yes, sir, I thank God, I remember a great "deal of good weather in my time." "That is more," said

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said Swift, " than I can say; I never remember any " weather that was not too hot, or too cold; too wet, " or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives " it, at the end of the year tis all very well," Upon saying this, he took up his hat, and without uttering a syllable more, or taking the least notice of any one, walked out of the coffeehouse; leaving all those who had been spectators of this odd scene staring after him, and still more confirmed in the opinion of his being mad. There is another anecdote recorded of him, of what passed between him and doctor Arbuthnot in the same coffeehouse. The doctor had been scribbling a letter in great haste, which was much blotted; and seeing this odd parson near him, with a design to play upon him, said, " Pray, sir, have you any sand about you?" " No," replied Swift, " but I have the gravel, and if you " will give me your letter I'll p-ss upon it." Thus singularly commenced an acquaintance between those two great wits, which afterward ripened into the closest friendship. After these adventures they saw him no more at Button's, till The Tale of a Tub had made its appearance in the world, when, in the person of the author of that inimitable performance, they recognized their mad parson. This piece was first published in the following year 1704; and though without a name, yet the curiosity excited by the appearance of such a wonderful piece of original composition, could not fail of finding out the author, especially as not only the bookseller knew him, but as the manuscript had at different times been shown to several of sir William Temple's relations, and most intimate friends. When it is considered that Swift had kept this piece by him eight years,

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years, after it had been, by his own confession, completely finished, before he gave it to the world; we must stand astonished at such a piece of self-denial, as this must seem, in a young man, ambitious of distinction, and eager after fame; and wonder what could be his motive for not publishing it sooner. But the truth is, Swift set but little value on his talents as a writer, either at that time, or during the whole course of his life, farther than as they might contribute to advance some nobler ends, which he had always in view. Unsolicitous therefore about fame merely literary, or the reputation of an author, he could with the most perfect *sang froid* lock up this admirable piece in his desk, and wait, with the most philosophick patience, for a favourable season to produce it, when it might answer some more important purpose. After the time he had given the last finishing to it, the violence of parties ran so high for some years, and their disputes were carried on with such animosity, that he did not think the publick in a temper fit to receive the work, so as to produce the effects which he proposed from it. But as the rage of party began to cool at that time, and the opposition from the tories grew daily more feeble, as the power of the whigs increased; and as a firm establishment of the whig interest seemed to threaten, upon their principles, an entire disregard to, and neglect of all religion; Swift thought this a proper juncture to revive the topick of religion, and to show the excellency of the established church, over its two rivals, in a new way, adapted to common capacities, with regard to the understanding; and calculated to make way to the heart, through the pleasure which it afforded to the fancy. And without

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without some artifice of that sort, it would have been impossible to have gained any attention at all to the topick of religion. People were quite wearied out with the continual repetition of the same dull arguments; or sore, on account of the ill temper with which the disputes were carried on, and the ill blood which they occasioned. The bulk of mankind were therefore in a fit disposition to fall in with the principle of moderation held out by the whigs; but as it was easy to see from some of their political measures, that moderation was not the point at which they intended to stop; but that an indifference with regard to any form of religion was likely to ensue, in consequence of some of their tenets; Swift thought it high time that the attention of the people toward the security of the established church should be roused, that they might be guarded against the undermining artifices of its enemies, secretly carried on under covert of her pretended friends; who in their hearts were little solicitous about her interests, being wholly absorbed in worldly pursuits. And surely nothing could be contrived better to answer this end, than to make religion once more a general topick of conversation; but of such conversation as no longer excited the disagreeable and malevolent passions, but gave rise to cheerfulness and mirth. Stripped of the frightful mask with which her face had been covered by bigotry and enthusiasm, and adorned with all the graces of the comick muse, she became a welcome guest in all companies. The beauty of the church of England, by a plain and well conducted allegory, adapted to all capacities, was shown, in the most obvious light, by the characters of simplicity and moderation, which are the

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true marks of christianity, in opposition to the pageantry, superstition, and tyranny of the church of Rome, on the one hand; and the spleen, hypocrisy, and enthusiasm of Calvinism, on the other. This had been often done before in a serious way, but it was the new manner of treating the subject that produced the great effect. While the English divines had for more than a century been engaged in a constant state of warfare with their antagonists, and attacked them with serious reasoning, and vehemence of argumentation, their antagonists were always considered as powerful and formidable; and though often foiled, were never looked upon as subdued. While these different religions were rendered odious or terrible to the imaginations of people, the very feelings of that hatred and fear, were accompanied with the ideas of danger and power in the objects which excited them, and of course gave them a consequence. But the instant they were rendered ridiculous, they became contemptible, and their whole power vanished; nor was there ever a stronger instance of the truth of Horace's rule,

Ridiculum acri
Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secat res;

than in the effects produced by the Tale of a Tub, with regard to the weakening of the powers of popery and fanaticism in this country. Effects not merely temporary, but which, with their cause, are likely to last, as long as the English language shall be read.

After the publication of this work, Swift wrote nothing of consequence for three or four years; during

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ing which time his acquaintance was much sought after by all persons of taste and genius. There was, particularly, a very close connexion formed between Mr. Addison * and him, which ended in a sincere and lasting friendship, at least on Swift's part. Addison's companionable qualities were known but to a few, as an invincible bashfulness kept him for the most part silent in mixed companies; but Swift used to say of him, that his conversation in a *téte a téte*, was the most agreeable he had ever known in any one; and that in the many hours which he passed with him in that way, neither of them ever wished for the coming in of a third person.

In the beginning of the year 1708, Swift started forth from his state of inactivity, and published several pieces upon religious and political subjects, as also in the humourous way. That which regarded religion chiefly, was, An Argument against abolishing Christianity; in which he pursues the same humourous method, which was so successfully followed in the Tale of a Tub. Perhaps there never was a richer vein of irony than runs through that whole piece; nor could any thing be better calculated to second the general impression made by the Tale of a Tub. It is certain, that Swift thought the state of

* In 1705, Mr. Addison made a present of his book of Travels to Dr. Swift, in the blank leaf of which he wrote the following words:

To Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,
The most agreeable companion,
The truest friend,
And the greatest genius of his age,
This Book is presented by his
Moſt humble servant,
The AUTHOR.

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the church in great danger, notwithstanding any vote of parliament to the contrary; and this chiefly from a sort of lethargick disorder, which had in general seized those who ought to have been its watchful guardians. To rouse them from this state, he found tickling to be more effectual than lashing; and that the best way to keep them wakeful, was to make them laugh.

It was at this juncture too he chose to publish his political principles. Swift had been hitherto always classed among the whigs, as the only political tract of his which had been published was in their favour, and as his chief connexions were among that body. And he himself had adopted the name in a * Copy of Verses to the Honourable Mrs. Finch. And indeed with respect to government, there could not be a stauncher whig than he was upon the old principles of whiggism, as set forth by him; but he was an utter enemy to some new ones adopted by that party, in order to enlarge their bottom, and which evidently tended to republicanism. And as to their maxims with regard to religion, he widely differed from them. As these were made an essential part of the character of a whig at that time, he could not be said to be of their body. The truth is, that Swift was a man of too much integrity to belong to either party, while they were both so much in the wrong. This he himself declared in the opening of the political tract printed at this time, entitled, "*The Sentiments of a Church of England*

"*Man*,

* And last, my vengeance to complete,
May you descend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A *whig*, and one who wears a gown.

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"*Man, with respect to Religion and Government;*" which begins with these words: "Whoever has examined the conduct and proceedings of both parties for some years past, whether in or out of power, cannot well conceive it possible to go far toward the extremes of either, without offering some violence to his integrity or understanding." His motive for publishing this tract at that juncture, he has given in the following words: "When the two parties, that divide the whole commonwealth, come once to a rupture, without any hopes left of forming a third with better principles to balance the others; it seems every man's duty to choose one of the two sides, although he cannot entirely approve of either; and all pretences to neutrality are justly exploded by both, being too stale and obvious; only intending the safety and ease of a few individuals, while the publick is embroiled. This was the opinion and practice of the latter Cato, whom I esteem to have been the wisest and the best of all the Romans. But before things proceed to open violence, the truest service a private man may hope to do his country, is, by unbiassing his mind as much as possible, and then endeavouring to moderate between the rival powers; which must needs be owned a fair proceeding with the world; because it is, of all others, the least consistent with the common design of making a fortune, by the merit of an opinion."

Swift, from several circumstances at that time, apprehended that the parties would speedily come to an open rupture; he therefore thought it the duty of a good citizen to endeavour to form a third party

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out of the more moderate of each, that should serve as a check upon the violence of both. With this view, he represents the extremes of both parties, and the evil consequences likely to ensue from each, in the strongest light; at the same time he clearly shows that the moderate of both hardly differed in any material point, and were kept asunder only by the odious distinction of a name. He set down in this piece such a just, political, and religious creed, so far as related to any connexion between church and state, as every honest subject of the church of England must at once assent to. And indeed if it were in the nature of things, that a party could have been formed upon principles of moderation, good sense, and publick spirit, his scheme would have taken place, from the masterly manner in which it was proposed. His design was, to engage all those of both parties, who wished well to the established church, to unite together under the denomination of church of England men, instead of the odious terms of *high* and *low church*, calculated to keep up animosity; and by so doing, to leave the more violent of both parties, whose numbers would in that case be much reduced, exposed to the world in their true colours, merely by being singled out in the different herds of their associates. In that case, there were few whigs, so lost to all sense of shame, as would choose to be one of a handful of English protestants, at the head of a numerous body of sectaries of all kinds, infidels and atheists; as there would be few tories who would wish to appear leaders of papists and jacobites only. Under the name of church of England man, none of those enemies to our constitution could have listed; whereas under the vague names

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names of whig and tory, persons of all denominations and principles were enrolled without scruple by both, merely to increase their numbers, and swell the cry. This project, for the uniting of parties, seems to have taken strong possession of Swift, and not to have quitted him for some time, as we find he mentions it in a * letter to colonel Hunter, in the beginning of the following year. However, if this design failed, he was determined, whenever matters should come to an open rupture between the parties, not to remain neutral; but to choose that side, which, upon the whole, should appear to him the best, according to the maxim before laid down. In order therefore to render himself of the greater consequence, he seems to have exerted himself this year in the display of his various talents. Beside the two admirable tracts before mentioned, he published, "A Letter from a Member of the House of Commons "in Ireland, to a Member of the House of Commons "in England, concerning the Sacramental Test." As he always kept a watchful eye upon the motions of the presbyterians, the intention of this piece was, not only to frustrate their attempt to get the test act repealed in Ireland, but also to alarm the people in England, by showing that their design was deeper laid, and that the carrying of it first in that country, was only intended as a precedent for doing the same here. In the humourous way, he wrote also in this

* I amuse myself sometimes with writing verses to Mrs. Finch, and sometimes with projects for the uniting of parties, which I perfect over night, and burn in the morning.

SWIFT's *first letter to col.* Hunter.

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year those admirable papers on Partridge the almanack maker, which appeared under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, esq.; and in poetry, An Elegy on the supposed Death of Partridge; the Story of Baucis and Philemon; and two copies of verses on Vanbrugh's house *. So wide a display of such different talents; such knowledge in political affairs; so much good sense and strength of reasoning, joined to so pure and masterly a style; and above all, so much wit, and such uncommon powers of ridicule, could not fail of raising prognosticks, that he would prove the most able and formidable champion living, of that party whose cause he should espouse. The whigs therefore, who had hitherto neglected him, as considering him in the light of a half brother, began now to dread, and consequently to pay him great court. Their apprehensions were quickened by the narrow escape which they just then had of being turned out of power, by the intrigues of Mr. Harley; which had very nearly taken place then, in the manner they did

* It appears from a memorandum in Swift's handwriting, that he had an intention this year to publish a volume of his works, consisting of the following articles: October, 1708.

SUBJECTS for a VOLUME.

Discourse on Athens and Rome.
Bickerstaff's Predictions.
Elegy on Partridge.
Letter to Bishop of K.
Harris's Petition.
Baucis and Philemon.
Vanbrugh's House.
The Salamander.
Epigram on Mrs. Floyd.
Meditation on a Broomstick.
Sentiments of a Church of England Man.
Reasons against abolishing Christianity.
Essay on Conversation.
Conjectures on the Thoughts of Posterity about me.
On the present Taste of Reading.
Apology for the Tale, &c.
Part of an Answer to Tindal.
History of Van's House.
Apollo outwitted. To Ardelia.
Project for Reformation of Manners.
A Lady's Tablebook.
Critical Essay.

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two years afterward. No solicitations or promises were wanting, on their parts, to engage Swift on their side; but they found him a man of stubborn integrity; nor could any temptation prevail on him to go the lengths which they wanted. Failing in this, their next wish was to send him out of the way, in some honourable post. That of secretary to an intended embassy to the court of Vienna, was first designed for him; but that project going off, there was a scheme on foot to make him bishop of Virginia, with a power to ordain priests and deacons, and a general authority over all the clergy in the American colonies. There could not have been a stronger bait thrown out to Swift than this; as it would gratify his ambition, by a most extensive power, in the very sphere where he most wished to have it, in the church; as religion was always nearest his heart. Accordingly we find that he was very earnest in the pursuit of that point; but, unfortunately for the interests of religion in America, and as unfortunately for the whiggish ministry, notwithstanding their promises, that it should be done, the design fell to the ground, and Swift remained in the same state: remained on the spot, filled with resentment at their treatment of him, and determined to wreak his vengeance on them, when opportunity should serve, which was not now far distant.

Early in the following year, Swift published that admirable piece, called, *A Project for the Advancement of Religion.* In which, after enumerating all the corruptions and depravities of the age, he shows that the chief source of them was the neglect, or contempt of religion, which so generally prevailed.

Though

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Though at first view this pamphlet seemed to have no other drift, but to lay down a very rational scheme for a general reformation of manners, yet upon a closer examination it will appear to have been a very strong, though covert attack, upon the power of the whigs. It could not have escaped a man of Swift's penetration, that the queen had been a long time wavering in her sentiments, and that she was then meditating that change in the ministry, which some time afterward took place. To confirm her in this intention, and to hasten the execution of it, appears, from the whole tenour of the pamphlet, to have been the main object he had in view, in publishing it at that time. For though it seems designed for the use of the world in general, and is particularly addressed to the countess of Berkeley, yet that it was chiefly calculated for the queen's perusal, appears from this; that the whole execution of his project depended upon the impression which it might make upon her mind; and the only means of reformation proposed, were such as were altogether in her own power. At setting out, he says; "Now, as universal "and deep rooted as these corruptions appear to be, "I am utterly deceived, if an effectual remedy "might not be applied to most of them; neither "am I now upon a wild speculative project, but "such a one as may be easily put in execution. "For, while the prerogative of giving all employ- "ments continues in the crown, either immediately, "or by subordination; it is in the power of the "prince to make piety and virtue become the "fashion of the age, if, at the same time, he would "make them necessary qualifications for favour and "preferment." He then proceeds to show the necessity

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cessity of her majesty's exerting her authority in this way, by a very free observation, couched under one of the finest compliments that ever was penned: "It is clear from present experience, that the bare "example of the best prince, will not have any "mighty influence where the age is very corrupt. "For, when was there ever a better prince on the "throne than the present queen? I do not talk of "her talent for government, her love of the people, "or any other qualities that are purely regal; but "her piety, charity, temperance, conjugal love, and "whatever other virtues do best adorn a private "life; wherein, without question, or flattery, she "has no superiour: yet, neither will it be satire or "peevish invective to affirm, that infidelity and "vice are not much diminished since her coming "to the crown; nor will, in all probability, until "more effectual remedies be provided."

The chief remedy he proposes, is, "To bring "religion into countenance, and encourage those "who, from the hope of future reward, and dread of "future punishment, will be moved to act with "justice and integrity. This is not to be accom-"plished in any other way than by introducing re-"ligion as much as possible, to be the turn and "fashion of the age, which only lies in the power "of the administration; the prince, with utmost "strictness, regulating the court, the ministry, and "other persons in great employment; and these, by "their example and authority, reforming all who "have dependence on them."

Having expatiated on this topick, and shown how easily such a design might be carried into execution, if the queen would only form such a determination, he

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he proceeds to enforce his arguments by conscientious motives; which were likely to have the strongest effects upon one of such a truly religious turn as the queen was. After having just mentioned some points of reformation, in which the aid of the legislature might be found necessary, he says, "But "this is beside my present design, which was only "to show what degree of reformation is in the "power of the queen, without interposition of the "legislature; and which her majesty is, without "question, obliged in conscience to endeavour by "her authority, as much as she does by her "practice."

And in another place he still more forcibly urges arguments of the same nature: "The present queen "is a prince of as many and great virtues, as ever "filled a throne: how would it brighten her cha-"racter to the present, and after ages, if she would "exert her utmost authority to instil some share of "those virtues into her people, which they are too "degenerate to learn, only from her example. "And, be it spoke with all the veneration possible "for so excellent a sovereign; her best endeavours "in this weighty affair, are a most important part "of her duty, as well as of her interest, and her "honour."

Nothing could have been better contrived to work upon the queen's disposition, than the whole of this tract. In which the author first shows that all the corruptions and wickedness of the times, arose from irreligion: he shows that it is in her majesty's power alone, without other aid, to restore religion to its true lustre and force, and to make it have a general influence on the manners and conduct of her people: and

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and then he urges the strongest motives, of honour, of interest, and of duty, to induce her to enter upon the immediate exercise of that power. And to render what he offered upon that head more forcible, it was apparently written by some disinterested hand, from no other principle but a due regard to religion and morality. For the author artfully suppressed all mention of party: and yet, upon a closer examination, it would appear, that nothing could be more directly, though covertly, aimed at the destruction of the power of the whigs. For, the first step proposed to render the design effectual, was, that the queen should employ none in her ministry, or in any offices about her person, but such as had the cause of religion at heart: now this was in effect to say, that she must begin with turning out the whigs, or low church party, who in general professed either an indifference to, or contempt of religion; and choose her officers from among the tories, or high church party, with whom the support of the interests of religion was the first and most generally avowed principle.

After the publication of this piece, Swift went to Ireland, where he remained till the revolution in the ministry took place, which happened in the following year; when Mr. Harley, and Mr. St. John, the heads of the tory party in the house of commons, were appointed to fill the chief offices; the former, that of chancellor of the exchequer, the latter, that of principal secretary of state. During this interval, Swift passed much of his time with Mr. Addison, who had gone over to Ireland as first secretary to the earl of Wharton, then lord lieutenant of that kingdom. By this means he had an opportunity of

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of being an eye witness of the corrupt administration of affairs in that kingdom, under that lord's government, which he afterwards exposed to the world in such strong and odious colours. Had Swift been intent only on his own promotion, it is probable that he might easily have obtained preferment in Ireland at that juncture, on account of his great intimacy with the secretary; but he would have scorned to pay court to a viceroy of such a character, or even to have accepted any favour at his hands. Upon the change of affairs at court, when a new ministry was appointed, Swift was requested by the bishops of Ireland to take upon him the charge of soliciting a remission of the first fruits, and twentieth parts, to the clergy of that kingdom. It was not without great reluctance that he accepted of this office, for reasons hereafter to be assigned: but his regard to the interests of the church, outweighed all other considerations, and he accordingly set out for England as soon as his credentials were ready.

SECTION III.

From the Introduction to Mr. HARLEY, to the Death of the QUEEN.

ON his arrival in London in the month of September 1710, he found that open war was declared between the two parties, and raged with the utmost violence. There was no room for moderating schemes,

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schemes, and according to his own maxim, that a good citizen could not remain neutral in such a situation of affairs, Swift was to choose his party, and to declare himself accordingly. His arrival at that crisis, filled the whigs with joy, as in general they looked upon him to be of their party; but the leaders among them were not without their apprehensions, being conscious of the ill treatment he had met with at their hands. Of this, take the following account from Swift himself*. "All the whigs were "ravished to see me, and would have laid hold on "me as a twig, to save them from sinking; and the "great men were all making me their clumsy apolo-"gies. It is good to see what a lamentable confes-"sion the whigs all make of my ill usage." On the other hand, the tories were exceedingly alarmed at his arrival, as they had always considered him in the light of a whig, and as the leaders of their party had not even the least personal knowledge of him; how strong their apprehensions must have been, we may judge from a passage in Swift's Journal of the following year, dated June 30, 1711, where he says, that,

* At this time, and during his connexion with the ministry afterward, Swift kept a regular journal of all the most remarkable events, as well as little anecdotes, which he transmitted every fortnight to Stella, for her private perusal, and that of Mrs. Dingley, but upon condition that it should be communicated to no other person whatsoever. This journal was luckily preserved, and sometime since given to the world. As nothing could better show Swift's own sentiments with regard to affairs at that time, and the motives which induced him to take the part he did in them, than such a journal, written as it were to the hour, and transmitted to that person in the world to whom his heart was most open; the account of his conduct, during that busy time, will, wherever there is an opportunity, be corroborated by extracts from it.

"Mr.

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" Mr. Harley and Mr. secretary St. John, frequently " protested, after he had become their intimate, " that he was the only man in England they were " afraid of." In such a disposition, therefore, it is to be supposed, that a visit from Dr. Swift to Mr. Harley, was by no means an unacceptable thing. The occasion of this visit is set forth at large, in the letters which passed between Dr. King, archbishop of Dublin, and Dr. Swift, published in his works. Upon his leaving Ireland, Swift had undertaken to solicit the affair of the first fruits, and twentieth parts, for the benefit of the clergy in Ireland, which had been long depending, and in vain attempted by two bishops sent over for that purpose by the whole body. In his first letter to the archbishop on that subject, he says, " As soon as I received the " packets from your grace, I went to wait upon " Mr. Harley. I had prepared him before, by an- " other hand, where he was very intimate ; and got " myself represented (which I might justly do) as " one extremely ill used by the last ministry, after " some obligations, because I refused to go certain " lengths they would have me." He afterward gives such an account of the whole transaction as might be proper to be shown. But in his Journal to Stella, he is more particular.—October 4, 1710.— " Mr. Harley received me with the greatest respect " and kindness imaginable, and appointed me an " hour, two or three days after, to open my business " to him."

October 7.

" I HAD no sooner told him my business, but he entered into it with all kindness; asked me for my powers,

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powers, and read them; and read likewise the memorial I had drawn up, and put it into his pocket to show the queen: told me the measures he would take; and, in short, said every thing I could wish. Told me he must bring Mr. St. John and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem, that I am inclined to believe what some friends had told me, that he would do every thing to bring me over. He desired me to dine with him on Tuesday; and, after four hours being with him, set me down at St. James's coffee-house in a hackney coach.

"I must tell you a great piece of refinement in Harley. He charged me to come and see him often: I told him I was loth to trouble him, in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said, 'That was no place for 'friends.'"

October 10, 1710.

"HARLEY tells me he has shown my memorial to the queen, and seconded it very heartily; because, said he, the queen designs to signify it to the bishops of Ireland in form, and take notice that it was done upon a memorial from you; which he said he did to make it look more respectful to me: I believe never any thing was compassed so soon: and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley; who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party, that they used a man unworthily, who had deserved better. He speaks all the kind things to me in the world."

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October 14.

"I STAND with the new people ten times better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed."

When we consider the rapidity of Mr. Harley's motions on this occasion, who was remarkable for procrastination, and the open freedom of his behaviour toward Swift, so contrary to that closeness and reserve, which were his characteristicks, we may judge of his eager desire to fix him in their party. Nor was this hard to be accomplished: Swift had long in his own mind been of their side; and he only waited for such a favourable juncture as now offered to declare himself. Mr. Harley's uncommon condescension, flattered his pride; and the obligingness of his behaviour, engaged his friendship. Accordingly, after he had inquired into their plan, and the measures which they intended to pursue, as he found them entirely consonant to his own sentiments, he embarked without hesitation in their cause, and entered into their interests with his whole heart. His approbation of their measures he expresses in the following manner in his Journal.

November 29, 1710.

"THE present ministry have a difficult task, and want me. According to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the publick, and therefore I am glad to contribute what lies in my power."

The writers on both sides had before this taken the field, and attacked each other with great acrimony. On the whig side, were Mr. Addison, bishop

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shop Burnet, sir Richard Steele, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and many others of less note. On the part of the tories, the chief writers were, lord Bolingbroke, bishop Atterbury, and Mr. Prior. They had begun a weekly paper, called, The Examiner, which was the joint work of those three celebrated writers, and had published twelve numbers. But as soon as Swift declared himself, they thought all aid to him unnecessary, and the whole conduct of that paper was from that time put into his hands. He entered the field alone, and, with a Sampsonlike strength, scorned assistance, and despised numbers. His power of ridicule was like a flail in his hand, against which there was no fence. Though he industriously concealed his name, yet his friend Addison soon discovered him, and retired prudently from the field of battle, leaving the rest exposed to the attacks of this irresistible champion; by whom it must be allowed they were unmercifully handled, till, one after another, they were all laid low. His first paper was published on the 2d of November, 1710, No. 13 of the Examiner, which was about a month after his introduction to Mr. Harley; and he continued them without interruption till June 7, 1711, where he dropped it, closing it with No. 44, and then leaving it to be carried on by other hands. During this time he lived in the utmost degree of confidence and familiarity, not only with Mr. Harley, but the whole ministry. Mr. secretary St. John was not behind Mr. Harley, either in desire of cultivating Swift's acquaintance, or in address, which the following extract from his Journal will sufficiently show.

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November 11, 1710.

"I DINED to day, by invitation, with the secretary of state, Mr. St. John. Mr. Harley came in to us before dinner, and made me his excuses for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose the advancing of money to the government. The secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. Prior came in after dinner; and upon an occasion, the secretary said to him, 'The best thing I ever read is not your's, but Dr. Swift on Vanbrugh;' which I do not reckon so very good neither; but Prior was damped, till I stuffed him with two or three compliments. He told me, among other things, that Mr. Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him. I knew that was a refinement, and so I told him; and it was so. Indeed it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me. But there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet."

In another place, he says, March 3, 1710-11.

"I DINED with Mr. Harley to day. Every Saturday, lord keeper, secretary St. John, and I, dine with him, and sometimes lord Rivers, and they let in none else. I staid with Mr. Harley till nine, when we had much discourse together, after the rest were gone, and I gave him very truly my opinion, when he desired it."

February

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February 18, 1710-11.

"SECRETARY St. John would needs have me dine with him to day; and there I found three persons I never saw, two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for: so I left them early, and came home, it being no day to walk, but scurvy rain and wind. The secretary tells me he has put a cheat upon me; for lord Peterborough sent him twelve dozen flasks of Burgundy, on condition I should have my share; but he never was quiet till they were all gone; so I reckon he owes me thirty six pounds."

February 25.

"I DINED to day with Mr. secretary St. John, on condition I might choose my company, which were lord Rivers, lord Carteret, sir T. Mansel, and Mr. Lewis. I invited Masham, Hill, sir John Stanley, and George Granville, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company when I dined with him before. So we laughed, &c."

In the beginning of February, there was a piece of behaviour in Mr. Harley toward Swift, which nettled him to the quick, and had nearly occasioned a breach between them. Of this Swift gives the following account in his Journal.

February 6, 1710.

"Mr. HARLEY desired me to dine with him again to day, but I refused him; for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends."

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February 7.

"I WAS this morning early with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. Harley had sent him, desiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him, and let him know I expected farther satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I will but come and see him; but I won't, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off. I will tell you the cause of our quarrel when I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In that he did something, which he intended for a favour, and I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me; and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest: and I absolutely refused to submit to his intended favour, and expect farther satisfaction."

In a subsequent part of the Journal he acquaints Stella with the cause of quarrel.

March 7, 1710.

"YES, I understand a cipher, and Ppt * guesses right, as she always does. He gave me *al bsadnnk lboinlpt dfaonr ufainfbtoy dpeonufnad* †; which I sent him again by Mr. Lewis, to whom I wrote a very complaining letter, that was showed him, and so the matter

* Stella.

† This is a sort of cipher, in which, to disguise the words, superfluous letters are introduced; and the way to read it is to pass over those letters, and retain only such as will make out words and sense, in the following manner, where the letters to be retained are capitals. Al BsAdNnK lBoInLpt dFaOnR uFaInFbToY dPeOnUrNaD. That is, *A Bank Bill for fifty pound.*

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matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I said I had another with him, and we returned to our friendship, and I should think he loves me as well as a great minister can love a man in so short a time."

Nothing could have been considered by Swift as a greater indignity, than this offer of Mr. Harley's, which put him on the footing of a hireling writer. Accordingly, he was determined to let him see how much he had mistaken his man, by refusing to see him again till he had asked his pardon by a third hand. He laid hold of this opportunity, to let the ministry know how he expected to be treated by them for the future: as a man, who not only scorned a state of dependance, but who could not bear any thing that might carry the least appearance of it; as one who entered a volunteer in their cause, and who scorned to lie under any obligation, or accept of any thing to which he was not justly entitled by his merits: and lastly, as one, who, conscious of his abilities to serve the publick, expected to be considered by them as their coadjutor in the cause, and to be treated on a footing of entire equality. Accordingly, immediately after Mr. Harley had made his peace with him, he showed, by an extraordinary piece of behaviour, that he was determined to exact this from them, without bating the smallest article. The circumstance is mentioned in the following passage of the Journal.

February 12, 1710.

"I DINED to day with Mr. secretary St. John: I went to the court of requests at noon, and sent

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Mr. Harley into the house to call the secretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late."

When this story is told, without any other circumstance, and we are informed that a private clergyman, vicar of a small country living, in an obscure part of the world, sent the prime minister of Great Britain, to bring out to him the first secretary of state from the senate house, where he was engaged in the important business of the nation, upon so frivolous an occasion, we should be apt to consider it was a wanton exertion of the most insolent pride. But when we reflect that this was done the very day after he was reconciled to Mr. Harley, and that he took the first opportunity of retaliating the slight put upon him a few days before, it can only give us a high opinion of his magnanimity. Besides, upon this reconciliation, he thought it necessary to give both ministers a specimen of the terms upon which alone their union could continue, the principal of which was a most perfect equality. How little Swift was willing to allow them any superiority, may be judged by an expression in his Journal the next day after this incident.

February 13, 1710-11.

"I HAVE taken Mr. Harley into favour again."

And it soon afterward appeared how readily these ministers came into his terms, as may be seen from the following paſſage.

February 17, 1710-11.

"THE ministry are good honest hearty fellows: I use them like dogs, because I expect they will use

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use me so. They call me nothing but Jonathan, and I said I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me; and that I never knew a minister do any thing for those whom they make companions of their pleasures: and I believe you will find it so, but I care not."

How tenacious he was of his rights in this respect, and how ready to take the alarm upon the least appearance of their being infringed, we may judge from the following account of what paſſed between the secretary and him, some time after, on an occasion of that sort.

April 1, 1711.

"I DINED with the secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy; which Mr. Prior and Lewis observed as well as I: perhaps something is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it."

April 3.

"I CALLED at Mr. Secretary's, to see what the D—— ailed him on Sunday: I made him a very proper speech, told him I observed he was much out of temper; that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better; and one thing I warned him of, never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already: that I expected every great minister, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw any thing to my disadvantage, would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favour

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favour was worth it *; and that I designed to let my lord keeper, and Mr. Harley, know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly. He took all right; said I had reason; vowed nothing ailed him, but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking: would have had me dined with him and Mrs. Masham's brother, to make up matters; but I would not: I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend Rollinson; you never heard of him before."

From this time we find that Swift was treated by the ministry with the most unreserved confidence in regard to publick affairs, and the most familiar intimacy in private; being always present at their most secret consultations in political matters, and a constant companion of their chosen parties to enliven their social hour.

Swift has given us the following view of the light in which he considered the situation of affairs about that time.

March 4, 1710.

"THIS kingdom is certainly ruined, as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have a peace, let it be a bad or a good one; though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces, and our factions at home increase. The ministry is upon a very narrow bottom,

* In a subsequent part of the Journal to Stella, he says, "Don't you remember how I used to be in pain, when sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirit since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman."

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tom, and stand like an isthmus, between the whigs on one side, and violent tories on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them. Lord Somers has been twice in the queen's closet, once very lately; and the duchess of Somerset, who now has the key, is a most insinuating woman; and I believe they will endeavour to play the same game that has been played against them. I have told them all this, which they know already; but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the queen so much against being governed, that she observes it too much. I could talk till to morrow upon these things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but observe lately, after much conversation with Mr. Harley; though he is the most fearless man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me, that, uttering his mind to me, gave him ease."

Swift was employed chiefly in writing the Examiners till the beginning of the following June; when, having with ease foiled all his opponents in this skirmishing way of fighting, he retired to prepare for the general engagement, expected at the opening of the next campaign, and which was likely to prove decisive with regard to the fate of the two parties. It is certain, that his apprehensions for the side which he had embraced, were daily increasing; and as he said himself, "the nearer he "looked upon things, the worse he liked them." But his apprehensions were either confined within his own breast, or communicated only to the ministry, excepting in the Journal to Stella, where he is wholly without reserve. He had said to her, so early as January

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January 7, 1710.—" In my opinion we have nothing to save us but a peace, and I am sure we cannot have such a one as we hoped; and then the whigs will bawl what they would have done, had they continued in power. I tell the ministry this as much as I dare, and shall venture to say a little more to them."

Afterward, he gave her an account of the danger they were in, from the more violent members of their own party.

February 18, 1710.

" We are plagued with an October club, that is, a set of above a hundred parliament men of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament, to consult on affairs, and drive things to extremes against the whigs; to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads. The ministry seem not to regard them; yet one of them in confidence told me, that there must be something thought on to settle things better. I'll tell you one great secret: the queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry, runs a little into the other extreme; and is jealous in that point, even of those who got her out of the other's hands. The ministry is for gentler measures, and the other tories for more violent. Lord Rivers, talking to me the other day, cursed the paper called The Examiner, for speaking civilly of the duke of Marlborough. This I happened to talk of to the secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord, and some others; and swore, if their advice were followed, they would be blown up in twenty-four hours. And I have reason

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son to think, they will endeavour to prevail on the queen, to put her affairs more in the hands of a ministry, than she does at present; and there are two men thought on, one of whom you have often met the name of in my letters."

But though there were many external circumstances which rendered the situation of the ministry very precarious, yet the chief danger arose from themselves, through a want of concert and mutual confidence, so necessary to men embarked in so difficult an undertaking. This was chiefly owing to the reserve and mysterious conduct of Mr. Harley, which gave great umbrage to Mr. St. John, and had very nearly occasioned a breach between them about that time, of which Swift makes the following mention in his Journal.

August 27, 1711.

"THE whigs whisper that our ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk out the secretary. They have some reasons for their whispers; though I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the present posture of things; I always apprehended that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times."

Beside this reserve in the treasurer, there was a procrastination in his temper, which ill suited such a juncture of affairs, as required the utmost vigour and dispatch. And though the secretary was a man of great parts and fire, yet had he such a turn to dissipation, as made him lose opportunities, and produced as ill effects, as the procrastinating turn of the treasurer.

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treasurer. Of this Swift complains in the following passage of his Journal.

October 31, 1711.

"THE deuse is in the secretary; when I went to him this morning he had people with him; but says, we are to dine with Prior to day, and then will do all our business in the afternoon: at two, Prior sends word he is otherwise engaged: then the secretary and I go and dine with brigadier Britton, sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the present ministers; teasing me to death for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, and slipping opportunities."

On these, and many other accounts, things wore but a very unpromising aspect on the side of the tories; especially as the leaders of the whig party were active, vigilant, let slip no opportunity; and at the same time, being exasperated to the last degree at the loss of their power, were determined to stop at nothing, to compass the ruin of those who had supplanted them. Yet, however gloomy the prospect might be, Swift was not of a temper to give way to despondency. It is certain, that from the time he took a nearer view of the state of things, he had little hopes that the cause in which he had engaged would be brought to a happy issue; yet he determined, that, whenever it should fail, no part of the miscarriage should be laid at his door; and accordingly he exerted himself with the same sort of ardour, as is usually raised only by a near prospect of success, upon vigorous measures. Not content

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content with performing every thing that was allotted to him in his own department, he let no opportunity slip of urging the ministers to do what was proper on their parts. He, with great freedom, told them of their faults or omissions, sometimes in a serious, sometimes in a jocose way, as opportunities offered. There is a little anecdote of that sort, which shows how freely he indulged himself in this vein. Swift had received a present of a curious snuffbox from colonel Hill, beautifully painted with a variety of figures, which he showed to lord Oxford; who, after having examined the workmanship, turned up the bottom of the box, where he spied a figure resembling a goose, studded on the outside of the box; upon which, turning to Swift, he said, "Jonathan, I think the colonel has made a goose "of you." "Tis true, my lord," replied Swift, "but "if you will look a little farther, you will see I am "driving a snail before me:" which indeed happened to be the device. "That's severe enough, Jona-"than," said my lord, "but I deserved it."

On another occasion, he observed to lord Bolingbroke, that men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of publick business, because they are apt to go out of the common road, by the quickness of their imagination: and he desired his lordship to take notice, that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife, with a blunt edge, to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a steady hand; whereas, if they should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it go often out of the crease, and disfigure the paper.

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These friendly admonitions of Swift, though they might sometimes produce good effects in particular cases, when properly timed, yet could they do but little toward eradicating faults, which seem to have been in a great measure constitutional, and which were grown too strong by habit to be easily overcome. Happy therefore was it for the ministry, that they had, in Swift, such a faithful monitor, to remind them of their errours, and such an able coadjutor, to supply their deficiencies. As no man perhaps ever possessed a greater degree of natural sagacity than Swift, or was master of a deeper penetration from close observations made on human nature, he often warned the ministers of dangers in their own sphere, which they did not see, though they had the advantage of being much nearer the springs of action; but the acuteness of his sight more than made up for the different degrees of distance. This was sufficiently shown by the event, as all his conjectures proved to be well-founded; nor was there a single prognostick of his that failed. These he was never sparing to communicate to the ministers, though the phlegm of one, and dissipation of the other, generally rendered such notices of little effect. They were indeed so very dilatory or remiss in their preparations for the approaching contest, and their enemies so vigilant and active, that their ruin must inevitably have been accomplished soon after the meeting of the parliament, had it not been for the measures taken by Swift to prevent it. Finding that he could not rouse the minister to that activity, which so critical a juncture required, he determined to leave nothing undone,

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that lay in his own power, toward the support of the common cause. There were two points, which he thought of the utmost importance, and which therefore demanded the highest attention: the one was, to put an end to the cabals of the October club, which threatened the most dangerous consequences to the ministry: the other was, the making of a peace; without which, it was a maxim with him that the ministry could not stand. The first of these points he soon accomplished. He procured a meeting of some of the principal members of the club at a tavern; where he gave them such cogent reasons for the conduct of the ministry, as removed their fears and jealousies. This meeting occasioned a suspicion in many of the absent members, which was followed by a division of the club; after which, their meetings being neither so numerous nor so frequent, they gradually dwindled away; and, upon the seasonable publication of a little pamphlet, by Swift, called, "Some Advice to the Members of the October Club," they were in general so well satisfied, that their meetings were no more heard of; and these very members were afterward the staunchest friends that the ministry had in the house of commons. The affair of the peace was at a greater distance, and a point of infinitely more difficulty. Necessary as it was that it should be accomplished, in the disposition that the nation then was, the ministry did not even dare to hint it, and there was but one way in which they could attempt it, with the least degree of safety to themselves; and that was, by raising such a clamour for peace, as should make the steps taken toward it by the ministry, appear to be in consequence of the attention due to

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the general voice of the nation. This Swift undertook to accomplish; and with that view he took uncommon pains in drawing up that famous political tract, called, *The Conduct of the Allies*; the effects of which will presently be shown.

But Swift had still a more difficult point to manage; and one, which was attended with more immediate danger than all the rest; I mean, that of keeping the ministry from quarrelling among themselves, which he foresaw must end in their total destruction *. The treasurer and secretary were of such different dispositions, and so little agreed about the means to be pursued toward the attainment of the common end they had in view, that it required the utmost address to prevent their coming to an open rupture; which would probably have happened, even at that critical time, had it not been for Swift's interposition. Perhaps there was no man living so well qualified for the office of a mediator between them, as Swift. The case required the constant interposition of some common friend to both, who should not be suspected of any partiality to either, or of any interested views in the advice he should give; at the same time of one, who would speak his mind with unlimited freedom to each separately, or both together, without fear of disobliging. He must therefore be a man, whose assistance was of so much moment to each, in the prosecution of their several designs, that neither would dare to

* Swift, in a letter to the archbishop of Dublin, says, "I take the safety of the present ministry to consist in the agreement of three great men, lord keeper, lord treasurer, and Mr. secretary; and so I have told them together, between jest and earnest, and two of them separately, with more earnestness."

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break with the other unreasonably, lest his whole weight should be thrown into the opposite scale. And perhaps there was no man living, at that juncture, who could perfectly answer this description, but Swift. Accordingly we find, that for the space of more than two years afterward, though there was much ill blood, and many bickerings between them, he kept them from coming to an open rupture; and the incurable breach, which afterward ensued, was made during his absence in Ireland, when he went to take possession of his deanery.

In this critical situation of affairs, and in the midst of that load of business which was thrown upon Swift's shoulders, let us stop a while, to admire the vigour and activity of his mind, which, at such a juncture, could find leisure to throw out, as if it were a holiday task, his favourite design, of establishing the English language on some solid foundation.

In a letter to the archbishop of Dublin, dated July 12, 1711, there is this passage. "I have been engaging my lord treasurer, and the other great men, in a project of my own, which they tell me they will embrace, especially his lordship. He is to erect some kind of society, or academy, under the patronage of the ministers, and protection of the queen, for correcting, enlarging, polishing, and fixing our language. The methods must be left to the society; only I am writing a letter to my lord treasurer, by way of proposals, and some general hints, which I design to publish, and he expects from me. All this may come to nothing, although I find the ingenious and learned men of all my acquaintance

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fall readily in with it; and so I hope will your grace, if the design can be well executed. I would desire at leisure some of your grace's thoughts on this matter."

As the time of the parliament's meeting approached, which was to decide the fate of the parties, Swift applied himself closely to the finishing of a work, from which great matters were expected, toward inclining people to the main object of the ministry, a peace.

His first mention of it to Stella, is in his Journal, October 26, 1711. "We have no quiet with the whigs, they are so violent against a peace; but I will cool them, with a vengeance, very soon. I have written a paper, which the ministers reckon will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember any thing but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas it is certain, we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear beyond all contradiction."

Upon the meeting of parliament, on the 7th of December 1711, Swift's apprehensions and prognosticks proved to be but too well founded. He saw clearly, that if the queen did not stand firm in support of the ministry, they were undone; and from a knowledge of her temper, he dreaded some change in her, from the influence which the * duchess

* In a letter to the archbishop of Dublin, Swift says, "You know the duchess of Somerset is a great favourite, and has got the duchess of Marlborough's key. She is insinuating, and a woman of intrigue; and will, I believe, do what ill offices she can to the secretary."

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of Somerset had over her; who had succeeded the duchess of Marlborough in her favour, and whose husband was avowedly bent on the destruction of the ministry. His fears proved indeed to have been too well founded. What passed on this occasion, is thus related in his Journal, December 7, 1711. "The earl of Nottingham began, and spoke against a peace, and desired, that in their address they might put in a clause, to advise the queen not to make a peace without Spain; which was debated, and carried by the whigs, by about six voices, in a committee of the whole house." The question's being then carried against the ministry, was no small surprise to them, as they did not expect it, though Swift had often warned them of it, and pointed out the means by which it would be effected. But the behaviour of the queen, upon that occasion, was such a thunderclap, as perfectly astounded them, and made them give over all as lost. This circumstance is thus related by Swift in his Journal, December 8, 1711. "When the queen was going from the house of lords, where she sate to hear the debate, on the 7th of December, 1711, the duke of Shrewsbury, lord chamberlain, asked her majesty, whether he, or the great chamberlain Lindsay, ought to lead her out; she answered short, 'Neither of you,' and gave her hand to the duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the house against a peace." This behaviour of the queen could be construed in no other light than a desertion of the ministry, and accordingly it produced such an effect, that Swift tells us, "the clause was carried the next day, in the house of lords, almost two to one." The consequences of this, are thus described by

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Swift, in his History of the Peace of Utrecht. "When this address, against any peace without Spain, &c. was carried in the house of lords, it is not easy to describe the effect it had upon most men's passions. The partisans of the old ministry triumphed loudly, and without any reserve, as if the game were their own. The earl of Wharton was observed in the house to smile, and to put his hands to his neck, when any of the ministry was speaking; by which he would have it understood, that some heads were in danger. Parker, the chief justice, began already, with great zeal and officiousness, to prosecute authors and printers of weekly and other papers, and written in defence of the administration: in short, joy and vengeance sat visible in every countenance of that party.

"On the other side, all well wishers to the church, the queen, or the peace, were equally dejected; and the treasurer stood the foremost mark, both of his enemies fury, and the censure of his friends. Among the latter, some imputed this fatal miscarriage to his procrastinating nature; others, to his immeasurable publick thrift! Both parties agreed, that a first minister, with very moderate skill in affairs, might easily have governed the events; and some began to doubt, whether the great fame of his abilities, acquired in other stations, were what he justly deserved." Swift gives the following account of his first interview with the lord treasurer on this occasion, in his Journal, December 8, 1711. "Mr. Masham begged us to stay, because lord treasurer would call, and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour, as usual, but

but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him, if he would secure it me a week, I would set all right: he asked, how? I said, I would immediately turn lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the duke and duchess of Somerset, and lord Cholmondeley, out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnot asked, How he came not to secure a majority? He could answer nothing, but that he could not help it, if people would lie and forswear. A poor answer for a great minister. There fell from him a scripture expression, *that the hearts of kings are unsearchable.* I told him, it was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me. I begged him to know what we had to trust to: he stuck a little, but at last bid me not fear, for all would be well yet."

Swift's private sentiments on the occasion, are thus expressed in his Journal, December 8, 1711. "This is a long Journal, and of a day, that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of England. The whigs are all in triumph. They foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they say the parliament should be dissolved before Christmas, and perhaps it may. This is all your d——d d— of S——'s doing: I warned the ministers of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since. The secretary always dreaded it. I told lord treasurer I should have the advantage of him, for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave."

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December 15, 1711. "Here are the first steps toward the ruin of an excellent ministry, for I look upon them as certainly ruined. Some are of opinion the whole ministry will give up their places next week; others imagine, when the session is over. I do resolve, if they give up, or are turned out soon, to retire for some months, and I have pitched upon the place already; I would be out of the way, upon the first of the ferment; for they lay all things upon me, even some I have never read."

Lord Oxford now perceived the ill effects of his too great security; but, as he was a man of great firmness of mind, instead of being daunted at the dangerous situation of affairs, he applied himself vigorously to retrieve what had been lost. Swift speaks of him as a man fruitful in expedients, and says, "He never wanted a reserve upon any emergency, which would appear desperate to others:" and never did any occasion call more for the exertion of such talents. The first necessary step was to get the queen back out of the hands into which she had fallen, and then to fix her steadily in the pursuit of his measures. He had the address very soon to regain the queen's favour and confidence; and the first use he made of it was to restore the majority he had lost in the house of lords, by engaging her to create twelve new peers at once. This, it must be allowed, was a desperate step, but the desperate state of their affairs required it. Swift, in speaking of this point, says, "Yet, after all, it is a strange, unhappy necessity, of making so many peers together; but the queen has drawn it upon herself, by her trimming and moderation." This could not fail, however, of raising great clamours and jealousies in the people.

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"The adverse party," (says Swift in his history) "being thus driven down by open force, had nothing left but to complain, which they loudly did: that it was a pernicious example set for ill princes to follow, who, by the same rule, might make at any time a hundred as well as twelve; and by these means become masters of the house of lords, whenever they pleased, which would be dangerous to our liberties."

This unpopular measure was quickly followed by another, which raised a universal clamour both at home and abroad; and that was, the dismissing of the duke of Marlborough from all his employments. This act, whatever danger might attend it, was, to the ministry, an act of necessity; for matters were then carried to such a height, that there was no alternative, but either the duke, or the ministry, must fall. However, though it kept them in for the time, it rendered their situation exceedingly precarious. The people, alarmed at the dismissal of so great and fortunate a general, in the midst of a war, expected nothing to follow, but a shameful peace. The clamour for the continuance of the war, became louder than ever, which was helped on by the presence of prince Eugene, who had lately arrived in England, with the largest proposals from the emperor for that purpose. All the envoys from the allies bestirred themselves every where to raise a spirit for war; and the whigs, enraged to the last degree, at the total loss of their power, by the fall of their chief, left no stone unturned to rouse the people. In a short time, the nation seemed to have but one voice, which was, for the continuance of the war; and it was certain, that if the ministry

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ministry could not carry a peace, it was impossible they should stand. In this critical situation of affairs it was, that Swift's talents shone forth in their highest lustre. It was at this juncture, that his celebrated political tract, called, *The Conduct of the Allies*, produced such marvellous effects. Never did any thing of that nature cause so sudden a change in the minds of the people. It immediately passed through seven editions, and eleven thousand of them were sold in less than a month. The members, during the recess, had full time to read and consider it well; and Swift, in his Journal, gives the following account of the effects which it produced, February 4, 1711. "The house of commons have this day made many severe votes about our being abused by our allies. Those who spoke, drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I wrote. The court had a majority of 150. All agree, that it was my book that spirited them to these resolutions." And shortly afterward, speaking on the same subject, he says, February 8, "The resolutions, printed the other day in the votes, are almost quotations from it, and would never have passed, if that book had not been written." That Swift had taken uncommon pains about this tract, appears from another passage, where he says, "It is fit it should answer the pains I have been at about it." Thus did the doctor amply fulfil his prediction with regard to this book, in a passage before cited, where he says, "We have no quiet with the whigs, they are so violent against a peace; but I will cool them, with a vengeance, very soon." The voice of the commons was immediately backed by a great majority without doors, who were made converts

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converts by the same arguments. Thus was the ministry indebted to Swift, not only for their immediate preservation, from a destruction which seemed inevitable, but for such a solid establishment in future, as could neither be undermined nor shaken by the arts or violence of their enemies; and they had nothing to fear, but from their own dissensions among themselves. After so signal a service, it is no wonder that he grew into the deepest confidence with them, and that they ever after cherished him in their bosoms.

As the ministry were now at full liberty to pursue their political plan with security, and to take all proper measures toward bringing about a peace; Swift, whose active spirit seems to have known no rest at that juncture, and who was eager to make use of the influence he had obtained, toward doing some great publick good, laid hold of this opportunity to press his plan of an academy. In a letter to the archbishop of Dublin, March 29, 1712, he says, "I lately wrote a letter of about thirty pages to lord treasurer, by way of proposal for an academy, to correct, enlarge, and ascertain the English language: and he and I have named above twenty persons of both parties to be members. I will shortly print the letter, and I hope something of it. Your grace sees I am a projector too." In a subsequent one, he says, upon the same subject, "My lord treasurer has often promised he will advance my design of an academy, so have my lord keeper, and all the ministers; but they are now too busy to think of any thing beside what they have upon the anvil. My lord treasurer and I have already pitched

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pitched upon twenty members of both parties; but perhaps it may all come to nothing."

And afterward, in another letter, he says, "As for any academy to correct and settle our language, lord treasurer talked of it often very warmly; but I doubt is yet too busy until the peace be over."

Swift indeed soon found, that his eagerness to accomplish a point, which he had so much at heart, had made him push it at an improper season; not only as the hands of the ministry were full, but as he himself had work enough cut out for him of another kind. A numerous body of the whig writers were continually assaulting the ministry, with the utmost violence; and they relied, for their defence, on the single arm of their doughty champion, Swift.

On the other side, the two champions, on whom the whigs most depended, were bishop Burnet and Mr. Steele, (afterward sir Richard) well known to the world as writer of the greatest number of those ingenious essays, which appeared under the titles of the Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians. They placed great hopes in two pamphlets, published about this time; one by bishop Burnet, under the title of *An Introduction to the third Volume of his History of the Reformation:* the other by Mr. Steele, called, *The Crisis.* These two were immediately answered by Swift, with such infinite humour, wit, ridicule, and strength of argument, as not only blunted the edge of those pieces, but lowered the consequence of the authors themselves so much, by raising the laugh strongly against them, as to deprive them of the

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the power of doing future mischief. We may judge of the effect which those two pamphlets must have produced at that critical time, when we consider with what delight they are read at this day, on account of their intrinsick merit, though we are little interested with regard to the events which gave them birth. This indeed distinguishes Swift's political tracts from all others; that these were written for a day; his, for perpetuity: they borrowed their chief merit from circumstances and times; his, from the immensity of his genius; their chief value arose from fashion, his, from weight. And he seems to have had the same advantage over his antagonists, as Homer has given to Achilles, by clothing him in celestial armour, and furnishing him with weapons of ethereal temper.

It may perhaps seem surprising, that after so many and such important services, Swift should have remained so long without preferment, or reward of any kind; and the ministry have on that account, been charged with ingratitude toward him. But they were far from being unmindful of his merits, and had recommended him to the queen to fill a vacant bishoprick. But the duchess of Somerset, who entertained an implacable hatred against him, determined to move Heaven and earth to prevent his promotion taking place. She first prevailed on the archbishop of York to oppose it, whose remarkable expression to the queen was, *That her majesty should be sure that the man whom she was going to make a bishop, was a Christian.* But as he could give no better colour for this surmise, than that Swift was supposed to be the author of the Tale of a Tub, the bishop was considered as acting officiously,

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officiously, out of too indiscreet a zeal, and his interposition was of no avail. The duchess then went in person to the queen, and, throwing herself on her knees, entreated, with tears in her eyes, that she would not give the bishoprick to Swift; at the same time presenting to her that excessively bitter copy of verses, which Swift had written against her, called, *The Windsor Prophecy*. The queen, upon reading them, was stung with resentment at the very severe treatment which he had given to a lady, who was known to stand highly in her favour, and as a mark of her displeasure, passed Swift by, and bestowed the bishoprick on another.

As soon as it was known that Swift was in disgrace with the queen, his enemies began to attack him from all quarters; and, as is usual in such cases, his court friends in general either deserted him, or looked coldly on him. There were several speeches made against him, both in the house of lords and commons; particularly by the earl of Nottingham in the former, and Mr. Walpole (afterward sir Robert) and Mr. Aislabie, who had before professed much friendship for him, in the latter. The Scotch lords went in a body to the queen, to complain of the author of a pamphlet, called, *The public Spirit of the Whigs*, in which were many passages highly injurious to the honour of their nation, and desiring that the author might be brought to condign punishment. Accordingly, a reward was offered by proclamation, of three hundred pounds, for the discovery of the author of that piece. But Swift was a man of too much courage, and knew his own strength too well, to be much alarmed at all these threatening appearances. Instead of retiring, he stood boldly on his

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his defence. His friend lord Oxford too, and the rest of the ministry, espoused his cause so warmly, and exerted their influence so strongly in his behalf, that he soon appeared again at court in higher favour than ever.

In April 1713, soon after the conclusion of the peace, he was appointed dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin; and in the beginning of June following he set out for Ireland, in order to be installed. His intention was, to take up his residence there for some time; but the ministry, to whom his presence was become necessary, would not suffer it; and were so importunate for his return, that, after he had passed through the necessary forms, and recovered from an indisposition, which had confined him some time at his living in the country, he returned to London, though very unwillingly*. Upon his arrival, he found his presence necessary on two very material accounts. One was, to prevent if possible a rupture between the ministers, which was daily threatened, as they had no longer the tie of common danger to cement them, since the conclusion of the peace: the other was, to defend the articles of that peace; which were now violently attacked. In the former of these points, he succeeded for some time so far as to make them keep fair appearances toward each other, whatever ill will might be rankling in their hearts. And with regard to the latter, he applied himself to the finishing of the History of the Peace

* In a letter to the archbishop of Dublin, dated from Ireland, he says, "If your grace goeth to London from the Bath, I believe I may have the honour of waiting on you, although I shall do all in my power to save the trouble of such a journey, which neither my fortune nor my health will very well bear."

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of Utrecht, in which he had made a considerable progress, before he had gone to take possession of his deanery. He was likewise particularly employed at this juncture with relation to the affairs of Ireland, where party rage had at that time broken out into several violent and dangerous acts. When he had finished the history, he put it into the hands of lord Oxford and lord Bolingbroke, in order that it might be published; and soon after returned to his deanery. But he had scarcely arrived there, when there were a * hundred letters sent after him to recall him with all speed, in order to use his endeavours to reconcile the ministers; who, soon after he had turned his back, had come to an open rupture. Upon this intelligence, Swift returned immediately, though he had scarce been a fortnight in Dublin. Upon his arrival, he contrived to bring lord Oxford and lord Bolingbroke together at lord Masham's, where he was left alone with them, and expostulated freely with both, but to little effect. However, they agreed to go to Windsor together the next day. Swift, hoping they might come to a more free explanation in a *tête a tête*, than in the presence of a third person, pretended business the next morning, and sent them together to Windsor. He followed soon after, but found his scheme had not produced the desired effect. He had one meeting more with them, and finding the breach irreconcilable, he told them he resolved to retire, saying, that, as he was a common friend to both, he would not, upon a breach, take part with either. And as he foresaw nothing from their disunion, but what would be fatal to the general interest, he was

* Vid. Swift's letter to the late earl of Oxford.

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determined to have no farther concern with publick affairs. Swift on this occasion acted the part of a zealous and disinterested friend, but he found no one to second him; which he laments in several places, as he imagined, if others had done their duty a reconcilement might have been effected. In a letter to Mr. Pope, he says, "I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better, in the great point "I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the "ministers to each other. This might have been "done, if others, who had more concern, and more "influence, would have acted their parts; and if "this had succeeded, the publick interest, both of "church and state, would not have been the worse, "nor the protestant succession endangered." But Swift was probably the only man among them, who had either the interest of the publick, or of the ministers at heart; the rest seem rather to have been wholly intent upon considering how their own private advantage might be promoted by this breach, and listed themselves under the several leaders with this view. Had Swift been a selfish man, he might certainly have made what terms he pleased; as his weight, thrown into either scale, would have been of great moment. But he was actuated upon this occasion by that high principle of honour, from which he never swerved in the whole course of his life.

By faction tir'd, with grief he waits awhile,
His great contending friends to reconcile,
Performs what friendship, justice, truth require:
What could he more, but decently retire? *

* Swift's verses on himself.

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After his last fruitless conference with the ministers, Swift immediately retired, as he said he would, to a friend's house in Berkshire. But this retirement was not owing to a timid disposition, which might prompt him to be out of harm's way at this dangerous juncture; nor to a principle of trimming, which might induce him to lie upon the lurch till he saw which party in the ministry should gain the ascendant; no, it was from a motive consonant to the nobleness of his mind. He had already acquitted himself to the utmost in point of friendship to the ministers; and by endeavouring to unite them, had taken the shortest and surest way to serve the common cause. When this was found impracticable, he thought his duty to the publick, at so critical a conjuncture, paramount to all other considerations whatsoever; he therefore retired, in order to have leisure to lay open to the world the true causes of the violent disorders of the state, let it offend whom it would; and to point out the only remedies that could effect a cure, however unpalatable they might prove to some of his best friends. It was on this occasion that he wrote that spirited pamphlet, called, *Some free Thoughts upon the present State of Affairs*; in which, with great boldness, he charges the ministers as the chief causes of the reigning disorders, from their misconduct; and lays the greatest load of blame on the man whom he loved best in the world, lord Oxford. Acting in this, like a friendly and skilful surgeon, who lays open the sore to the bottom, however painful the operation may prove to the patient, when he sees no other way of preventing a gangrene. The general blame which he throws out upon the ministry, is prefaced in this manner: "It

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"may be matter of no little admiration, to consider, "in some lights, the state of affairs among us for four "years past. The queen, finding herself and the "majority of her kingdom grown weary of the ava- "rice and the insolence, the mistaken politicks and "destructive principles of her former ministers; calls "to the service of the publick another set of men, "who, by confession of their enemies, had equal "abilities, at least, with their predecessors; whose "interest made it necessary for them (although "their inclinations had been otherwise) to act upon "those maxims which were most agreeable to the "constitution in church and state; whose birth and "patrimonies gave them weight in the nation, and "who (I speak of those who were to have the chief "part in affairs) had long lived under the strictest "bonds of friendship. With all these advantages, "supported by a vast majority of the landed in- "terest, and the inferiour clergy to a man, we have "several times seen the present administration in the "greatest distress, and very near the brink of ruin, "together with the cause of the church and mo- "narchy committed to their charge: neither does it "appear to me, at the minute I am now writing, that "their power or duration is upon any tolerable foot "of security; which I do not so much impute to "the address and industry of their enemies, as to "some failures among themselves, which I think "have been full as visible in their causes, as their "effects."

He then proceeds to enumerate several of those failings, among which, that which is mentioned in the following paragraph is particularly levelled at lord Oxford. "I must therefore take the boldness to

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" assert, that all these discontents, how ruinous
" soever they may prove in their consequences, have
" most unnecessarily arisen from the want of a due
" *communication* and *concert*. Every man must have
" a light sufficient for the length of the way he is
" appointed to go: there is a degree of confidence
" due to all stations; and a petty constable will
" neither act cheerfully, or wisely, without that share
" of it, which properly belongs to him: although the
" main spring of a watch be out of sight, there is
" an intermediate communication between it and
" the smallest wheel, or else no useful motion could
" be performed. This reserved, mysterious way of
" acting, upon points where there appeared not
" the least occasion for it, and toward persons, who,
" at least in right of their posts, expected a more
" open treatment, was imputed to some hidden de-
" sign, which every man conjectured to be the very
" thing he was most afraid of.

" But the effects of this mystical manner of pro-
" ceeding did not end here: for the late dissensions
" between the great men at court (which have been
" for some time past the publick entertainment of
" every coffeehouse) are said to have arisen from the
" same fountain; while, on one side, very great
" reserve, and certainly very great resentment on
" the other, have inflamed animosities to such a
" height, as to make all reconcilement impracti-
" cable. Supposing this to be true, it may serve
" for a great lesson of humiliation to mankind, to
" behold the habits and passions of men, otherwise
" highly accomplished, triumphing over interest,
" friendship, honour, and their own personal safety,
" as well as that of their country; and probably of
" a most

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" a most gracious princess, who had entrusted it to " them. A ship's crew quarrelling in a storm, or " while their enemies are within gunshot, is but a " faint idea of this fatal infatuation; of which, al- " though it be hard to say enough, some people may " think perhaps I have already said too much."

From the above passages, it is clear that Swift was determined not to spare the incision knife on this occasion. And from the whole drift of the pamphlet, it is highly probable, he had discovered that both lord Oxford and lord Bolingbroke, had long since lost sight of the publick interest, which had at first cemented them, and had each no other object in view, but that of gratifying his ambition. It could not escape a man of his penetration, that they were in the condition of Pompey and Cæsar; whereof the one could not bear an equal, nor the other a superiour. He resolved therefore to separate himself from them both, and try what he could do apart for the publick interest. As he found private admonition ineffectual to persuade, he determined to try whether publick shame, and the fear of the total desertion of their party, might not compel them to a discharge of their duty. He pointed out the only means which could effectually put things once more on a proper footing; and as he well knew lord Oxford's unwillingness to pursue those means, he was resolved to drive him to it, through the fear of his being deserted otherwise both by his party, and the queen; which is evidently the tendency of the last paragraph in this piece. " To conclude: the only way of " securing the constitution in church and state, " and consequently this very protestant succession " itself, will be the lessening the power of our

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" domestick adversaries as much as can possibly con-
" sist with the lenity of our government; and if this
" be not speedily done, *it will be easy to point where*
" *the nation is to fix the blame:* for we are very well as-
" sured, that since the account her majesty received
" of the cabals, the triumphs, the insolent beha-
" viour of the whole faction during her late illness
" at Windsor, *she has been as willing to see them de-*
" *prived of all power to do mischief*, as any of her
" most zealous and loyal subjects can desire."

There was no opportunity however of trying what effect this piece would have had, as the death of the queen, soon after it went to press, put a stop to the publication. This event also put an end to all Swift's noble designs for the publick benefit, and cut off at once all his own future prospects. This was a terrible blow to the whole party; but, though it was felt by no one more severely than by Swift, he had too much fortitude to sink under it. There is an admirable picture given of him upon this occasion, by a few strokes of the masterly hand of an Arbuthnot*. " I have seen a letter from dean Swift; he
" keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man
" knocked down, you may behold him still with a
" stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his ad-
" versaries."

In a few weeks after this event, Swift returned to his deanery in Ireland, where he continued many years without visiting England.

Before we accompany him into exile, for as such he always considered it, let us take a review of his conduct during the most distinguished era of his life,

* Letter to Pope.

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when he had an opportunity of displaying all the great talents of his mind, and the excellent qualities of his heart, in a most conspicuous light. His engaging with the new ministry was not either the effect of a sudden resolution, or of accident. He had long foreseen the change, and determined what part he should take, whenever it should be brought about; although he prudently concealed his thoughts till the event happened. It was before mentioned, that Mr. Harley had very nearly succeeded in supplanting the whig ministry in the year 1708, two years before he actually effected it. While this was in agitation, we find that Swift insinuates his own intentions to his friend the archbishop of Dublin, in a letter, dated November 9, 1708. "Although I care not to mingle "publick affairs with the interest of so private a per- "son as myself, yet, upon such a revolution, not "knowing how far my friends may endeavour to en- "gage me in the service of a new government, I "would beg your grace to have favourable thoughts "of me on such an occasion; and to assure you, that "no prospect of making my fortune, shall ever pre- "vail upon me to go against what becomes a man "of conscience and truth, and an entire friend to the "established church."

However, as the design failed at that time, Swift made no advances to the tories, but kept himself at large, waiting for the event; which he foresaw would certainly be brought about in time. He had leisure mean while to lay down to himself the maxims by which his conduct should be regulated, whenever such a revolution should take place.

As there was much obloquy thrown on the character of Swift, on account of his supposed desertion

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of the whigs, and going over to the tories as soon as they got into power, it will be proper to examine what foundation the whigs had for such a charge against him.

Swift, in his Memoirs relative to the change in the queen's ministry, gives the following account of his first introduction to the leaders of the whig party. Speaking of his pamphlet, entitled *The Contests and Dissensions of the Nobles and Commons in Athens and Rome, &c.* he says: "This discourse I sent very pri-" vately to the press, with the strictest injunctions " to conceal the author, and returned immediately " to my residence in Ireland. The book was greedily " bought and read; and charged, sometimes upon " lord Somers, and sometimes upon the bishop of " Salisbury; the latter of whom told me afterward, " that he was forced to disown it in a very publick " manner, for fear of an impeachment, wherewith he " was threatened.

" Returning next year for England, and hearing " of the great approbation this piece had received, " which was the first I ever printed, I must confess " the vanity of a young man prevailed with me, to " let myself be known for the author: upon which " my lords Somers and Halifax, as well as the " bishop abovementioned, desired my acquaintance, " with great marks of esteem and professions of kind-" ness: not to mention the earl of Sunderland, who " had been of my old acquaintance. They lamented " that they were not able to serve me since the " death of the king, and were very liberal in pro-" mising me the greatest preferments I could hope " for, if ever it came in their power. I soon grew " domestick with lord Halifax, and was as often with

" lord

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" lord Somers, as the formality of his nature (the
" only unconversable fault he had) made it agree-
" able to me.

" It was then I began to trouble myself with the
" difference between the principles of whig and tory;
" having formerly employed myself in other, and I
" think, much better speculations: I talked often
" with lord Somers upon this subject; told him,
" that having been long conversant with the Greek
" and Roman authors, and therefore a lover of li-
" berty, I found myself much inclined to be what
" they called a whig in politicks; and that besides,
" I thought it impossible, upon any other principles,
" to defend the revolution: but as to religion, I
" confessed myself to be a high churchman, and that
" I did not conceive how any one, who wore the
" habit of a clergyman, could be otherwise. That
" I had observed very well with what insolence and
" haughtiness some lords of the high church party
" treated not only their own chaplains, but all other
" clergymen whatsoever; and thought this suffici-
" ently recompensed, by their professions of zeal to
" the church. That I had observed the whig lords
" took a direct contrary measure; treated the per-
" sons of particular clergymen with great courtesy,
" but showed much ill will and contempt for the or-
" der in general. That I knew it was necessary for
" their party to make their bottom as wide as they
" could, by taking all denominations of protestants
" to be members of their body. That I would not
" enter into the mutual reproaches made by the vio-
" lent men on either side; but that the connivance
" or encouragement given by the whigs, to those
" writers of pamphlets who reflected on the whole

" body

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" body of the clergy, without any exception, would
" unite the church, as one man, to oppose them;
" and that I doubted his lordship's friends did not
" consider the consequence of this. My lord Som-
" ers, in appearance, entered very warmly into the
" same opinion, and said very much of the endea-
" vours he had often used, to redress the evil I com-
" plained of. This his lordship, as well as my lord
" Halifax, to whom I have talked in the same man-
" ner, can very well remember, and I have indeed
" been told, by an honourable gentleman of the same
" party, that both their lordships, about the time
" of lord Godolphin's removal, did, upon occasion,
" call to mind what I had said to them five years
" before."

Hence it appears evidently, that though Swift agreed with the whigs in his political principles, he differed totally from them in those which regarded the church, and therefore was considered by them only as a half-brother; on which account they were not very solicitous to give him any preferment, though they wished to keep upon good terms with him, by making many fair promises, which it seems they had no intention to perform. Of this we have already seen instances in the affair of his secretaryship to Vienna, and the bishoprick of Virginia. Stung with this treatment, he broke off all connexion with them long before he had access to any of the leaders of the tory party, and while the whigs were yet in the plenitude of power. Nay, he went farther, and published several pieces in opposition to their measures. Of which take the following account, given by himself in his Memoirs, &c. " I mentioned these insig-
" nificant particulars, as it will be easily judged,

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" for some reasons that are purely personal to my-
" self; it having been objected by several of those
" poor pamphleteers, who have blotted so much
" paper to show their malice against me, that I was
" a favourer of the low party. Whereas it has been
" manifest to all men, that during the highest do-
" minion of that faction, I had published several
" tracts in opposition to the measures then taken.
" For instance, A Project for the Reformation of
" Manners, in a Letter to the Countess of Berkeley;
" The Sentiments of a Church of England Man;
" An Argument against abolishing Christianity;
" and, lastly, A Letter to a Member of Parliament,
" against taking off the Test in Ireland, which I have
" already mentioned to have been published at the
" time the earl of Wharton was setting out to his
" government of that kingdom."

The same cry about quitting the whigs was raised against him in Ireland, of which he takes the following notice, in his Journal to Stella. " Why should
" the whigs think I came to England to leave them?
" sure my journey was no secret. I protest sin-
" cerely I did all I could to hinder it, as the dean
" can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But
" who the devil cares what they think? Am I under
" obligations in the least to any of them all? Rot
" them, for ungrateful dogs, I'll make them repent
" their usage before I leave this place. They say
" here the same thing of my leaving the whigs; but
" they own they cannot blame me, considering the
" treatment I have had."

On his arrival in London, he says, " The whigs
" are ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me
" as a twig, while they are drowning, and the great
" men

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" men are making me their clumsy apologies, &c.
" But my lord treasurer (Godolphin) received me
" with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged
" me so, I am almost vowing revenge." Soon after he says, " At ten I went to the coffeehouse, hoping
" to find lord Radnor, whom I had not seen. He
" was there; and for an hour and a half we talked
" treason heartily against the whigs, their baseness
" and ingratitude. And I am come home rolling
" resentments in my mind, and framing schemes of
" revenge; full of which, having written down some
" hints, I go to bed." In another place, " 'Tis
" good to see what a lamentable confession the whigs
" all make me of my ill usage, but I mind them not.
" I am already represented to Harley as a discon-
" tented person, that was used ill for not being whig
" enough; and I hope for good usage from him." In a letter to archbishop King, September 9, 1710, he speaks more fully to the same effect. " Upon my
" arrival here, I found myself equally caressed by
" both parties; by one, as a sort of bough, for
" drowning men to lay hold of; and by the other,
" as one discontented with the late men in power,
" for not being thorough in their designs, and there-
" fore ready to approve present things. I was to visit
" my lord Godolphin, who gave me a reception very
" unexpected, and altogether different from what I
" ever received from any great man in my life; alto-
" gether short, dry, and morose; not worth repeat-
" ing to your grace, until I have the honour to see
" you."

In his Journal, October 2, 1710, he says, " Lord
" Halifax began a health to me to day; it was the
" *resurrection of the whigs*, which I refused, unless he
" would

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" would add their *reformation* too: and I told him " he was the only whig in England I loved, or had " any good opinion of *."

One may form a just idea of the greatness of Swift's resentment, at the treatment he had met with from the whigs, from a passage in his Journal of the following year, after the wonderful success which his writings against them had met with; where he says, " I have been gaining enemies by scores, and " friends by couples, which is against the rules of " wisdom; because they say, one enemy can do more " hurt, than ten friends can do good. But I have " had my revenge at least, if I get nothing else. " And so let fate govern."

* What obligation Swift had to that lord, and his party, may be seen by his indorsement on the following letter, received from lord Halifax.

SIR, October 6, 1709.

My friend, Mr. Addison, telling me that he was to write to you to-night, I could not let his packet go away, without telling you how much I am concerned to find them return without you. I am quite ashamed for myself and my friends, to see you left in a place so incapable of tasting you; and to see so much merit, and so great qualities, unrewarded by those who are sensible of them. Mr. Addison and I are entered into a new confederacy, never to give over the pursuit, nor to cease reminding those who can serve you, till your worth is placed in that light it ought to shine: Dr. South holds out still, but he cannot be immortal. The situation of his prebend would make me doubly concerned in serving you. And upon all occasions that shall offer, I will be your constant solicitor, your sincere admirer, and your unalterable friend. I am your most humble and obedient servant, HALIFAX.

Thus indorsed by Swift. *I kept this letter as a true original of courtiers, and court promises.* And in the first leaf of a small printed book, entitled, " Poesies Chrétiennes de Mons. Jolivet," he wrote these words, " Given me by my lord Halifax, May 3, 1709. " I begged it of him, and desired him to remember, *it was the only favour I ever received from him or his party.*"

I have

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I have been the longer upon this article, because, however Swift might have been acquitted of this charge in England, where the real state of the case was known, I always found the imputation keep its ground in Ireland, and his character stigmatized, as that of a turncoat for preferment, under the tory administration.

We have already seen with what eagerness lord Oxford embraced the first overtures made to him by Swift, and what pains he took to engage him in his party. As Swift well knew his own consequence, and the great necessity the new ministry had for his service, it is certain he might have indulged himself at such a juncture, in the most flattering expectations, of rising soon to the highest dignities in his profession; and could have made what terms he pleased with regard to his own interest, if that had been the chief point he had in view. But he had long formed in his head some great plans for promoting the publick welfare, in regard to which all considerations of self, weighed with him but as the dust upon the balance. He therefore determined, upon his engaging with the new ministry, to make use of all the weight and credit to which his services might entitle him, in carrying on those publick plans, and to leave the care of his own fortune wholly to chance. How little solicitous he was about that article, may be fully seen in a letter to the archbishop of Dublin, dated October 1, 1711, where he has been very explicit, both as to his sentiments upon that head, and the conduct he was determined to observe. "I humbly thank your grace for the good "opinion you are pleased to have of me, and for "your advice, which seems to be wholly grounded "on

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" on it. As to the first, which relates to my fortune, " I shall never be able to make myself believed how " indifferent I am about it. I sometimes have the " pleasure of making that of others; and I fear it is " too great a pleasure to be a virtue, at least in me. " Perhaps, in Ireland, I may not be able to prevent " contempt, any other way than by making my " fortune; but then it is my comfort, that con- " tempt in Ireland will be no sort of mortification to " me. When I was last in Ireland, I was above " half the time retired to one scurvy acre of ground, " and I always left it with regret. I am as well re- " ceived and known at court, as perhaps any man " ever was of my level; I have formerly been the " like. I left it then, and perhaps will leave it now, " (when they please to let me) without any concern " but what a few months will remove. It is my " maxim to leave great ministers to do as they " please; and if I cannot enough distinguish myself " by being useful in such a way, as becomes a man " of conscience and honour, I can do no more; for " I never will solicit for myself, although I often do " for others." And in another letter to the same, dated in the following year, he says, " I know " nothing of promises of any thing intended for " myself; but I thank God I am not very warm in " my expectations, and know courts too well to be " surprised at disappointments; which, however, I " shall have no great reason to fear, if I gave my " thoughts any great trouble that way, which, with- " out affectation, I do not, although I cannot ex- " pect to be believed when I say so."

In his Journal to Stella, where the inmost recesses of his heart are opened, he makes frequent mention of his little solicitude, and small expectation on that score.

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score. In one, dated January 1711, he says, "My "new friends are very kind, and I have promises "enough, but I do not count upon them. How- "ever, we will see what may be done, and, if nothing "at all, I shall not be disappointed." And in that of the June following, "Remember, if I am ill used, "and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what "I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at. Yet "I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and "have every day numbers of considerable men teasing "me to solicit for them. And the ministry all use me "perfectly well, and all that know them, say, they love "me. Yet I can count upon nothing, &c. They "think me useful, they pretend they were afraid of "none but me, and that they resolved to have me; "they have often confessed this, yet all makes little "impression on me." In that of March 1712, he says, "I had been with the secretary before, to re- "commend a friend, one Dr. Freind, to be physician "general, and the secretary promised to mention it "to the queen. I can serve every body but myself." There are many passages to the same effect through- out this Journal, so that we may conclude with cer- tainty, that the desire of serving himself was one of the last motives which engaged him to enter so deeply into the political system at that time. No, he was actuated by a nobler principle, a true spirit of patriotism. He saw now a fair opening for the exertion of his extraordinary talents, in support of our excellent constitution, both in church and state; an occasion which he had long waited for with im- patience, and which he embraced with ardour. He had, as he mentions in his Journal to Stella, great things in view, to the accomplishment of which he postponed

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postponed all considerations of self. Beside his political plan, he had formed the design of bringing about a general reformation in manners, and taste, which had been much corrupted under the whig administration. He was firmly persuaded, that the only way to accomplish these points, was to keep them from ever returning again into power. He had a good opinion of the intentions of the new ministry; or, whether they were sincere or not, the professed principles, upon which they acted, were consonant to his. He says, in a letter to the archbishop of Dublin, "Wanting wisdom to judge better, I fol-"low those, who, I think, are most for preserving "the constitution in church and state, without ex-"amining whether they do so from a principle of "virtue, or of interest." And indeed they were the only persons that could possibly have overturned the whig administration, or, when overturned, have kept them out; consequently, he could have no hope, but in their continuance in power. He early saw, and told the ministry, composed of lord Oxford, lord Bolingbroke, and the lord keeper, that all things depended on their union, and this he often repeated to them, when they were together, and separately to each. But he soon had occasion to observe, that two of them were formed of such discordant tempers, and had views so opposite, as to threaten a speedy breach. To prevent so great an evil, which would at once ruin their cause, and put an end to all his noble designs, he determined to keep himself in a situation, that would at all times qualify him for the office of a mediator between them, and at the same time give due weight to his interposition, by his remaining in a state of

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utter independence, and receiving no obligation in return, while he was daily conferring the greatest upon them. It was on this account that he refused to be chaplain to lord Oxford, who made an offer of it to him, the very day after his being created lord Oxford, and appointed lord treasurer. In his Journal to Stella, of the 24th of May 1711, there is this passage: "My lord Oxford cannot yet abide "to be called my lord; and when I called him my "lord, he called me Dr. Thomas Swift *, which "he always does when he has a mind to tease me. "By a second hand, he proposed my being his chap- "lain, which I by a second hand excused; but we "had no talk of it to day; but I will be no man's "chaplain alive." And in his Preface to the History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne, he says, "I absolutely refused to be chaplain to the lord "treasurer, because I thought it would but ill be- "come me to be in a state of dependence." For the same reason, very early after his connection with the ministry, he refused to accept of a living from the lord keeper, which he thus mentions in his Journal: "Lord keeper told me, some months ago, "he would give me a living when I pleased; but I "told him I would not take any from him." There have been several instances before given of his early conduct toward the ministry, showing, that he expected to be treated by them on a footing of perfect equality; of which he never slipped any opportunity of reminding them. In a letter to the lord treasurer, he says, "When I was with you, I have "said more than once, that I would never allow

* A cousin german of Swift, whom he held in the utmost contempt.

"that

" that quality, or station, made any real difference " between men. From these sentiments, I will never " write to you, if I can help it, otherwise than as to " a private person, or allow myself to have been " obliged by you in any other capacity." In a letter to lord Bolingbroke, he says, " I would have you " know, sir, that if the queen gave you a dukedom " and the garter to morrow, with the treasury staff " at the end of them, I would regard you no more " than if you were not worth a groat." To preserve this equality, which he then thought essential to the great points he had in view, it was necessary he should keep himself free from any particular obligation; by which means he was considered as a common disinterested friend by all the ministers. And it was in this capacity that he was able to heal many breaches between them, which would have been otherwise incurable. Of this he makes frequent mention in his Journal. In that of August, 1711, he says, " Do you know that I have ven- " tured all my credit with these great ministers, to " clear some misunderstanding between them; and if " there be no breach, I ought to have the merit of " it? 'Tis a plaguy ticklish piece of work, and a man " hazards losing both sides." In that of October following, is this passage: " The secretary told me " last night he had found the reason why the queen " was so cold to him for some months past; that a " friend had told it to him yesterday; and it was, that " they suspected he was at the bottom with the duke " of Marlborough. Then he said, he had reflected " upon all I had spoken to him long ago; but he " thought it had been only my suspicion, and my zeal " and kindness for him. I said I had reason to take

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" that very ill, to imagine I knew so little of the " world, as to talk at a venture to a great minister; " that I had gone between him and lord treasurer " often, and told each of them what I had said to the " other; and that I had informed him so before. He " said all, you may imagine, to excuse himself, and " approve my conduct. I told him I knew all along, " that this proceeding of mine was the surest way to " send me back to my willows in Ireland, but that I " regarded it not, provided I could do the kingdom " service in keeping them well together. I minded " him how often I had told lord treasurer, lord " keeper, and him together, that all things depended " on their union, and that my comfort was, to see " them love one another, and I told them all singly, " that I had not said this by chance," *&c.* In September 1712, he says, " I am again endeavouring, " as I was last year, to keep people from breaking to " pieces upon a hundred misunderstandings. One " cannot withhold them from drawing different " ways, while the enemy is watching to destroy " both." And in the October following, he says, " I have helped to patch up these people together " once more. God knows how long it may last." In many other places, he mentions the disagreeable necessity he was under of continuing his endeavours in this way, and laments that he could get no one to second him. In his Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's last Ministry, *&c.* he says, " Neither " perhaps would a reconcilement have been an affair " of much difficulty, if their friends on both sides " had not too much observed the common pruden- " tial forms of *not caring to intermeddle*; which, to- " gether with the addition of a shrug, was the con-

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" stant answer I received from most of them, when-
" ever I pressed them upon the subject. And, to
" say the truth, most persons had so avowedly de-
" clared themselves on one side, or the other, that
" these two great men had hardly a common friend
" left, except myself. I had ever been treated with
" great kindness by them both; and I conceived
" what I wanted in weight and credit, might be made
" up with sincerity and freedom. The former they
" never doubted, and the latter they had constant ex-
" perience of. I had managed between them for al-
" most two years, and their candour was so great, that
" they had not the least jealousy or suspicion of me."
The truth of this account is confirmed in a letter written to lord Bolingbroke, soon after the queen's death, where, speaking of the lord treasurer, he says, " I am only sorry it was not a resignation,
" rather than a removal; because the personal kind-
" ness and distinction I always received from his
" lordship and you, gave me such a love for you
" both (if you great men will allow that expression
" in a little one) that I resolved to preserve it en-
" tire, however you differed between yourselves; and
" in this I did for sometime follow your commands
" and example. I impute it more to the candour
" of each of you, than to my own conduct, that
" having been for two years almost the only man
" who went between you, I never observed the least
" alteration in either of your countenances toward
" me." Nothing can show the character of Swift in a higher point of light, than his conduct on this occasion; and nothing could possibly have preserved to him the unabated love of these two great rivals for power, who hated each other mortally, in the

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discharge of so delicate an office, but the high opinion which each entertained of his integrity, and perfect disinterestedness. However, it is certain, that had it not been for his generous and unwearied endeavours, their whole plan must have been destroyed long before, and the ministry, and the party, involved in the same ruin. So that as they were indebted to him at first, for saving them from the attacks of their enemies, and establishing them in power, they were daily afterward obliged to him for preserving them in it, by guarding them against their worst enemies, their own passions. Having thus suspended all regard to his own interest, after such important services he had an undoubted claim upon the ministers to promote every plan for the good of the publick, and could with a better grace push the fortune of others. Accordingly, we find him bold and frequent in his recommendations, whenever merit or compassion called for his assistance. His first object was to procure marks of distinction and reward, to all men of parts and genius. The claim which he put in on that score to the ministry, was not selfishly confined to his own person, but exacted equally for all others, according to their several pretensions. He insisted, that no distinction of party should be made with regard to them; and that all of that class, who had listed under the banner of the whigs, should still be kept in their employments. In his Journal, he says, "Do you know I "have taken more pains to recommend the whig "wits to the favour and mercy of the ministers, than "any other people. Steele I have kept in his place. "Congreve I have got to be used kindly and se-"cured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a "promise

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"promise of a place. Philips I should certainly "have provided for, if he had not run party mad, "and made me withdraw my recommendations. I "set Addison so right at first, that he might have "been employed, and have partly secured him the "place he has; yet I am worse used by that faction "than any man." In another place he is particular in his relation of what he had done with regard to Congreve. "I went late to day to town, and dined "with my friend Lewis. I saw Will Congreve at- "tending at the treasury, by order, with his bre- "thren, the commissioners of the wine licences. I "had often mentioned him with kindness to lord "treasurer; and Congreve told me, that after they "had answered to what they were sent for, my lord "called him privately, and spoke to him with great "kindness, promising his protection, &c. The poor "man said, he had been used so ill of late years, that "he was quite astonished at my lord's goodness, &c. "and desired me to tell my lord so; which I did "this evening, and recommended him heartily. My "lord assured me he esteemed him very much, and "would be always kind to him; that what he said "was to make Congreve easy, because he knew "people talked as if his lordship designed to turn "every body out, and particularly Congreve; which "indeed was true, for the poor man told me he ap- "prehended it. As I left my lord treasurer, I called "on Congreve (knowing where he dined) and told "him what had passed between my lord and me: so "I have made a worthy man easy, and that's a good "day's work."

But of all the men of parts in the opposition, Swift seems to be most concerned about his friend

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Addison, and on his account about Steele; of which he makes frequent mention in his Journal. In that of October 19, 1710, soon after his first introduction to lord Oxford, then Mr. Harley, there is the following passage: "I was this morning with Mr. "Lewis, the under secretary to lord Dartmouth, "two hours, talking politicks, and contriving to keep "Steele in his office of stamp paper. He has lost his "place of gazetteer, three hundred pounds a year, "for writing a Tatler some months ago, against Mr. "Harley, who gave it to him at first, and raised the "salary from sixty to three hundred pounds. This "was devilish ungrateful, and Lewis was telling me "the particulars; but I had a hint given me that I "might save him in his other employment; and "leave was given me to clear matters with Steele. "Well, I dined with sir Matthew Dudley, and in "the evening went to sit with Mr. Addison, and "offer the matter at distance to him, as the discreeter "person; but found party had so possessed him, "that he talked as if he suspected me, and would "not fall in with any thing I said. So I stopped "short in my overture, and we parted very dryly; "and I shall say nothing to Steele, and let them do "as they will; but if things stand as they are, he "will certainly lose it, unless I save him; and there-"fore I will not speak to him, that I may not re-"port to his disadvantage. Is not this vexatious, "and is there so much in the proverb of proffered "service? When shall I grow wise? I endeavour to "act in the most exact points of honour and con-"science, and my nearest friends will not under-"stand it so. What must a man expect from his "enemies? This would vex me, but it shall not."

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In that of December following, he says, "Mr. "Addison and I are different as black and white, and "I believe our friendship will go off by this damned "business of party. He cannot bear seeing me fall "in so with this ministry; but I love him still as "much as ever, though we seldom meet."

In the same Journal he gives the following account: "Lewis told me a pure thing. I had been "hankering with Mr. Harley, to save Steele his other "employment, and have a little mercy on him; and "I had been saying the same thing to Lewis, who "is Mr. Harley's chief favourite. Lewis tells Mr. "Harley how kindly I should take it, if he would be "reconciled to Steele, &c. Mr. Harley, on my ac-"count, falls in with it: and appoints Steele a time "to let him attend him, which Steele accepts with "great submission, but never comes, nor sends any "excuse. Whether it was blundering, sullenness, in-"solence, or rancour of party, I cannot tell; but I "shall trouble myself no more about him. I believe "Addison hindered him out of mere spite, being "grated to the soul to think he should ever want my "help to save his friend; yet now he is soliciting me "to make another of his friends queen's secretary at "Geneva, and I'll do it if I can; it is poor pastoral "Philips."

In another place he says, "I called at the coffee-"house, where I had not been in a week, and talked "coldly awhile with Mr. Addison; all our friendship "and dearness are off: we are civil acquaintance, talk "words of course, of when we shall meet, and that's "all. Is it not odd? but I think he has used me ill, "and I have used him too well, at least his friend "Steele."

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In a few weeks after, he writes thus: "I went to "Mr. Addison, and dined with him at his lodgings; "I had not seen him these three weeks. We are "grown common acquaintance, yet what have I not "done for his friend Steele? Mr. Harley reproached "me the last time I saw him, that to please me he "would be reconciled to Steele, and had promised and "appointed to see him, and that Steele never came. "Harrison, whom Mr. Addison recommended to me, "I have introduced to the secretary of state, who has "promised me to take care of him. And I have re-"presented Addison himself so to the ministry, that "they think and talk in his favour, though they "hated him before. Well, he is now in my debt, "and there's an end; and I had never the least ob-"ligation to him, and there's another end."

In the following year, May, 1711, he says, "Steele has had the assurance to write to me, that "I would engage my lord treasurer to keep a friend "of his in employment." And in his Journal of July following, he says, "Mr. Addison and I have at last "met again. I dined with him and Steele to day "at young Jacob Tonson's. Mr. Addison and I "talked as usual, and as if we had seen one another "yesterday; and Steele and I were very easy, al-"though I wrote him a biting letter, in answer to "one of his, where he desired me to recommend a "friend of his to lord treasurer." In the year 1712, we find he had brought Addison so far about as to dine with lord Bolingbroke. In his Journal of that year, he says, "Addison and I, and some others, "dined with lord Bolingbroke, and sate with him "till twelve. We were very civil, but yet, when "we grew warm, we talked in a friendly manner "of

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" of party: Addison raised his objections, and lord " Bolingbroke answered them with great complais- " ance."

From all these accounts, we may see what an amazing difference there was been the minds of Swift and Addison. What a grandeur in the one, what a littleness in the other! Swift, though deeply engaged with the successful party, using all his endeavours to prevent a difference in politicks, from creating a disunion among men of genius: Addison, from a narrowness of mind, growing cool to a man for whose talents he had professed the highest admiration, and for whose person the warmest regard, merely because they were of different parties. Swift, in the plenitude of power, when another would have been glad of so fair a pretence for breaking off all commerce with him, perseveres in his good offices toward him, as if their friendship were still mutual and inviolate; sets him on a good footing with the ministry, and preserves him and his friends, notwithstanding the ill behaviour of the latter in their employments. Addison, notwithstanding he had forfeited all pretensions to Swift's friendship by his unmanly behaviour, and during the continuance of his coldness, is mean enough to solicit Swift's interest in favour of some of his friends. Swift, though never under the least obligation to Addison when he was in power, exerts his interest as if he had been under the highest; and among others, procures for Harrison, one of Mr. Addison's recommending, an employment of no less than twelve hundred pounds a year. When indeed Steele had the assurance, as Swift justly expresses it, of desiring the same favour, he shows what a difference he made between the men,

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men, by sending him, as he calls it, a biting answer. Whether it was this which exasperated Steele, or from whatever other cause it were, he some time after wrote a virulent paper in the Guardian againſt Swift, which produced some severe expostulations on his part, to be seen in the letters that passed between them on that occasion. Where, on Steele's part, we find the highest insolence, added to the basest ingratitude; as will immediately appear on a view of those letters. Swift, in one to Addison upon this subject, had said, "have I deserved this usage "from Mr. Steele, who knows very well, that my "lord treasurer has kept him in his employment, "upon my entreaty and interceſſion?". This charge Steele answers in the most insulting manner, thus, "They laugh at you, if they make you believe "your interposition has kept me thus long in office." To this Swift in his reply, says, "The case was "thus: I did with the utmoſt application, and desir-"ing to lay all my credit upon it, desire Mr. Harley "(as he was then called) to show you mercy. He said "he would, and wholly upon my account: that he "would appoint you a day to see him; that he would "not expect you should quit any friend or principle. "Some days after, he told me he had appointed you "a day, and you had not kept it; upon which he re-"proached me, as engaging for more than I could "answer; and advised me to be more cautious an-"other time. I told him, and desired my lord chan-"cellor and lord Bolingbroke to be witnesses, that "I never would speak for or againſt you, as long as "I lived; only I would desire, and that it was ſtill "my opinion, you should have mercy, till you gave "farther provocations. This is the history of what "you think fit to call, in the spirit of insulting, their "laughing

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"laughing at me. And you may do it securely; "for, by the most inhuman dealings, you have "wholly put it out of my power, as a christian, to "do you the least ill office."

After having read the several passages relative to Steele, before quoted in the Journal, no one can doubt but that Swift has here fairly stated the case, and that he might even have put it in a stronger light. It is hard to say whether Steele's weakness of head, or badness of heart, were most conspicuous in this transaction. Causelessly to attack and insult a man, to whom he lay under such obligations, argued great baseness; and his defence of himself, by denying an obligation so notoriously conferred, still more so. And to provoke a man to prove the reality of his charge, that it was he alone who had hitherto kept him in his employment, by getting him immediately discharged from it, which Swift could have done by speaking a word, was surely weak. But in that point he was secure, he knew his man too well: he knew Swift was incapable of a mean revenge. He might, as Swift nobly says to him, "do it securely;" "for (as he adds) by the "most inhuman dealings, you have wholly put it out "of my power, as a christian, to do you the least "ill office." Yet, though Swift was above a revenge of this sort, he thought himself called upon to answer his challenge, as a writer, and chastise his insolence in his own way. Which he afterward did so effectually, in his famous pamphlet, called *The Public Spirit of the Whigs*, and in several subsequent pieces, that, from being an author of some eminence, Steele became for some time an object of ridicule and contempt. How weak, or how vain must

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must the man have been, to have defied such a champion to so unequal a combat! I have been the longer in the detail of this transaction, because it is, perhaps, the only instance to be found of Swift's ever having broke entirely with any man with whom he had lived on terms of friendship; and to justify the extreme severity which appeared in his writings against Steele, after so great a provocation.

Having seen the care which Swift took of men of genius, so that even their opposition in party should be of no prejudice to them, we may suppose he was not less solicitous in promoting the interests of others, who were under no demerit of that sort. Accordingly we find, there were not any at that time, of the least pretensions in that way, who were not obliged to him for essential services. The famous Dr. Berkeley, afterward bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, owed his fortune wholly to him, as he placed him in the road which led to his promotion. In his Journal of April 7, 1713, he says, "I went "to court to day, on purpose to present Mr. Berke-"ley, one of your fellows of Dublin college, to lord "Berkeley of Stratton. That Mr. Berkeley is a very "ingenious man, and a great philosopher; and I have "mentioned him to all the ministers, and have given "them some of his writings, and I will favour him "as much as I can. This I think I am bound to in "honour and conscience, to use all my little credit "toward helping forward men of worth in the "world." He afterward got him appointed chaplain to lord Peterborow's embassy, who procured for him the rich deanery of Derry. Pope, in his preface to

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the translation of Homer, expresses the highest obligations to him for his zeal in promoting the subscription to that work. Gay, by his interest, was appointed secretary to the embassy to Hanover. Harrison, a young man of promising genius, recommended to him by Mr. Addison, was made by him queen's secretary at the Hague, a place of one thousand two hundred pounds a year, though he lived but a short time to enjoy it. We have already seen in what manner he introduced, and recommended Parnell to the ministry. Nor was he unmindful of such as had but a moderate share of merit in that way. He made Dr. King gazetteer; he made Trap chaplain to lord Bolingbroke. He discovered some marks of original genius in some Sea Eclogues, written by an obscure man, one Diaper, and immediately sought the author out, and brought him into light: of this he gives the following account in his Journal, December 1712: "This morning I presented one Diaper, a poet, to "lord Bolingbroke, with a new poem, which is a "very good one; and I am to give a sum of money "from my lord. I have contrived to make a parson "of him, for he is half one already, being in dea-"con's orders, and a small cure in the country; "but has a sword at his tail here in town. 'Tis "a poor, little, short wretch, but will do best in a "gown, and we will make lord keeper give him a "living."

Nor were his good offices confined to men of genius only, but merit of every kind was sure to find in him a warm advocate, and oppressed innocence, a protector. He says, in a letter to lady Betty Germain, "when I had credit for some years "at

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" at court, I provided for above fifty people in both " kingdoms, of which not one was a relation." And we find, in his Journal and letters, that he did numberless good offices for others. He says, in more places than one, that lord Oxford never once refused him any request of that sort. His character was so well known in this respect, that we see, in the collection of letters, several addresses to him from persons, either little known to him, or utterly unacquainted with him, requesting his assistance, in cases of compassion; or protection, in those of oppression. Nor did he ever fail to interfere, in either cases, when any such came to his knowledge by accident, though it were with regard to perfect strangers. There was one remarkable occasion, on which he interposed in favour of a man, though he held him in no degree of estimation, merely from a principle of justice; which was, in the case of the famous Dr. Sacheverell: who, though he had been of infinite use to the tory ministry, nay, was in reality the occasion of their getting into power, yet, when the work was done, was laid by, as the tools of statesmen too often are, when they can be of no farther use, and utterly neglected. That Swift was of this opinion, is clear from the following passage in his Journal: " So Sacheverell will be the next " bishop! He would be glad of an addition of two " hundred pounds a year to what he has, and that " is more than they will give him, for aught I see. " He hates the new ministry mortally, and they hate " him, and pretend to despise him too. They will " not allow him to have been the occasion of the " late change, at least some of them will not; but " my lord keeper owned it to me the other day."

Swift

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Swift therefore thought it but common justice in the ministry to do something for him; and, without any application from the doctor, or even any personal acquaintance with him, in the year 1711 he procured a place for his brother; who, by a failure in trade, had for some years, together with his whole family, been entirely supported by the doctor. This affair is thus related by Swift in his Journal. "Did I tell you that Sacheverell has desired mighty to come and see me? but I have put it off. "He has heard that I have spoken to the secretary "in behalf of a brother whom he maintains, and "who desires an employment. T'other day, at the "court of requests, Dr. Yalden saluted me by "name; Sacheverell, who was just by, came up to "me, and made many acknowledgments and compliments. Last night I desired lord treasurer to do "something for that brother of Sacheverell. He "said he never knew he had a brother; but thanked "me for telling him, and immediately put his name "in his tablebook. I will let Sacheverell know this, "that he may take his measures accordingly; but he "shall be none of my acquaintance." A letter from the doctor to Swift, dated January 31, 1711-12, begins thus: "Since you have been pleased to undertake the generous office of soliciting my good "lord treasurer's favour in my behalf, I should be "very ungrateful, if I did not return you my most "hearty thanks for it, and my humblest acknowledgments to his lordship for the success it has "met with." And in the conclusion, he says, "But "for yourself, good doctor, who were the first spring "to move it, I can never sufficiently acknowledge the "obligation." Afterward, in the year 1713, soon

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after the three years silence imposed upon the doctor by the house of lords, in consequence of his impeachment, had expired; Swift procured for him the rectory of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in the following whimsical manner. Upon that living's becoming vacant, he applied for it in behalf of Sacheverell, to lord Bolingbroke; who seemed not at all disposed in his favour, calling him a busy, meddling, factious fellow, one who had set the kingdom in a flame. To which Swift replied, it is all true, my lord; but let me tell you a story. "In a sea-fight, in the reign of Charles II, there "was a very bloody engagement between the English "and Dutch fleets; in the heat of which, a Scotch "seaman was very severely bit by a louse on his neck, "which he caught, and stooping down to crack it, "just as he had put himself in that posture, a chain-"shot came and took off the heads of several sailors "that were about him; on which he had compassion "on the poor louse, returned him to his place, and "bid him live there at discretion; for, said he, as "thou hast been the means of saving my life, it is "but just I should save yours." Lord Bolingbroke laughed heartily, and said, "Well then, the louse "shall have the living for your story." And accordingly he was soon after presented to it. In all solicitations of this nature, conscious of the goodness of his motives, which were either those of merit, compassion, or justice, he was bold in his recommendations, and made them rather as demands, than requests. Of this we have an instance in the following passage of his Journal, January 1711-12. "This morning I presented my printer and book-"seller to lord Rivers, to be stationer to the ord-"nance.

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"nance. I believe it will be worth three hundred "pounds a year to them. This is the third em- "ployment I have got for them. Rivers told them "the doctor commanded him, and he durst not re- "fuse." And in the next page, he says, "I was "this morning again with lord Rivers, and have "made him give the other employment to my printer "and bookseller; 'tis worth a great deal." His bookseller was Tooke, and his printer, Barber, afterward lord mayor of London. As they were both very honest men, and ran great risks in publishing some of his bolder pieces, for which Barber was also taken into custody, he thought he could not reward their services and fidelity too highly; and we find, upon the whole, he procured employments for them, to the amount of nearly two thousand pounds a year. This was the foundation of Barber's fortune, which he always acknowledged, with the highest gratitude, and to the last made every return in his power to his great patron. The expression of lord Rivers, "that the doctor commanded him, and he durst "not refuse," was literally true; not only with regard to him, but to all the ministry, who seemed to look up to him as to one of a superiour class of mortals; both on account of his amazing talents, and that noble quality of perfect disinterestedness, perhaps not to be parallelled in his time, and rarely to be found in the annals of history. This gave such a dignity to his character, and such a weight to his recommendations, that it does not appear he ever failed in any. And indeed it would have been strange, that the men in power should have refused any requests of that sort, which tended highly to

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their own honour, by promoting men of talents and worth, to a man who was daily employed in doing them the most important services, without once hinting at any return for them to himself. In this state did this extraordinary man continue for near three years, without the smallest reward, or the least addition to his fortune, which consisted only of a living of about two hundred and fifty pounds a year, and not quite five hundred pounds in cash; at the same time that he was in such a degree of power, that he was making the fortune of multitudes. Thus did he verify his early declaration to the archbishop of Dublin, before quoted. Nothing astonished the people of those times more, than that so distinguished a man, and apparently in such high favour, should have remained, for such a length of time, without any promotion: and that he should at last be rewarded only with a paltry deanery, in another kingdom, to which he went with the utmost reluctance, and which was looked upon by himself, as well as by the world, only as a species of banishment, has ever since been considered in so extraordinary a light, that various have been the conjectures of the world to account for it. Some, who knew Swift's real merits toward the ministry, have not been backward in charging them with the basest ingratitude on the occasion. Others, not so well acquainted with the history of those times, thought it was impossible Swift could have been a man of such importance as he was represented, otherwise he must certainly have made his way to the highest station in the church; and considering him only as a writer of some political

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papers and pamphlets, were not surprised that his reward should be no greater. But, since the publication of the private memoirs of those times, in Swift's last volumes, there is no farther room for conjecture, as this whole affair may be set in its true light, upon undoubted proofs. I have already given many striking instances of the little solicitude Swift had about pushing his own fortune. I shall now remind the reader of the principle upon which he acted, mentioned in a passage before quoted, from a letter of his to the archbishop of Dublin, dated October 1, 1711. "It is my maxim to leave "great ministers to do as they please; and if I can- "not distinguish myself enough, by being useful in "such a way, as becomes a man of conscience and "honour, I can do no more; for I never will solicit "for myself, although I often do for others." This resolution we find, by many other passages, he strictly adhered to; and when we consider the procrastinating disposition of lord Oxford, we shall not be surprised at his not being in any haste to provide for a man who never solicited him. Nothing is more common than the deferring of any thing, however strongly in our intention it be to do it some time or other, which we consider as always in our power to do, unless we are particularly called upon to carry it into execution at some certain time: and this was more likely to be the case in one of his turn. Besides, as he was daily gratifying Swift in his requests for others, he thought he might with reason expect that he should wait the most convenient season for his own promotion. And with regard to Swift himself, I have already assigned some very powerful motives, which made

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him in no haste with respect to preferment. But above all, there were many things, while he remained in that situation, which gratified his peculiar disposition and turn of mind to the height. His proud spirit was much fonder of conferring, than receiving obligations. In his Journal to Stella of March 1711-12, where he says, he can do nothing for himself, he adds, "I don't care, I shall have "ministers, and other people obliged to me." And he did not wish to receive any return for his services, till they were swelled to such a height, as to make any reward, how great so ever, fall short of their value, and so free him from any debt on the score of obligation. He had all this time an opportunity of displaying the pride of independence, and of showing that by his own talents and intrinsick worth, without any of the usual aids in life, he could raise himself to a higher degree of consequence and power, than others could do by noble birth, high station, or enormous wealth. It must have been no small gratification to him, to think that it was to this little vicar of Laracor, that the ministry were indebted for remaining in their posts; that he was their protector and preserver in those posts, in spite of their enemies, and of themselves. That by degrees he grew into such confidence with them, that there was nothing done in publick affairs without consulting him; and that the world in general considered him as the *primum mobile* of all their conduct, insomuch, that there were many speeches made against him by name, on that account, both in the house of lords and commons. That he should have the greatest men, foreign ambassadors, &c. soliciting the ministry, through him, for favours,

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vours. That his acquaintance should be courted by persons of the highest rank, and obtained only by a few, not on the score of their quality, or fortune, but merit. Was there not a secret pride in receiving these, in a lodging of eight shillings a week, and walking to the doors of all the greatest men of the age, which flew open at his approach? Never sure was a greater triumph of parts and virtue, over the usual idols of the world. To the immortal honour of Swift be it recorded, that he was the first man of letters and genius that we read of, who asserted the superiority of talents over titles, of virtue over wealth, in the face of the great and the rich; and not content with vain speculations, and idly declaiming on the subject, as all others had done, boldly demanded and received the homage due to such superiority, both for himself and others. This he could never have done, had he not convinced the great, that however they might stand in need of his assistance, he wanted not theirs. That he could be perfectly content with his present fortune, small as it was, and return to his willows at a day's notice, on any ill treatment, without the least reluctance. That they could have no hold on him either on the score of avarice, or ambition. As to the former, the noble resentment which he showed to the first attempt of lord Oxford, to lay him under a pecuniary obligation; the indignation which he expressed on two or three occasions, on bribes being offered to him for his interest; and, above all, his scorning to make any advantage of his works *, so contrary to the

* As an instance of this, he says, in his Journal of November 1711, "I am sorry I sent you the Examiner, for the printer is going

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the established practice of all other authors, showed that he was unassailable in that way. And as to ambition, his whole conduct proved that he was determined to owe his rise wholly to his own merits, and not to any solicitation or interest on his behalf. In short, from his many declarations to others, in his letters before quoted, as well as those made to his bosom friend in his Journal, and from the whole tenour of his actions, consonant to those declarations, we may see that Swift, upon joining with the new ministry, had laid down this rule for his conduct; that he would serve the publick interests, and the common cause, to the utmost of his power; that he would exert all his influence in promoting men of talents and worth; and with regard to his own fortune, leave it wholly to chance, and court gratitude; of which, however, he had so mean an opinion from former experience, that he relied little on it, and was perfectly prepared against any disappointment. In his Journal of January 1710-11, he says, "My new friends are very kind, "and I have promises enough, but I do not count "upon them; and besides, my pretences are very "young to them. However, we shall see what may "be done, and if nothing at all, I shall not "be disappointed, although perhaps poor M. D. * "may, and then I shall be sorrier for their sakes "than my own." And in that of June following,

"ing to print them in a small volume. It seems the author is too "proud, to have them printed by subscription, though his friends "offered, they say, to make it worth five hundred pounds to "him."

* By M. D. is generally meant Stella, though sometimes it stands for Stella and Mrs. Dingley.

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he says, "Remember, if I am used ill and ungrate-
"fully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am
"prepared for, and shall not wonder at it." And in that of October following, he says to Stella, "I
"have no shuddering at all to think of retiring to
"my old circumstances, if you can be easy."

But while Swift was thus letting occasions slip, and the ministers deferring the reward of his services, there was a cabal forming at court, which put a stop to his promotion for a while, and had nearly prevented a possibility of it during that reign. It is to be observed, that however high he was in favour with the ministry, it does not appear that he ever stood well with the queen, or that she once gave him the least mark of her countenance or favour. Swift had mentioned to Stella, early in his Journal, that Mr. Harley had said, he would present him to the queen; but in his subsequent one of January 1710-11, he says, "Mr. Harley, of
"late, has said nothing of presenting me to the
"queen.—I was overseen when I mentioned it to
"you. He has such a weight of affairs on him, that
"he cannot mind all; but he talked of it three
"or four times to me, long before I dropt it to
"you." Nor does it appear afterward, through the course of the Journal, that this was ever done, or that the queen took the least notice of him. On the contrary, it is to be seen in many places of Swift's works, that she had imbibed strong prejudices against him; first, from Dr. Sharpe, archbishop of York, who represented him as a freethinker, or infidel; a character which that religious queen must, above all others, detest in a clergyman: and next, from the duchess of Somerset, her favourite, who

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who hated Swift mortally, and took every opportunity of representing him in the worst colours to her royal mistress. But, above all, the queen had a reason of her own for disliking Swift, as he was constantly employed in endeavouring to counteract her favourite plan. What that was, will sufficiently appear from the following extracts. In his Journal to Stella, so early as February 1710-11, he says, "I'll tell you one great state secret: the queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry, runs a little into t'other extreme, and is jealous in that point, even of those who got her out of the other's hands." He hints the same in other passages of his Journal. But in some of his tracts, published since his death, he is quite explicit on this article, and has laid open a secret spring of government, which was constantly operating during the last four years of that queen; and which being concealed, except from a very few, rendered the proceedings of the first minister wholly unaccountable to his friends at that time, and to all since who have entered into an examination of his conduct; but which being now disclosed, at once solves a riddle, hitherto thought inexplicable. In his tract, entitled, Memoirs relating to the Change in the Queen's Ministry in 1710, there is the following passage: "She (the queen) grew so jealous "upon the change of her servants, that often, out of "fear of being imposed on, by an overcaution, she "would impose upon herself. She took a delight in "refusing those who were thought to have greatest "power with her, even in the most reasonable things, "and such as were necessary for her service, nor would "let them be done, until she fell into the humour "of

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" of itherself." In another tract, entitled, *An Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's last Ministry*, there is a passage to the same effect. " But in dispensing " her favours, she was extremely cautious and " slow; and after the usual mistake of those who " think they have been often imposed on, became so " very suspicious, that she overshot the mark, and " erred on the other extreme. When a person " happened to be recommended as useful for her " service, or proper to be obliged, perhaps, after a " long delay, she would consent; but if the treasurer " offered at the same time a warrant, or other in- " strument to her, already prepared, in order to be " signed, because he presumed to reckon on her " consent beforehand, she would not; and thus the " affair would sometimes lie for several months to- " gether, although the thing were ever so reasonable, " or that even the publick suffered by the delay. " So that this minister had no other remedy, but to " let her majesty take her own time, which never " failed to be the very longest, that the nature of " the thing could suffer her to defer it." Hence it is evident, that the queen, who had long been weary of the bondage in which she was held by the whig ministry, was determined, upon a change, that she would not bring herself into the same predicament again, but was resolved to show that she had a will of her own, and that she would exert it; and, in order to be able to do this effectually, her plan was, not to suffer the tory interest to grow too strong, but to keep such a number of whigs still in office, as should be a constant check upon her ministers, against any encroachments of that sort. In the abovementioned tract, there are several passages that prove this point.

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In one it is said, "It is most certain, when the queen "first began to change her servants, it was not from "a dislike of things, but of persons; and those per- "sons were a very small number. And afterward, "when, upon some events, things were pushed far- "ther than she at first intended, it was with great "regret she saw some of the principal great officers "among the whigs resign their employments." For, says the author, "She had entertained the notion of "forming a moderate or comprehensive scheme, "which she maintained with great firmness, nor "would ever depart from, until about half a "year before her death." This conduct, no doubt, was good policy in the queen, in order to preserve a due share of authority to herself; but at the same time her minister suffered extremely by it, who bore the brunt of all this trimming and moderation, which were imputed to some secret designs of his own, and caused incurable jealousies and suspicions in his friends, as well as the whole tory party. Of this Swift gives the following account in the same tract. "I remember it was then commonly understood and "expected, that when the session ended, a general "removal would be made: but it happened other- "wise: for not only few or none were turned out, "but much deliberation was used in supplying "common vacancies by death. This manner of "proceeding, in a prime minister, I confess, appear- "ed to me wholly unaccountable, and without ex- "ample; and I was little satisfied with the solution "I had heard, and partly knew, that he acted thus to "keep men at his devotion, by letting expectation "lie in common; for I found the effect did not "answer; and that in the mean time he led so un-

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" easy a life, by solicitations and pursuits, as no " man would endure, who had a remedy at hand. " About the beginning of his ministry, I did, at the " request of several considerable persons, take the " liberty of representing this matter to him. His " answer was short and cold; that he hoped his " friends would trust him; that he heartily wished " that none, but those who loved the church and " queen, were employed, but that all could not be " done on a sudden. I have reason to believe, that " his nearest acquaintance were then wholly at a loss " what to think of his conduct. He was forced to " preserve the opinion of power, without which he " could not act; while, in reality, he had little or " none; and besides, he thought it became him to " take the burden of reproach upon himself, rather " than lay it upon the queen, his mistress, who was " grown very positive, slow, and suspicious; and " from the opinion of having been formerly too much " directed, fell into the other extreme, and became " difficult to be advised. So that few ministers had " ever perhaps a harder game to play, between the " jealousy and discontents of his friends on one side, " and the management of the queen's temper on the " other." In another part of the same tract, there is a passage to the same effect. " Upon Mr. Harley's " recovery, which was soon followed by his promo- " tion to an earldom, and the treasurer's staff, he " was earnestly pressed to go on with the change of " employments, for which his friends and the king- " dom were very impatient; wherein I am confident " he was not unwilling to comply, if a new incident " had not put farther difficulties in his way. The " queen, having thought fit to take the key from " the

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" the duchess of Marlborough, it was, after some
" time, given to another great lady (the duchess of
" Somerset) wholly in the interests of the opposite
" party; who, by a most obsequious behaviour, of
" which she is a perfect mistress, and the privilege
" of her place, which gave her continual access,
" quickly won so far upon the affections of her
" majesty, that she had more personal credit than
" all the queen's servants put together. Of this
" lady's character and story, having spoken so much
" in other papers, which may one day see the light,
" I shall only observe, that as soon as she was fixed
" in her station, the queen, following the course of
" her own nature, grew daily more difficult, and un-
" complying. Some weak endeavours were indeed
" used to divert her majesty from this choice; but
" she continued steady, and pleaded, that if she
" might not have the liberty of choosing her own
" servants, she could not see what advantage she
" had gotten by the change of her ministry: and
" so little was her heart set upon what they call a
" high church, or tory administration, that several
" employments in court and country, and a great
" majority in all commissions, remained in the hands
" of those who most opposed the present proceed-
" ings." And, as a farther confirmation of the queen's disposition in this respect, he says, in the second part of the above tract, " Her only objec-
" tion against several clergymen, recommended to
" her for promotions in the church, was their being
" too violent in party. And a lady * in high favour
" with her, has frequently assured me, that when-

* Lady Masham.

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"ever she moved the queen to discard some per-
"sons, who, upon all occasions, with great virulence,
"opposed the court, her majesty would constantly
"refuse, and at the same time condemn her for too
"much party-zeal." Such being the queen's system of conduct, it is evident that Swift must have been more obnoxious to her than any man living, as he was the most unwearied in his endeavours to counteract her views, by rooting out the whigs entirely, and therefore she must constantly have looked upon him with an evil eye. But when at last he made a direct attempt to get her to discharge her favourite, the duchess of Somerset, in a copy of verses addressed to the queen, the most bitter, with regard to the duchess, perhaps, that ever was penned, called The Windsor Prophecy; the queen gave evident marks of her displeasure, and took afterward an opportunity of showing her resentment to the author, by proclaiming a reward of three hundred pounds for discovering the author of a pamphlet, called *The Public Spirit of the Whigs*, which she knew to have been written by Swift, in support of the ministry. This fact he has commemorated, in a copy of verses on himself, where, speaking of the duchess of Somerset, he says,

From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear instils.
The queen incens'd, his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot:
Now thro' the realm a proclamation spread,
To fix a price on his devoted head:
While innocent, he scorns ignoble flight,
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.

And

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And in the Preface to his *History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne*, he says, "I was so far "from having any obligation to the crown, that, on "the contrary, her majesty issued a proclamation, "offering three hundred pounds to any person who "would discover the author of a certain short "treatise, which the queen well knew to have been "written by me."

From all that has been offered upon this head, we may clearly deduce the reason why Swift remained such a length of time without any promotion, and may fairly exonerate lord Oxford from the charges made against him on that score. It is now evident, though before it was a secret to the world, that he had by no means that degree of power which he was supposed to enjoy, in any matter whatever; but in any point that did not fall in with her majesty's pleasure, he had none at all, much less therefore in such as she was set against. Among which number, that of the promotion of Dr. Swift, for the reasons abovementioned, seems to have been one. If, as he has related, "Her only objection "against several clergymen, recommended to her for "promotions in the church, was their being too vio-"lent in party;" how much more strongly must this have operated with regard to him, whose zeal in the cause he had espoused, transported him so beyond all bounds of moderation, as to keep no measures even with her, though he well knew her disposition. Of this he gave a strong proof in the Windsor Prophecy; the tendency of which was, to prevail on her majesty to remove the duchess of Somerset, the patroness of the whig cause, by the most bitter invectives on her character, from her post; and to receive

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receive Mrs. Masham, who was equally attached to the tory interest, in her place. He was so indiscreet as to give orders for the publication of that piece, which would have been done, had not Mrs. Masham prevented it. Of this he gives the following account, in his Journal of December 1711. "I called at noon "at Mrs. Masham's, who desired me not to let "the Prophecy be published, for fear of angering "the queen about the duchess of Somerset; so I "wrote to the printer to stop them. They have "been printed, and given about, but not sold." And a little lower, he says, "I entertained our "society at the Thatch'd House tavern to day at "dinner; but brother Bathurst sent for wine, the "house affording none. The printer had not re-"ceived my letter, and so he brought us a dozen "apiece of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to "part with no more. 'Tis an admirable good one, "and people are mad for it." As this society consisted of sixteen, we here see there was a sufficient number got abroad, to have it generally spread; so that it was no difficult matter for the duchess to procure a copy, which she kept by her in *petto*, till she should find a convenient season for wreaking her revenge. This soon offered itself, when he was recommended to the queen for a vacant bishoprick, from which he was precluded by the duchess, in the manner before related. Whoever reads that Prophecy, is acquainted with the queen's disposition, and knows the ascendency which the duchess maintained over her to the last, will not wonder that Swift remained so long without any promotion. That lord Oxford was solicitous for his friend's preferment, appears from his recommending him so early to a

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bishoprick, which was a fact of general notoriety at that time, and since confirmed to me by good authority. And the reasons are now equally obvious, why it was not in the lord treasurer's power to promote him afterward; though it is probable that he studiously concealed this from Swift, as he might think the discovery of his inability to serve him might have sent him back to his willows, at a time when he most needed his assistance. But to make him amends, he showed him every personal kindness in his power, provided for all whom he recommended, and never, as Swift himself declares, refused him any thing that he asked.

In this situation Swift remained during the space of two years and a half, from his first acquaintance with the ministry; often declaring to Stella, that he was weary of the scene in which he was engaged, and of the part which he took in it; frequently expressing an earnest desire of returning to his former situation, and declaring as often, that nothing restrained him from doing it, but that he thought himself obliged, both in honour and duty, not to desert the cause in which he was engaged, and of which he was the great champion, till he had done every thing in his power toward the establishment and support of it. When therefore he had nearly finished his History of the Peace of Utrecht, which was the last work he proposed on the subject, he determined to stay no longer, unless something honourable were done for him. At this juncture, there happened to be vacant three deaneries in Ireland, and a canonry of Windsor, with some other church preferments in England. Swift therefore silently resolved, if there were no notice taken of him on this occasion, to return to Laracor,

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Laracor, and have done with courts for ever. The account we have of this in his Journal, written to the hour, will best represent to us his state of mind at that time. Journal, April 13, 1713. "This morning "my friend Mr. Lewis came to me, and showed me "an order for a warrant for the three vacant deane- "ries, but none of them to me. This was what I "always foresaw, and received the notice of it "better, I believe, than he expected. I bid Mr. "Lewis tell my lord treasurer, *that I take nothing ill* "*of him, but his not giving me timely notice, as he pro-* "*mised to do, if he found the queen would do nothing* "*for me.* At noon, lord treasurer hearing I was in "Mr. Lewis's office, came to me; and said many "things too long to repeat. I told him, I had no- "thing to do but go to Ireland immediately, for I "could not, with any reputation, stay longer here, "unless I had something honourable immediately "given to me. We dined together at the duke of "Ormond's. He there told me he had stopped the "warrants for the deans, that what was done for me "might be at the same time, and he hoped to com- "pass it to-night; but I believe him not. I told "the duke of Ormond my intentions. He is con- "tent Sterne should be a bishop, and I have St. "Patrick's, but I believe nothing will come of it, "for stay I will not; and so I believe you will see "me in Dublin before April ends. I am less out of "humour than you would imagine; and if it were "not that impertinent people would condole with "me, as they used to give me joy, I would value it "less. But I still avoid company, and muster up "my baggage, and send them next Monday by the

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" carrier to Chester, and go see my willows, against " the expectation of all the world.

" 14th. I dined in the city to day, and ordered a " lodging to be got ready for me, against I came to " pack up my things; for I will leave this end of " the town as soon as ever the warrants for the " deaneries are out, which are yet stopped. Lord " treasurer told Lewis that it should be determined " to night; and so he will say a hundred nights; so " he said yesterday, but I value it not. My daily " Journals shall be but short, till I get into the " city, and then I will send away this, and follow it " myself; I design to walk it all the way to Chester, " my man and I, by ten miles a day. It will do my " health a great deal of good. I shall do it in four- " teen days.

" 15th. Lord Bolingbroke made me dine with " him to day (I was as good company as ever) and " told me the queen would determine something " for me to night. *The dispute is* WINDSOR, or " ST. PATRICK'S. I told him I would not stay " for their disputes, and he thought I was in the " right. Lord Masham told me, that lady Masham " is angry I have not been to see her since this busi- " ness, and desires I will come to morrow.

" 16th. I was this noon at lady Masham's, who " was just come from Kensington, where her eldest " son is sick. She said much to me of what she " had talked to the queen, and lord treasurer. *The* " *poor lady fell a shedding of tears openly. She could not* " *bear to think of my having St. Patrick's, &c.* I was " never more moved than to see so much friendship. " I would not stay with her, but went and dined with

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" Dr. Arbuthnot, with Mr. Berkeley, one of your " fellows, whom I have recommended to the doctor, " &c. Mr. Lewis tells me, that the duke of Or- " mond has been to day with the queen, and she " was content that Dr. Sterne should be bishop of " Dromore, and I dean of St. Patrick's; *but then out* " *came lord treasurer, and said, that he would not be* " *satisfied, but that I must be a prebendary of Windsor.* " Thus he perlexes things. *I expect neither*; but I " confess, as much as I love England, I am so an- " gry at this treatment, that if I had my choice, I " would rather have St. Patrick's. Lady Masham " says, she will speak to the purpose to the queen " to morrow.

" 17th. I went to dine at lady Masham's to day, " and she was taken ill of a sore throat, and is aguish. " She spoke to the queen last night, but had not " much time. The queen says, she will determine " to morrow with lord treasurer. The warrants for " the deaneries are still stopped, for fear I should be " gone. Do you think any thing will be done? I " don't care whether there is or no. In the mean " time, I prepare for my journey, and see no great " people, nor will see lord treasurer any more, if I " go. Lord treasurer told Mr. Lewis it should be " done to night, so he said five nights ago.

" 18th. This morning Mr. Lewis sent me word, " that lord treasurer told him the queen would de- " termine at noon. At three, lord treasurer sent to " me to come to his lodgings at St. James's, and told " me, the queen was at last resolved that Dr. Sterne " should be bishop of Dromore, and I, dean of St. " Patrick's, and that Sterne's warrant should be " drawn immediately. *You know the deanery is in*

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" *the duke of Ormond's gift; but this is concerted be-*
" *tween the queen, lord treasurer, and duke of Ormond,*
" *to make room for me.* I do not know whether it
" will yet be done; some unlucky accident may yet
" come. Neither can I feel joy at passing my days
" in Ireland; *and I confess I thought the ministry would*
" *not let me go; but perhaps they cannot help it.*

" 19th. I forgot to tell you, that lord treasurer
" forced me to dine with him yesterday, as usual,
" with his Saturday company, which I did, after fre-
" quent refusals. To day I dined with a private
" friend, and was not at court. After dinner, Mr.
" Lewis sent me word, that the queen stayed till
" she knew whether the duke of Ormond approved
" of Sterne for a bishop. I went this evening, and
" found the duke of Ormond at the Cockpit, and
" told him, and desired he would go to the queen,
" and approve of Sterne. *He made objections*, and
" desired I would name any other deanery, for he
" did not like Sterne; that Sterne never went to see
" him; that he was influenced by the archbishop of
" Dublin, *&c.* so all is now broken again. I sent
" out for lord treasurer, and told him this. *He says,*
" *all will do well; but I value not what he says.* This
" suspense vexes me worse than any thing else.

" 20th. I went to day, by appointment, to the
" Cockpit, to talk with the duke of Ormond. He
" repeated the same proposals of any other deanery,
" *&c.* I desired he would put me out of the case,
" and do as he pleased. Then, with great kind-
" ness, he said he would consent; but would do it
" for no man else but me, *&c.* And so perhaps
" something will come of it. I can't tell.

" 21st.

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" 21st. The duke of Ormond has told the queen, " he is satisfied Sterne should be bishop, and she consents I shall be dean; and I suppose warrants will " be drawn in a day or two. I dined at an ale-" house with Parnell and Berkeley; for I am not in " a humour to go among the ministers, though " lord Dartmouth invited me to dine with him to " day, and lord treasurer was to be there. I said I " would, if I were out of suspense.

" 22d. The queen says, the warrants shall be " drawn, but she will dispose of all in England and " Ireland at once, to be teased no more. This will " delay it some time, and while it is delayed, *I am " not sure of the queen, my enemies being busy.* I hate " this suspense.

" 23d. I dined yesterday with general Hamilton: " I forgot to tell you. I write short Journals now. " I have eggs on the spit. This night the queen has " signed all the warrants, among which, Sterne is bi-" shop of Dromore; (and the duke of Ormond is to " send over an order for making me dean of St. Pa-" trick's. I have no doubt of him at all. I think " tis now past. But you see what a condition I am " in. I thought I was to pay but six hundred " pounds for the house, but the bishop of Clogher " says eight hundred pounds; first fruits, about " one hundred and fifty pounds Irish; and so with " a patent, *&c.* a thousand pounds in all; so that " I shall not be the better for the deanery these " three years. I hope, in some time, they will be " persuaded here to give me some money to pay " off these debts. I must finish the book I am " writing, before I can go over; and they expect I " shall pass next winter here, and then I will drive

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" them to give me a sum of money. However, I " hope to pass four or five months with you. I " received your's to night; just ten weeks since I " had your last. I shall write next post to bishop " Sterne. Never man had so many enemies of Ire- " land as he. I carried it with the strongest hand " possible. If he does not use me well, and gently, in " what dealings I shall have with him, he will be the " most ungrateful of mankind. *The archbishop of* " *York, my mortal enemy, has sent, by a third hand,* " *that he would be glad to see me. Shall I see him or* " *not?* I hope to be over in a month. I shall an- " swer your rattle soon; but no more Journals. I " shall be very busy. Short letters from hence- " forward. I shall not part with Laracor; that is " all I have to live on, except the deanery be worth " more than four hundred pounds a year *. Is it? " Pray write me a good humour'd letter immedi- " ately, let it be ever so short. This affair was " carried with great difficulty, which vexes me. But " they say here, it is much to my reputation, *that* " *I have made a bishop, in spite of all the world, and* " *to get the best deanery in Ireland* †.

" 26th. I was at court to day, and a thousand " people gave me joy; so I ran out. I dined with " lady Orkney. Yesterday I dined with lord trea- " surer, and his Saturday people, as usual; and was " so be-dean'd, *&c. The archbishop of York says he* " *will never more speak against me.*"

From an examination of this extract, we shall clearly see, that the great obstacle to Swift's preferment, was the prejudice conceived against him by

* This deanery was worth more than seven hundred.

† The most considerable in point of rank, but not income.

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the queen, and not any neglect or want of friendship in the ministry. He seems to have been himself of this opinion, where he says, upon finding that none of the deaneries were given to him, "I "bid Mr. Lewis tell my lord treasurer, *that I take* "*nothing ill of him, but his not giving me timely notice,* "*as he promised to do, if he found the queen would do* "*nothing for me.*"

And afterward, in the progress of this affair, he expresses his suspicion more strongly in that point, where he says, "This will delay it some time, and "while it is delayed, *I am not sure of the queen, my* "*enemies being busy. I hate this suspense.*" It is evident also, that the lord treasurer, upon hearing Swift's declaration to Mr. Lewis, was greatly alarmed, and began to bestir himself with all his might. The warrants for the deans were immediately stopped, to prevent Swift's departing, as he threatened he would. And though the affair was not carried on with that dispatch, which Swift's impatience required, yet it is evident, the treasurer was exerting his utmost endeavours to accomplish the point for him in his own way. He was by no means satisfied that his friend should be sent to Ireland, and was therefore using all his influence to get him a canonry of Windsor, which he knew also would be much more agreeable to him. The affair of the deanery was easily settled, as we see from the following passage in the Journal: "Mr. Lewis tells "me, that the duke of Ormond has been to day "with the queen, and she was content that Dr. "Sterne should be bishop of Dromore, and I, dean "of St. Patrick's; but then out came lord treasurer, "and said, he would not be satisfied, but that I "must

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" must be a prebendary of Windsor. Thus he per-
" plexes things," *&c.* In the whole progress of this affair, Swift speaks peevishly of the lord treasurer, and, with all the captiousness of a jealous lover, who will not come to an explanation. The treasurer was really exerting all his endeavours to serve his friend, in the way which he knew would be most agreeable to him; though, according to his usual reserve, he did not care to inform him of the difficulties in his way. And Swift, who was too proud to inquire into this, suspected him either of want of zeal, or indulging his usual procrastination, which is obvious, from all the expressions relative to him in the above quotations. But the truth of the whole matter appears to be this: The queen was willing enough that Swift should have a moderate provision made for him in Ireland, in order to send him into banishment, in a decent, though not very honourable manner. And the minister, on the other hand, wanted to keep him with him at all events. We find, with regard to the Windsor promotion, the queen continued inflexible, not only against the solicitations of the treasurer, but of lady Masham, who was her nearest favourite, after the duchess of Somerset. How zealous that lady was in his cause, may be seen in a passage of the above quotation, where, speaking of her, he says, " She said much
" to me of what she had talked to the queen, and
" lord treasurer. *The poor lady fell a shedding of*
" *tears openly. She could not bear to think of my having*
" *St. Patrick's*," &c.

We find afterward, when the lord treasurer saw that the queen was obstinate with regard to this point, there was another bar thrown in the way of Swift's

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Swift's promotion in Ireland, probably contrived between him and the duke of Ormond; which was, that the duke should demur against Sterne's being made a bishop; nor can this change in the duke of Ormond, when he had before consented to Sterne's promotion, be rationally accounted for in any other way. This probably was the treasurer's last effort, to oblige the queen to do something for Swift in England; but when Swift himself continued resolute in the other point, probably on a suspicion, that the queen could not be wrought upon to prefer him in England, and urged the duke of Ormond to the accomplishment of it, and upon his demurring, expressed himself resentfully; the duke, who loved Swift sincerely, could stand it no longer, but as Swift mentions in the Journal, "with great kind-"ness, he said he would consent, but would do it "for no man else but me," &c.

But there is one circumstance in this transaction, that seems very unaccountable; which is, that Swift was not immediately made bishop of Clogher, instead of dean of St. Patrick's. We do not find, that Dr. Sterne had one friend in the world to recommend him, but Swift himself. On the contrary, we see he was obnoxious to the ministry, but particularly so to the duke of Ormond, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, who was chiefly to be consulted in the disposal of preferments there. When it comes to the push, the only objection the duke offers to Swift's getting St. Patrick's, is his dislike of Sterne, and the reluctance he shows at his being promoted to a bishoprick. Now, was not this difficulty easily smoothed away, by making Swift at once bishop of Clogher? And would not the ministry

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nistry have been all much better pleased to place him in that see, than a man who was at best indifferent to them, but certainly obnoxious to some, and those the principal among them? It may therefore be surmised, that this was a point not attempted, because they were sure the queen would never consent to make him a bishop, while her displeasure continued so high against him, though she was willing to send him into exile, in so moderate a station, as that of dean, even at the expense of promoting a man of no weight or consideration, to a higher station, to make room for him. And the ministry certainly showed the greatest readiness to gratify him in any thing which he should desire, when they consented to the promotion of a man, whom they disliked, to make room for his preferment, in a way also which they did not approve of, merely because he made a point of it. So that, however small a recompense the deanery itself might have been considered for Swift's services, yet as there was a bishoprick bestowed at the same time, purely to make way for this, and to be charged wholly to his account, the ministry certainly cannot be taxed with a want of a due sense of his merits, and a suitable desire of rewarding them. And however out of humour he might be, where he says, "This "affair was carried with great difficulty, which "vexes me." Yet he very justly adds, "But they "say here, it is much to my reputation, that I have "made a bishop in spite of all the world, and to "get the best deanery in Ireland." He afterward shows how entirely this was his work, against all opposition, where he says, "I shall write next post "to bishop Sterne. Never man had so many ene-

"mies

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" mies of Ireland as he; I carried it with the " strongest hand possible. If he does not use me " well, and gently, in what dealings I ſhall have " with him, he will be the most ungrateful of man- " kind."

In his whole account of this transaction, which exhibits a lively picture of his state of mind to the moment, he seems to have been much under the influence of humour. Though he was conscious that the queen herself was the chief bar to his promotion, yet he speaks as peevishly of the treasurer, as if the sole blame lay with him. At one time he seems earnest about obtaining St. Patrick's, and is angry with the treasurer for putting any rub in the way, though in favour of another measure, which would certainly have pleased him more. When he mentions the queen's having consented to Swift's arrangement of the bishoprick and deanery, he adds, much out of humour, " but then out " came lord treasurer, and said he would not be " satisfied, but that I must be a prebendary of Wind- " sor. Thus he perplexes things. I expect neither; " but I confess, as much as I love England, I am so " angry at this treatment, that if I had my choice, " I would rather have St. Patrick's." And yet in his Journal of the 18th, the day but one after this, when he learns from the treasurer, that the queen was at last resolved upon the arrangement proposed, he says, " Neither can I feel joy at passing " my days in Ireland, and I confess I thought the " ministry would not let me go; *but perhaps they* " *cannot help it.*" How contrary is this to his former declaration! But in the whole of this affair,

Swift

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Swift seems to have been deserted by his usual firmness of mind, and to have acted with the frowardness of an humoursome child, who either does not know his own mind, or will not tell it; and yet expects that others should find it out, and do what he wants.

Another reason for his not desiring to procure the bishoprick for himself, might perhaps arise from his supposing, that this might be considered as a full equivalent for his services, and the *ne plus ultra* of his preferment, to the exclusion of all future prospects in England, where all his wishes centred. But I am persuaded, that the chief motive to his extraordinary conduct on this occasion, and his so pertinaciously adhering to that particular mode, and no other, of providing for him, in opposition to the desire of his best friends, and particularly of the duke of Ormond, was, that he had promised to make Sterne a bishop the first opportunity. As he was remarkably tenacious of his word, he was determined to keep it on this occasion, though he seems, by some expressions, not to have looked upon Sterne as his friend, but rather to have resentment against him, on account of some ill treatment received at his hands *. In his Journal to Stella, October

* The cause of his resentment is thus set forth, in a letter to Sterne, then bishop of Clogher, dated July 1733. "When I first "came acquainted with you, we were both private clergymen in a "neighbourhood: you were afterward chancellor of St. Patrick's, "then was chosen dean; in which election, I was the most busy "of all your solicitors. When the compromise was made between "the government and you, to make you easy, and Dr. Synge "chancellor, you absolutely and frequently promised to give me "the

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October 28, 1712, he says, "I had a letter to day "from Dr. Coghill, desiring me to get Raphoe for "dean Sterne, and the deanery for myself. I shall "indeed, *I have such obligations to Sterne.* But, "however, if I am asked who will make a good bi- "shop, I shall name him before any body."

In the February following, he says, in the same Journal, "I did not write to Dr. Coghill, that I "would have nothing in Ireland, but that I was soli- "citing nothing any where, and this is true. I have "named Dr. Sterne to lord treasurer, lord Boling- "broke, and the duke of Ormond, for a bishoprick, "and I did it heartily. I know not what will come "of it; but I tell you, as a great secret, that I have "made the duke of Ormond promise me to recom- "mend no body till he tells me, and this for some "reasons, too long to mention."

While the matter was in agitation, he thus writes to Stella, on the 7th of the March following: "I "write by this post to the dean, but it is not above "two lines; and one enclosed to you is not above "three lines; and in that one enclosed to the dean, "which he must not have, but on condition of "burning it immediately after reading, and that be- "fore your eyes; for there are some things in it I

"the curacy † of St. Nicholas Without: you thought fit, by con- "cert with the archbishop, to hold it yourself, and apply the re- "venue to build another church. Upon the queen's death, when "I had done for ever with courts, I returned to reside at my post, "yet with some kind of hopes of getting some credit with you, very "unwisely; because upon the affair of St. Nicholas, I had told "you frankly, 'That I would always respect you, but never "hope for the least friendship from you.'

† Though this be called a curacy, yet it is in reality a living of considerable value.

"would

" would not have liable to accidents. You shall " only know in general, that it is an account of " what I have done to serve him, in his pretensions " on these vacancies, &c. but he must not know, " that you know so much."

It is evident, from some of the above quotations, that Swift was far from having any cordial regard for Sterne, and that he had thought himself, on some occasions, to have been ill treated by him. Nothing therefore can, in my opinion, account for his obstinate perseverance in making him a bishop, in spite of all the world, as he himself expresses it, but the sacredness of an engagement.

Whatever ill opinion Swift had formed of Sterne before, was thoroughly confirmed by his very ungrateful behaviour to him, immediately after he had made him a bishop. In his Journal of May 16, he writes thus: " Your new bishop acts very ungrate- " fully. I cannot say so bad of him as he deserves. " I begged, by the same post his warrant and mine " went over, that he would leave those livings to my " disposal. I shall write this post to him, to let him " know how ill I take it *."

* Swift had afterward cause to complain farther of his ingratitude, where he says to him in a letter, dated 1733: " But trying to " forget all former treatments, I came, like others, to your house, " and since you were a bishop, have once or twice recommended " persons to you, who were no relations or friends of mine, but " merely for their general good character; which availed so little, " that those very persons had the greatest share of your neglect."

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SECTION IV.

AS the brightest and most important part of Swift's life passed during the four last years of queen Anne, when his faculties were all in full vigour, and occasions for displaying them arose adequate to their greatness; I shall omit no circumstance, which may serve to delineate the features and limbs of his mind (if I may be allowed the expression) before disease and age had impaired the bloom of the one, and the strength and agility of the other. To have a perfect portrait and just likeness of a friend, had we our choice of time, we should certainly prefer that period of his life, when he was in his prime, to that of his decay. There have been already given many instances of such a nobleness of mind, such a disinterested spirit in Swift, as are rarely to be found in the annals of history. Yet the part which he acted by his friend Oxford, about the time of the queen's death, exhibits those qualities in a higher point of view, than ever they had appeared in before. It has been already mentioned, that, finding all his endeavours to reconcile his great friends useless, he had retired to Letcomb, in order to make one effort more to compel them to unite for their common interest, by the publication of his "Free "Thoughts," *&c.* Lord Bolingbroke, to whom this piece was shown by Barber, contrived to have the printing of it deferred, as he was then just upon the point of accomplishing his long concerted plan, of turning out lord Oxford, and stepping into his place. This was effected just four days before the

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queen's death, on the 27th of July, 1714. One of lord Bolingbroke's first objects, upon getting into power, was to secure Swift to his interest. He got lady Masham to write to him, in the most pressing terms, on the 29th, to return immediately to town. And on the 30th, he meant to dispatch Barber to him, with letters from himself and lady Masham for the same purpose. Which is thus related by Barber, in his letter of July 31, past six at night. "I am heartily sorry I should be the messenger of "so ill news, as to tell you the queen is dead or "dying: if alive, 'tis said she can't live till morn-"ing. You may easily imagine the confusion we "are all in on this sad occasion. I had set out yes-"terday to wait on you, but for this sad accident; "and should have brought letters from lord Boling-"broke and lady Masham, to have prevented your "going.—He said twenty things in your favour, "and commanded me to bring you up, whatever "was the consequence." It was chiefly through the influence of lady Masham, who was then at the height of favour with the queen, and had openly quarrelled with the treasurer, that he was turned out of his employment, and Bolingbroke appointed minister in his room. Nothing can show, in a stronger light, the great consequence of Swift in all state affairs at that time, than lady Masham's letter to him on this occasion. Which, on that account, I shall here present entire to the reader.

Lady

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Lady MASHAM to Dr. SWIFT.

" My good friend, July 29, 1714.

" I own it looks unkind in me, not to thank " you all this time, for your sincere kind letter; but " I was resolved to stay till I could tell you, the queen " had so far got the better of the Dragon *, as to take " her power out of his hands. He has been the most " ungrateful man to her, and to all his best friends, " that ever was born. I cannot have so much time " now to write all my mind, because my dear mistress " is not well; and I think I may lay her illness to " the charge of the treasurer, who, for three weeks " together, was teasing and vexing her without in- " termission, and she could not get rid of him till " Tuesday last. I must put you in mind of one " passage in your letter to me, which is, *I pray God* " *to send you wise and faithful friends to advise you at* " *this time, when there are so great difficulties to strug-* " *gle with.* That is very plain and true; therefore " will you, who have gone through so much, and " taken more pains than any body, and given wise " advice (if that wretched man had had sense enough, " and honesty to have taken it) I say will you leave " us, and go into Ireland? No, it is impossible; " your goodness is still the same, your charity and " compassion for this poor lady †, who has been " barbarously used, won't let you do it. I know " you take delight to help the distressed; and there

* A nickname for lord Oxford.

† The queen.

 " cannot

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" cannot be a greater object than this good lady,
" who deserves pity. Pray, dear friend, stay here,
" and don't believe us all alike, to throw away
" good advice, and despise every body's understand-
" ing but their own. I could say a great deal upon
" the subject, but I must go to her, for she is not
" well. This comes to you by a safe hand, so that
" neither of us need be in any pain about it.

" My lord and brother are in the country. My
" sister and girls are your humble servants."

So warm and pressing a letter, from one who made, and unmade ministers (for it was to her lord Oxford owed his advancement, as well as his disgrace) intreating, nay, in a manner imploring him to come and be their chief counsellor and director, in their new plan of administration; might have opened the most inviting prospects to Swift, of gratifying his utmost ambition with regard to his own interests; and at the same time, of accomplishing the plan which he had invariably pursued, with respect to those of the publick. But to a man of his delicate sense of honour, there was an insuperable bar in the way to prevent his embracing so flattering an offer. He had two days before received the following letter from lord Oxford, upon his losing the staff.

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

" IF I tell my dear friend the value I put upon
" his undeserved friendship, it will look like sus-
" pecting you or myself. Though I have had no
" power since the twenty-fifth of July 1713, I believe
" now, as a private man, I may prevail to renew your

" licence

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" licence of absence, conditionally you will be pre-
" sent with me; for to morrow morning I shall be
" a private person. When I have settled my do-
" mestick affairs here, I go to Wimple; thence,
" *alone*, to Herefordshire. If I have not tired you
" *tête à tête*, fling away so much time upon one, who
" loves you. And I believe, in the mass of souls,
" ours were placed near each other. I send you an
" imitation of Dryden, as I went to Kensington.

" To serve with love,
" And shed your blood,
" Approved is above:
" But here below,
" Th' examples show,
" Tis fatal to be good."

In these two letters, there were two roads opened to Swift. One, leading to preferment, power, and all that his most ambitious hopes could aspire after. The other to the melancholy cell of a disgraced minister, abandoned by an ungrateful world. Where he might have the satisfaction of affording him in his distress, that sovereign balm of consolation, which can only be administered by a sincere friend. Swift hesitated not a moment in his choice of the alternative, as may be seen by his letter to miss Vanhomrigh, written soon after his receipt of the other two.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss VANHOMRIGH.

" Who told you I was going to Bath? No such
" thing. But poor lord Oxford desires I will go
" with him to Herefordshire; and I only expect

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" his answer, whether I shall go there before, or " meet him hereabouts, or go to Wimple (his son's " house) and so with him down: and I expect to " leave this place in two or three days, one way or " other. I will stay with him till the parliament " meets again, if he desires it. I am written to " earnestly by somebody, to come to town, and " join with those people now in power; but I will " not do it. Say nothing of this, but guess the per- " son. I told lord Oxford I would go with him " when he was out; and now he begs it of me, I " cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, " as he was minister of state; but you know his " personal kindness to me was excessive. He dis- " tinguished and chose me, above all other men, " while he was great, and his letter to me, the " other day, was the most moving imaginable," &c. *

There is one expression in lord Oxford's letter, which is indeed very affecting, where he says, " I " go to Wimple, thence *alone* to Herefordshire." What! this great minister, who had conferred so many obligations, and made the fortunes of such numbers, not to find one companion to attend him in his reverse of fortune! Methinks I see Swift

* This resolution of Swift's is fully confirmed in a letter to archdeacon Wall, dated August 8, 1714. " Upon the earl of Ox- " ford's removal, he desired I would go with him into Hereford- " shire, which I consented to, *and wrote you word of it*, desiring " you would renew my licence of absence at the end of this " month, for I think it then expires. I had earnest invitations " from those in power to go to town, and assist them in their new " ministry, which I resolved to excuse; but before I could write, " news came of the queen's death, and all our schemes broke to " shatters."

reading

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reading this passage, and exclaiming, "What, alone! "No, while I exist, my friend shall not go *alone* "into Herefordshire."

This conduct was the more noble in Swift, as during the whole course of their intimacy, he never received one personal favour from the *minister*, though treated with the most unreserved kindness by the *man*. Nay, whether it were owing to his procrastinating temper, or, as Swift calls it in another place, his unmeasurable publick thrift, he had neglected to procure for him an order for a thousand pound on the treasury, to pay the debt contracted by him upon his introduction to the deanery, which was all the reward Swift ever asked for his services *. And there is reason to believe, from a passage in a letter of Dr. Arbuthnot to him, dated July 14, that Swift was distressed for money at that time, on account of that neglect. The passage is this, "Do not think I make you a bare compliment "in what I am going to say, for I can assure you I "am in earnest. I am in hopes to have two hun- "dred pounds before I go out of town, and you may "command all, or any part of it you please, as long "as you have occasion for it." And in the same

* Nothing can show more the strong desire which lord Bolingbroke had to attach Swift to his interest upon his getting into power, than his taking care, during his short ministry of three days only, to have an order signed by the queen on the treasury, to pay that sum to Swift, though by her sudden death he reaped no advantage from it. It appears, that Swift had this order in his possession when he visited London in the year 1726; for he says, in a letter to Dr. Sheridan, "Tell the archdeacon that I never "asked for my thousand pounds, which he hears I have got, "though I mentioned it to the princess the last time I saw her; "but I bid her tell Walpole, I scorned to ask him for it."

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letter it appears, that the doctor had been desired by Swift to apply to lord Bolingbroke for fifty pounds due to him from that lord, where he says, "As to the fifty pounds, he (lord Bolingbroke) was "ready to pay it, and if he had had it about him, "would have given it to me." But it is highly probable, from the great delicacy of Swift's sentiments, that this very circumstance of his lying under no obligation to lord Oxford, was what rendered his attachment to him the stronger, as it must proceed wholly from pure disinterested friendship. That this was his way of thinking, may be seen from several of his letters. In that of July 1, 1714, on his retiring to Letcombe, he thus expresses himself.

To Lord TREASURER OXFORD.

"My Lord,

"WHEN I was with you, I have said more than "once, that I would never allow quality or station "made any real difference between men. Being now "absent and forgotten, I have changed my mind: "you have a thousand people who can pretend they "love you, with as much appearance of sincerity as "I; so that, according to common justice, I can "have but a thousandth part in return of what I give. "And this difference is wholly owing to your station. "And the misfortune is still the greater, because I "loved you so much the less for your station: for, in "your publick capacity, you have often angered me "to the heart; but as a private man, never once*. So "that,

* In the several accounts given of lord Oxford by Swift in different parts of his writing, there seems to be something contradictory;

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" that, if I only look toward myself, I could wish " you a private man to morrow: for I have nothing " to ask; at least nothing that you will give, which " is the same thing: and then you would see, *whether* " *I should not with much more willingness attend you in* " *a retirement*, whenever you please to give me leave, " than ever I did at London or Windsor *. From " these sentiments, I will never write to you, if I " can help it, otherwise than as to a private man, or " allow myself to have been obliged by you in any " other capacity, *&c.*"

And in one, many years after, dated October 11, 1722, expostulating with him in a friendly manner on his long silence, he says, " I never courted your ac- " quaintance when you governed Europe, but you " courted mine; and now you neglect me, when I " use all my insinuations to keep myself in your " memory. I am very sensible, that next to your " receiving thanks and compliments, there is no- " thing you more hate than writing letters: but

tory; as in some places he extols him to the skies, and in others, imputes great weakness and faults to him. But this arises from the view he gives of him in two different characters. As a publick minister, he represents him to have been one of the wisest, the ablest, and the most disinterested that ever lived; and he confirms this character by enumerating the many great services he had done to the state, without reaping the least advantage to himself, but rather injuring his private fortune. At the same time he shows that he was utterly unqualified to be the leader of a party, or to manage the private intrigues of a court; in which respects, partly from his natural disposition, and partly through want of true policy, he committed numberless errours; to which Swift alludes here, where he says, " In your publick capacity you have often angered " me to the heart; but as a private man, never once."

* Lord Oxford had too soon reason to put this declaration of Swift's to the test, and found it nobly answered.

" since

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" since I never gave you thanks, nor made you " compliments, I have so much more merit than " any of those thousands whom you have less " obliged, by only making their fortunes, without " taking them into your friendship, as you did me; " whom you always countenanced in too publick and " particular a manner, to be forgotten either by the " world or myself." The merit of Swift, in thus adhering to his friend at this juncture, was the more extraordinary, because he not only sacrificed to it all regard to his own interest, but that of the publick also. It appears, that the queen in the last six months of her life, had changed her whole system with regard to parties, and came entirely round to that which had been the great object of all Swift's politicks, by making a general sweep of the whigs from all their employments, both civil and military: and the only obstacles thrown in the way were by lord Oxford; who from private motives of his own, set forth by Swift at large in his Inquiry, &c.*, refused to fall into the measure; and notwithstanding every effort used by Swift, continued inflexible in his resolution. He might therefore have had the strongest plea, from motives of a superiour nature, his duty to the publick, for deserting him on this occasion, and joining all his other friends in promoting his favourite plan, so essentially necessary to the support of the common cause. Nor could he have been liable to the least censure or reproach for such conduct. But his high notions of friendship, and delicate sense of honour, outweighed all other considerations, and would not let him hesitate a moment what part he should take.

* *Vid.* Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's last ministry.

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It appears, in the course of the Journal, that there grew up between the lord treasurer and Swift, a mutual friendship of the most cordial and purest kind. He mentions dining with him sometimes four, sometimes five and six days together; and if he chanced to absent himself two successive days, he was sure of a friendly chiding for it. He seems to have been adopted into the Harley family, and considered on the footing of a near relation. As an instance of this, he says, in his Journal of March 1713, "I "have now dined six days successively with lord "treasurer. He had invited a good many of his "relations; and, of a dozen at table, they were all "of the Harley family but myself." He was of all his private parties, and constantly accompanied him in his visits to Windsor. In short, lord Oxford never seemed to have any enjoyment in which he was not a partaker. When we consider, that he had found in one and the same man, the clearest and ablest head to give advice; the most open and candid heart in communicating his sentiments upon all occasions, without the smallest selfish view; joined to the most uncommon talents to support his interests, and the most ardent zeal to promote them; we need not wonder that the minister should use his best endeavours, to attach such a man closely to him. But when in the same person he found the most delightful companion, possessed of an inexhaustible fund of the most original vein of wit and humour, for which he had a perfect relish; and who could at times descend to the *bagatelle*, and all the sportive plays of fancy, in the unrestrained hour of social mirth and good humour, of which it appears lord Oxford was equally fond; we need not wonder that an old courtier,

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tier, hackneyed in the ways of men, who perhaps had never found any of these qualities, in an equal degree, in any other mortal, should take him to his bosom, and at once bestow his whole stock of friendship upon a subject so worthy of it. And indeed it does not appear, that out of his own family, there was any other person to whom he showed much attachment, or whose friendship he cultivated to any great degree. This circumstance Swift has touched upon in drawing his character, and considers it as a blameless part of it, where he says, "It may be "likewise said of him, that he certainly did not "value, or did not understand the art of acquiring "friends; having made very few during the time "of his power, and contracted a great number of "enemies."

On the other hand, lord Oxford, in his private capacity, seems to have possessed a great number of qualities, which were the most likely to endear him to Swift, and secure him the first place in his friendship. By whom he is represented as a person of great virtue, abounding in good nature and good humour. As a great favourer of men of wit and learning, particularly the former, whom he caressed, without distinction of party, and could not endure to think that any of them should be his enemies. He says farther of him, "He had the greatest va-"riety of knowledge that I have any where met; "was a perfect master of the learned languages, and "well skilled in divinity. He had a prodigious "memory, and a most exact judgment. He was "utterly a stranger to fear, and consequently "had a presence of mind upon all emergencies. "His liberality, and contempt of money, were such, "that

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" that he almost ruined his estate while he was in " employment; yet his avarice for the publick was " so great, that it neither consisted with the present " corruptions of the age, nor the circumstances of " the time. He was affable and courteous, ex- " tremely easy and agreeable in conversation, and " altogether disengaged; regular in his life, with " great appearance of piety; nor ever guilty of any " expressions, which could possibly tend to what " was indecent or prophane." Such a character, even in private life, could not fail of attracting Swift's regard; but when these qualities, so congenial with his own, were found united in a man of the highest station in this country, and one of the most considerable personages of his time in the eyes of all Europe; when such a man, contrary to the usual bent of his nature, eagerly embraced every opportunity of ingratiating himself with Swift, and soliciting his friendship upon his own terms, that of a perfect equality; it is no wonder if these rare qualities were much enhanced in their value by such circumstances; or that Swift, after repeated proofs of his sincerity, should make him a suitable return, and give him the first place in his friendship*. But though he justly stood the foremost in this rank, yet were there many others who shared it with him in

* That this was the case, may be seen by a passage in a letter of Swift's to lord Oxford, the son, many years after the treasurer's death, dated June 1737, where he says, " I loved my lord, your " father, better than any other man in the world; although I had " no obligation to him on the score of preferment, having been " driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almost a " stranger, by his want of power to keep me, in what I ought to " call my own country, although I happened to be dropped here, " and was a year old before I left it."

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different proportions. The large heart of Swift had an inexhaustible fund of benevolence, to be apportioned out to the several claimants, according to their several degrees of merit. Among those who vied with lord Oxford for the possession of his friendship, no one seems to have been more assiduous than the second man in the state, though perhaps, in point of abilities, the first in Europe, lord Bolingbroke. But though Swift held his talents in the highest admiration, and made suitable returns for all his personal kindness and attention to him, yet he never seems to have had that cordial regard for him that he showed for lord Oxford. The excellence of whose moral character, established that confidence in him, which is so necessary to a firm friendship; while a notorious deficiency in the other, with regard to some points, created a doubt of his principles with respect to all. And symptoms of this doubt have broken out from Swift on more than one occasion, with regard to his sincerity, though there are good reasons to believe his suspicions were unjust, as his attachment to him continued equally strong to the very last, and his friendship for him glows with uncommon ardour throughout his whole epistolary correspondence, in the decline of life, when there could have been no use for dissimulation. The zeal which he showed for Swift's service, may be estimated by the following note which he sent him, at the time that the affair of his promotion was depending. "Though I have "not seen you, I did not fail to write to lord trea- "surer. *Non tua res agitur* *, dear Jonathan; it is the "treasurer's cause; it is my cause; 'tis every man's

* It is not your affair that is in agitation.

"cause,

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" cause, who is embarked on our bottom. Depend " upon it, that I will never neglect any opportunity " of showing that true esteem, that sincere affec- " tion, and honest friendship for you, which fills " the breast of your faithful servant,

" BOLINGBROKE."

But the light in which he considered lord Bolingbroke, will best appear from his own account of him, in a piece written in the year 1715, entitled, " An " Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's last " Ministry, *&c.*" " It happens to very few men, " in any age or country, to come into the world " with so many advantages of nature and fortune, as " the late secretary Bolingbroke: descended from the " best families in England, heir to a great patrimo- " nial estate, of a sound constitution, and a most " graceful, amiable person. But all these, had they " been of equal value, were infinitely inferiour in de- " gree to the accomplishments of his mind, which " was adorned with the choicest gifts that God hath " yet thought fit to bestow on the children of men: " a strong memory, a clear judgment, a vast range " of wit and fancy, a thorough comprehension, an " invincible eloquence, with a most agreeable elo- " cution. He had well cultivated all these talents " by travel and study; the latter of which he sel- " dom omitted, even in the midst of his pleasures, " of which he had indeed been too great and crimi- " nal a pursuer. For, although he was persuaded to " leave off intemperance in wine, which he did for " some time to such a degree, that he seemed rather " abstemious; yet he was said to allow himself other " liberties, which can by no means be reconciled to " religion

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" religion or morals, whereof, I have reason to be-
" lieve, he began to be sensible. But he was fond of
" mixing pleasure and business, and of being esteem-
" ed excellent at both: upon which account he had
" a great respect for the characters of Alcibiades and
" Petronius, especially the latter, whom he would be
" gladly thought to resemble."*

But an Alcibiades, or a Petronius, was not likely to be the bosom friend of a Swift, however he might admire his talents, or delight in his society, as a companion. In his political character indeed, Swift was very closely connected with him, as lord Bolingbroke adopted all his ideas, and strenuously supported the measures he proposed: and that they were not pursued, Swift lays the whole blame, in many places, on his friend Oxford, entirely acquitting lord Bolingbroke of being in the wrong, in any of the differences subsisting between them on that score. In his first letter to lord Bolingbroke, after the queen's death, dated August 7, 1714, he says, " I will swear
" for no man's sincerity, much less that of a mi-
" nister of state: but thus much I have said, where-
" ever it was proper, that your lordship's proposals
" were always the fairest in the world, and I faith-

* The same character is given of him, in a more compendious way, in his Journal, November 3, 1711. " I think Mr. secretary
" St. John the greatest young man I ever knew: wit, capacity,
" beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an ex-
" cellent taste; the best orator in the house of commons, admirable
" conversation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a
" despiser of money. His only fault is, talking to his friends in way
" of complaint of too great load of business, which looks a little
" like affectation; and he endeavours too much to mix the fine
" gentleman, and the man of pleasure, with the man of business.
" *What truth and sincerity he may have, I know not.*"

" fully

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" fully delivered them as I was empowered: and " although I am no very skilful man at intrigue, yet " I durst forfeit my head, that if the case were mine, " I could either have agreed with you, or put you " *dans vôtre tort* *." "

We have already seen in his pamphlet of *Free Thoughts*, &c. intended to be published before the death of the queen, that he throws the whole blame of the desperate state to which affairs were brought at that time, on the lord treasurer.

After lord Oxford, the persons among the great, who seemed to have had the principal share of his affection, were lord Peterborow, and the duke of Ormond, to which he had the amplest returns from both. Of the great degree of mutual friendship which subsisted between the former and him, among many other proofs, the following short abstract from his Journal, affords a striking instance.

January 10, 1712-13, " At seven this evening, as " we sat after dinner at lord treasurer's, a servant " said, lord Peterborow was at the door. Lord " treasurer and lord Bolingbroke went out to meet " him, and brought him in. He was just returned " from abroad, where he has been above a year. As " soon as he saw me, he left the duke of Ormond, " and other lords, and ran and kissed me before he " spoke to them; but chid me terribly for not writ- " ing to him, which I never did this last time he was " abroad, not knowing where he was; and he chang- " ed places so often, it was impossible a letter should " overtake him. I do love the hangdog dearly." The circumstance of lord Peterborow's breaking from the duke of Ormond, and the other lords, to

* In the wrong.

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embrace Swift first, shows the warmth of his affection, which could make him forget all rules of decorum on the occasion; and Swift's homely expression of "*loving the hangdog dearly*," shows more clearly, than the choicest phrases could, that fondness in friendship, which nothing but the most intimate familiarity can excite *.

As to the duke of Ormond, he always speaks of him with that tenderness, which only the warmest affection can inspire; and it appears, that he was equally beloved by the duke, and had more influence with him than any man living. Beside these, he lived in the greatest intimacy with almost all the distinguished men of rank at that time; among which number were, the duke of Hamilton, lord keeper Harcourt, lord Pembroke, lord Rivers, lord Bathurst, lord Carteret, lord Lansdown, sir Thomas Hanmer (speaker), sir William Wyndham, and many others. Nor were his friendships confined only to the great, all men of genius he looked upon, and treated as his brethren. Of this number were Addison, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Prior, Pope, Gay, Parnell, Garth, Berkeley, and others of inferiour note. To promote whose interests, he chiefly used the influence he had with the great, to the utter neglect of his own, and to raise whose character and reputation in the world, he used all the means which his own high credit gave him. And he had still a sufficient stock of amity for several in the more private walks of life, whom he selected as the companions of his disengaged hours, on account of their good sense, integrity, and com-

* Swift, in a former part of his Journal, October 18, 1711, had said of lord Peterborow, "He has abundance of excellent quali-"ties, and we love one another mightily."

plaisance

plaisance of behaviour. Among the foremost of these, were, Lewis, Ford, sir Andrew Fountain, Dr. Friend, colonel Disney, captain Charlton, Domville, and many others: all men of excellent characters. Added to these, there was a considerable number in an humbler sphere, whose sole patron he was, and for whom he made ample provision, merely on account of their merit or distress, without being influenced by ties of consanguinity, or partial recommendations.

His behaviour to these different classes, showed an uncommon greatness of soul. He studiously cultivated the acquaintance of all men of genius, whom he treated with a brotherly affection; and never let them feel the superiority which his right of eldership gave him over them, but, on the contrary, either endeavoured to raise them to his own height, or placed himself on a level with them.

With his friends in private life, he was easy, familiar, indulgent, and kind.

Such as were under his protection, never felt the weight of dependence. There was no occasion for dancing attendance, or frequent importunities, he always had them in mind, and served them the instant it was in his power: nor did he expect any returns for his favours, though he was pleased when he saw marks of a grateful mind.

But to all men of rank and station, he asserted that noble independence of spirit which becomes the freeborn mind. He made no allowance for the casual superiority, which birth, or fortune, or human institutions had given them, but valued them in proportion only to that higher nobility of soul derived from God and nature. He had long beheld

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with indignation the mean condescensions and homage paid by men of genius, to scoundrels in power, and titled fools, and was determined to afford a striking example in himself of a contrary conduct, by reclaiming the rights due to superiority of talents over those of birth or fortune. In one of his Tatlers, he says, "If those who possess great endowments of the "mind, would set a just value on themselves, they "would think no man's acquaintance whatsoever a "condescension, nor accept it from the greatest, "upon unworthy or ignominious terms." But Swift was not content with this negative virtue, of not seeking their acquaintance upon improper terms, but resolved to dispute their right to that superiority over his brethren, which they had so long possessed, and put in his claim to receive that homage from them, which had always been paid them by others. Accordingly he laid it down as a rule, that he never would solicit the acquaintance of any man, let his quality or station be what it would; but that all who were desirous of the honour of being ranked among the number of his friends, should make the first advances to him. Of this we have a remarkable instance in his Journal, May 19, 1711. "Mr. secre- "tary told me, the duke of Buckingham had been "talking much to him about me, and desired my "acquaintance. I answered it could not be, for he "had not made sufficient advances. Then the duke "of Shrewsbury said he thought that duke was not "used to make advances. I said, I could not help "that; for I always expected advances in propor- "tion to men's quality, and more from a duke than "any other man. The duke replied, that he did "not mean any thing of his quality, which was "handsomely

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" handsomely said enough, for he meant his pride." In another place, July 29, 1711, he says, " I was at " court and church to day, as I was this day sennight; " I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the " drawingroom, and I am so proud I make all the " lords come up to me."

Nor was this rule confined to the men only; he demanded and received the same homage from the vainer sex also, in order to render the empire of genius and talents universal. In his Journal, October 7, 1711, he has this passage. " I saw lord Halifax " at court, and we joined and talked, and the duchess " of Shrewsbury came up and reproached me for not " dining with her: I said, that was not so soon " done, for I expected more advances from ladies, " especially duchesses: she promised to comply with " any demands I pleased; and I agreed to dine with " her to morrow, &c. Lady Oglethorp brought me " and the duchess of Hamilton together to day in the " drawingroom, and I have given her some encou- " ragement, but not much." In a letter to the duchess of Queensbury, many years after, he says, " I am glad you know your duty; for it has been a " known and established rule above twenty years in " England, that the first advances have been con- " stantly made me by all ladies, who aspired to my " acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the " greater were their advances." Nor was it for himself only that he demanded this privilege, but as far as lay in his power, would have it extended to all his brethren. When lord Oxford had desired Swift to introduce Dr. Parnell to him, he refused to do it, upon this principle, that a man of genius was a character superiour to that of a lord in high station, and

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therefore obliged my lord to introduce himself: which he did in the most courteous manner. On which occasion Swift in his Journal boastingly says, "I value myself upon making the ministry desire to "be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with "the ministry." His contemporary authors all received the benefit of this, and by following his example, in placing a proper value on themselves, were treated with more respect than ever fell to the share of their predecessors, or those who have since succeeded them. Pope acknowledges his obligation to him on this score, where he says, "The top pleasure "of my life is one I learned from you, both how to "gain, and how to use the freedom of friendship with "men much my superiours."

Nothing but the extraordinary talents of Swift, and uncommon degree of merit in a variety of ways, could possibly have made the great ones of the world descend so far from their pride, as to admit this new claim, and pay him that homage which they had always considered as due only to themselves. And indeed he seems to have been looked up to by all the world, as one of a superiour race of beings, or, like the phenix, as one who formed a class in the individual, standing alone, without a rival or competitor*. And though encompassed by a cluster of the brightest geniuses that this island ever produced at any given era, yet he stood distinguished in the circle, and as the acknowledged monarch of wit, received the voluntary

* A letter from Thomas Harley, esq., to Swift, begins thus: "Your letter gave me a great deal of pleasure: I do not mean only "the satisfaction one must always find in hearing from so good a "friend, who has distinguished himself in the world, *and formed a* "*new*

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huntary homage of his peers. And indeed among all that class of eminent writers, generally not the most humble of the human race, there was not one found vain enough to dispute his title, and all on different occasions have born testimony to the superiority of his genius. Of which many instances may be produced, both in their works, and in the course of letters which passed between them.

Having raised himself to this high rank among men, merely by his personal merit, he took care to guard it with the same jealous attention, that a monarch shows to the preservation of his prerogative. The least slight shown him, or any unbecoming treatment of him, was not to be pardoned without a due submission from the person so offending. We have already seen that he refused to be reconciled to his friend lord Oxford, upon a quarrel of that nature, in which he considered as an insult, what was intended by the other as a favour, and threatened to cast him off, if he did not make a proper apology.

He broke off with lady Giffard, one of his oldest acquaintances in life, on a similar account, and de-

" *new character, which nobody is vain enough to pretend to imitate ;* " *but, &c.*—

And the earl of Stafford, one of the proudest men of the age, addresses him in this manner;

SIR,

" To honour, and esteem, and admire you, is general to all that " know or have heard of you; but to be pleased with your com- " mands, and glad and diligent to obey them, is peculiar to your " true friends; of which number I am very desirous to be " reckoned."

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clared he would never see her again, unless she asked his pardon. In his Journal of March 27, 1711, he gives the following account of his resentment to lord Lansdown: "Society day, you know. We "were never merrier nor better company, and did "not part till after eleven. I did not summon lord "Lansdown: he and I are fallen out. There was "something in an Examiner a fortnight ago, that "he thought reflected on the abuses in his office; "(he is secretary at war) and he writ to the secre- "tary, that he heard I had inserted that paragraph. "This I resented highly, that he should complain of "me, before he spoke to me. I sent him a pepper- "ing letter, and would not summon him by a note, "as I did the rest; *nor ever will have any thing to say* "*to him, till he begs my pardon.*" Nay even with regard to his dear friend Addison, merely on account of his showing some suspicion of him, in a conversation relative to Steele, his conduct was the same; as may be seen in the following passage of his Journal. "I went to the coffeehouse, where I behaved my- "self coldly enough to Mr. Addison, and so came "home to scribble. We dine together to morrow "and next day, by invitation; but I shall not alter "my behaviour to him, *till he begs my pardon*, or else "we shall grow bare acquaintance."

I find an unwillingness to part with Swift at this period of his life, without showing him in all the various lights in which he then appeared. It is from his meridian height that we are to judge of the splendour and powerful influence of the sun; not from his feeble setting ray, obscured by mists, or intercepted by clouds. Yet it is in this last state only, he has hitherto been represented to the world, in

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in the several memoirs published of him, by those who never saw him but in his decline, and therefore have given a very unfair representation of the man. To judge of his real character, we must have recourse to the testimony of such of his contemporaries, as knew him in his most perfect state. From the accounts given by the former, the world in general have been taught to consider him in the light of a severe, morose, intractable man, abounding in spleen and ill nature. And in this opinion they were confirmed by the severity of his satire in many of his writings. But how will they be surprised to find, that by those who best knew him at the era I have been speaking of, he was as much celebrated for his good nature as his wit. Of which, among a number of others, I shall produce a few instances. Mr. Addison, in one of his letters, has the following passage: "I know you "have so much zeal and pleasure, in doing kind of- "fices for those you wish well to, that I hope you "represent the hardship of the case, in the strongest "colours that it can possibly bear. However, *as I* "*always honoured you for your good nature*, which is "a very odd quality to celebrate in a man, who has "talents so much more shining in the eyes of the "world, I should be glad if I could any way concur "with you, in putting a stop to what you say is "now in agitation." And in another place, "I am "sure a zealous friendly behaviour, distinguishes you "as much, as your many more shining talents; and "as I have received particular instances of it, you "must have a very bad opinion of me, if you do "not think I heartily love and respect you." Lady Betty Germain, daughter of lord Berkeley, who knew

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knew him thoroughly from her earliest days, says to him, in a very frank letter, wherein she attacks him with a good deal of spirit on lady Suffolk's account—"It is you ought to be angry, and never "forgive her, because you have been so much in "the wrong, as to condemn her without show of "justice; and I wish with all my heart, as a judg-"ment upon you, that you had seen her as I did, "when the news of your friend's death * came; for "though you are a proud person, yet give you "devil your due, you are a sincere, *good natured* ho-"nest one." But this quality of his was discoverable only on a nearer acquaintance; for on this, as on all other occasions, he was at more pains to conceal his virtues, than others are to display them; and to effect this, often put on the appearance of qualities directly contrary to those he possessed. One of his intimates †, writes thus to him: "You "have an unlucky quality, which exposes you to "the forwardness of those that love you, *I mean* "*good nature.* From which, *though I did not always* "*suspect you guilty of it, I now promise myself an easy* "*pardon.*"

Nor was his good nature merely of the common kind; he had a tenderness of heart which made him feel with unusual sensibility the sufferings, misfortunes, or loss of friends, and sympathize with them in their afflictions. Nor were these feelings afterward diminished or blunted by years, till the faculties of his mind were impaired, and in a great degree they outlived even those; as may be seen in many instances during his latter correspondence,

* Mr. Gay. On whose account Swift had accused lady Suffolk.
† Chiverton Charlton, captain of the yeomen of the guards.

upon

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upon the death of any of his old friends. In what agonies of mind does he give to Stella a distracted account of the stabbing Mr. Harley by Guiscard! March 1, 1711. "O dear M. D. my heart is al-"most broken. You will hear the thing before this "comes to you; I writ a full account of it this night "to the archbishop of Dublin. I was in a sorry "way to write, but thought it might be proper to "send a true account of the fact, for you will hear a "thousand lying circumstances. 'Tis of Mr. Harley's "being stabbed this afternoon at three o'clock at a "committee of the council. I am in mortal pain "for him. That desperate French villain, marquis "de Guiscard, stabbed Mr. Harley. Pray pardon "my distraction. I now think of all his kindness to "me. The poor creature now lies stabbed in his "bed, by a desperate French popish villain. Good "night, and God preserve you both, and pity me. "I want it."

His behaviour to the duchess of Hamilton, on the unfortunate death of the duke, killed in a duel by lord Mohun, affords a striking instance of a warm feeling heart. He flew to her the instant the news reached him, to administer every assistance and consolation in his power. Of which take the following account in his Journal, November 15, 1712. "They have removed the poor duchess to a lodg-"ing in the neighbourhood, where I have been with "her two hours, and am just come away. I never "saw so melancholy a scene. She has moved my "very soul. 16th. I thought to have finished this "yesterday, but was too much disturbed. I sent a "letter early this morning to lady Masham, to beg "her to write some comforting words to the poor "duchess.

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" duchess. She has promised me to get the queen " to write to the duchess kindly on this occasion; " and to morrow I will beg lord treasurer to visit " and comfort her. I have been with her two hours " again, and find her worse. Her violences not so " frequent, but her melancholy more formal and set- " tled. Lady Orkney, her sister in law, is come to " town on the occasion, and has been to see her, and " behaved herself with great humanity. They have " been always very ill together; and the poor duchess " could not have patience when people told her I " went often to lady Orkney's. But I am resolved " to make them friends; for the duchess is now no " more the object of envy, and must learn humility " from the severest master, *affliction*." Here we see that not content with what friendly offices he could do in his own person, he immediately applies to higher powers, even to royalty itself, to administer richer cordials to raise her sinking soul, and pour a more sovereign balm on her afflicted spirit. And at the same time forms a plan for her future ease and comfort, by endeavouring to make up a family breach.

The accounts he gives of the illness and death of poor Harrison, for whom he had made so noble a provision *, are manifestly the effusions of a tender heart. February 12, 1712. " I found a letter on " my table last night, to tell me that poor little " Harrison, the queen's secretary, that came lately " from Utrecht with the barrier treaty, was ill, and " desired to see me at night: but it was late, and I " could not go till to day. I went in the morning

* That of queen's secretary at the Hague, a post which lord Bolingbroke afterward bestowed on his own brother.

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"and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas "for him from lord Bolingbroke, and an order for "one hundred pounds from the treasury to be paid "him to morrow; and I have got him removed to "Knightsbridge for air. 13th. I sent to see how "he did, and he is extremely ill; and I am very "much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature "in a very honourable post, and very worthy of it. "His mother and sister attend him, and he wants "nothing. 14th. I took Parnell this morning, and "we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the one "hundred pounds in my pocket. *I told Parnell I "was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me.* "I did knock, and his man in tears told me his "master was dead an hour before. Think what "grief this is to me! I could not dine with lord "treasurer, nor any where else, but got a bit of "meat toward evening. No loss ever grieved me so "much: poor creature! Pray God Almighty bless "you. Adieu. I send this away to night, and I "am sorry it must go while I am in so much "grief *."

Indeed, during that whole period, his breast seems to have contained a perpetual spring of the purest

* Lord Bolingbroke bears strong testimony to this quality in Swift, in his letter of March 17, 1719: "I have not these several "years tasted so sensible a pleasure, as your letters of the 16th of "January and 16th of February gave me; and I know enough of "the *tenderness of your heart*, to be assured, that the letter I am "writing will produce much the same effect on you. I feel my "own pleasure, and I feel yours. The truest reflection, and at "the same time the bitterest satire, which can be made on the pre-"sent age, is this, that to think as you think, will make a man "pass for romantick. Sincerity, constancy, *tenderness*, are rarely to "be found."

benevo-

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benevolence, always flowing, and always full: and the chief delight of his life arose from doing acts of humanity, charity, generosity, and friendship. Nor content with what he could perform in that way himself, his utmost endeavours were used to diffuse the same spirit of benevolence into all with whom he was connected. He was the life and soul of that famous society of sixteen, consisting of some of the first men of the age, in point of talents, rank, and virtue. To tie them closer to each other, he made them adopt the endearing name of brothers; and to spread the circle still wider, the ladies of the several members, called sisters, and even their children were nephews and nieces. Happy were the envied few who stood in this adopted relationship to Swift, and they never failed afterward boastingly to use that title; as may be seen in several of their letters. Great was the canvassing to be admitted into that number; and the duke of Ormond looked upon it as a high honour that he was elected a member without any application on his part. "The "end of our club" (says Swift) "is to advance con- "versation and friendship, and to reward deserving "persons with our interest and recommendation. "We take in none but men of wit, or men of in- "terest; and if we go on as we begin, no other club "of the town will be worth talking of." To keep them steady to these points, and to prevent their degenerating into political meetings, Swift early opposed the admission of lord treasurer and lord keeper, who had been proposed, and they were accordingly excluded; but their sons were received in their room. There are several instances mentioned of contribu-

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contributions raised by them to relieve indigent merit, which were distributed by Swift *.

He had so far endeavoured to diffuse this spirit of benevolence among all his connexions, that lord Peterborow rallies him upon it thus in one of his letters. "You were returning me to ages past for "some expressions in my letter. I find matter in "yours to send you as far back as the golden age. "How came you to frame a system, in the times we "live in, to govern the world by love?"

He did not show at that time any of that acrimony, which he contracted afterward from disappointment, illness, and a thousand vexations multiplying on him, and increasing with his years. On the contrary, he seems by his Journal and letters to have had an uncommon flow of spirits, and a cheerfulness of temper not easily affected. Accordingly his company was eagerly sought after by all who could get access to him; and his conversation was

* Of this, among many others, take the following instances, Journal, February 12, 1712. "I dined to day with our society, "the greatest dinner I have ever seen. It was at Jack Hill's, the "governor of Dunkirk. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had "collected, and am to give them away to two authors to morrow. "And lord treasurer has promised me one hundred pounds to re-"ward some others. 13th. I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. "Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas "from lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other "authors." In that of March 30, "I was naming some time ago, "to a certain person, another certain person, that was very de-"serving, and poor, and sickly; and the other, that first certain "person, gave me one hundred pounds to give the other. The "person who is to have it, never saw the giver, nor expects one "farthing, nor has the least knowledge or imagination of it; so I "believe it will be a very agreeable surprise; for I think it a hand-"some present enough. I paid the 100l. this evening, and it was "a great surprise to the receiver."

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the delight not only of those who had a relish for wit and humour, but of those who took pleasure in the unrestrained social hour of good humour and mirth. So that he seems to have had every requisite that could excite at once the admiration and love of his friends. And indeed no man ever possessed both in a more eminent degree, and that from a large group of characters, distinguished for their rank, talents, and worth; such as are hardly to be paralleled, as coexistent at the same period, either in the history of our own country, or perhaps in that of any other. It must be allowed, that Swift was very fortunate to have lived at such a juncture, and that he was judicious in his choice; but surely it is a proof of his extraordinary merit, that they were all united in the same sentiments toward him, however they differed among each other; and that their attachment to him continued invariably the same ever after, not seeming to have suffered any diminution either from absence, length of time, or loss of power. It is from the accounts of those who knew him intimately at that period, that we are to form an idea of his real character, not from the reports or surmises of others, or such as only saw him in his decline, when little of his former self remained; there have already been many quotations given for that purpose. To close his character, I shall only add two more, from two of his most intimate friends; one from Dr. Arbuthnot, a man as remarkable for the goodness of his heart, as his fine talents; the other from Pope. The first is part of a letter written soon after the queen's death. "Dear friend, "the last sentence of your letter quite kills me. "Never repeat that melancholy tender word, that "you

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"you will endeavour to forget me. I am sure I "never can forget you till I meet with (what is "impossible) another, whose conversation I can de- "light so much in, as Dr. Swift's, and yet that is "the smallest thing I ought to value you for. "That hearty sincere friendship, that plain and "open ingenuity in all your commerce, is what I "am sure I can never find in another man. I shall "want often a faithful monitor, one that would "vindicate me behind my back, and tell me my "faults to my face. God knows I write this with "tears in my eyes."

The other is in a letter from Pope to lord Orrery, where, speaking of Swift, he says, "My sin- "cere love for this valuable, indeed incomparable "man, will accompany him through life, and pur- "sue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as "many as his works will live; which are absolutely "original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, "his charity, his condescension, his candour, are "equal to his wit, and require as good and true a "taste to be equally valued."

But Pope wrote this to a man who had no such true taste. To one, who in all his remarks on Swift's life, has endeavoured to depreciate the memory of that great man, and place all his actions in the worst light. Not content with attacking his private character, and often with the malice of an Iago (so much worse indeed as being utterly unprovoked) *turning his very virtue into pitch*, he has endeavoured to reduce his political one to the lowest line; as may be seen in the following passage. "He was elated with the appearance of enjoying "ministerial confidence. He enjoyed the shadow,

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" the substance was kept from him. He was em-
" ployed, not trusted; and at the same time that
" he imagined himself a subtle diver, who dexte-
" rously shot down into the profoundest regions of
" politicks, he was suffered only to sound the shal-
" lows nearest the shore, and was scarce admitted to
" descend below the froth at the top. Perhaps the
" deeper bottoms were too muddy for his inspec-
" tion*." I dare say his lordship, when he had finished this paragraph, looked it over with great self-complacency, and admired it as a beautiful and well turned period. But unfortunately there was not one syllable of truth in it, of which there have been already sufficient proofs given. Yet as this opinion, even upon so weak an authority, has, from the general spirit of envy, been adopted by numbers; and as some of the noblest points of Swift's character, depend upon the consideration of the high rank which he then held in the political state, I shall here adduce farther proofs of his great importance, and show, that though he was without office or rank, he was the man the most trusted, and the most employed in all political and state affairs, of any of that time.

We have already seen with what rapidity and eagerness, contrary to his usual procrastinating and reserved disposition, Harley rushed into his acquaintance, and besought his friendship. That soon after their first conversing together, he told St. John he could keep nothing from him, Swift had so much the way of getting into him †. That after a closer

* Lord Orrery's Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift.

† *Vide* Journal, Nov. 11, 1710.

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intimacy, though the most reserved man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed, that uttering his mind to Swift, gave him ease *. And that he continued ever after to repose this trust in him, may be seen in a letter from Lewis in the year 1713, supposed by the world to be the most confidential man with lord Oxford, where he says, "His mind has been communicated more freely "to you than to any other." In two months after their first acquaintance, he was admitted of the Saturday's private party, or minister's cabinet council, consisting of the lord keeper Harcourt, the earl Rivers, the earl of Peterborow, and Mr. secretary St. John; where, after dinner, they used to discourse, and settle matters of great importance, and Swift was always one of the number †. It has been shown that he stood in an equal degree of confidence with lord Bolingbroke: and no man living, no not of the ministry, stood so high in the opinion of lady Masham, the second greatest favourite of the queen, and latterly the first; of which the most unequivocal proofs have been produced, in her shedding tears openly, upon the talk of sending him to Ireland, and her last earnest letter to him before the queen's death. All the great officers of state connected with the ministry, followed their example in paying him homage. Lord keeper Harcourt told a placeman of inferiour rank, who had treated Swift with some incivility, to take care of what he did, for the doctor was not only the favourite of all the ministry, but their governor also. We have seen that lord Rivers told the

* Journal, March 4, 1710–11.

† Memoirs relating to the Change, &c. and Journal *passim*.

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printers, for whom Swift had demanded several places in his department, of considerable value, that the doctor commanded, and he must obey. We find too, that when any of the ministry themselves had a favour to ask of lord Oxford, it was through him they made their application *. It was the same too with regard to the foreign ministers †. In what light he stood with the Spanish ambassador, may be seen from the following extract from his Journal, December 21, 1712: "This "day se'nnight, after I had been talking at court "with sir William Wyndham, the Spanish am-"bassador came to him, and said he heard that was "doctor Swift, and desired him to tell me, that his "master, and the king of France, and the queen, "were obliged to me more than to any man in Eu-"rope. So we bowed, and shook hands, &c. I took "it very well of him." All state writings, the queen's speeches, addresses upon them, &c. were either entirely drawn up by him, or submitted to his correction. He had a considerable share in the famous representation of the speaker's, sir Thomas Hanmer, which made such a noise at that time, and was considered as the finest that ever was penned. In short, there was not a move made of any kind

* Journal, January 8, 1712-13. "I tell you a good thing; "there is not one of the ministry, but what will employ me as "gravely to speak for them to lord treasurer, as if I were their "brother, or his, and I do it as gravely, though I know they do "it only because they will not make themselves uneasy, or had "rather I should be denied than they."

† March 5, 1712-13. "I was at court to day, and the foreign "ministers have got a trick of employing me to speak for them to "lord treasurer, and lord Bolingbroke, which I do when the case "is reasonable."

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with relation either to publick affairs, or party matters, in which he was not consulted, and the greatest share of labour in the executive part was thrown upon his shoulders. In all this plenitude of power, he was so far from *being elated with the appearance of enjoying ministerial confidence*, that he used his best endeavours to conceal it from the world in general, though it could not be a secret to those of his own party. With this view he absented himself from lord treasurer's levees, having never appeared there but twice during their whole acquaintance. And at court he always avoided him whenever he made toward him, nor would ever be seen speaking to him there*. But it was impossible long to conceal that superiour degree of favour in which he stood with the minister. His writings, in the cause he espoused, had rendered him too conspicuous, and the adverse party were too much galled by them not to make them watchful of all his motions. He was accordingly considered by the leaders of the opposite party, as the first mover in all the ministerial measures; and many virulent speeches were made against him by name, both in the house of lords and commons, *as one who was in the secret of all affairs, and without whose advice or privity nothing was done, or employment disposed of* †. O lord Orrery! how little did you know of the true state

* January 15, 1712-13. "I was at court to day, and as lord "treasurer came toward me I avoided him, and he hunted me thrice "about the room. I affect never to take notice of him at church "or court. He knows it, for I have told him so, and to night at "lord Masham's he gave an account of it to the company; but "my reasons are, that people seeing me speak to him, causes a great "deal of teasing."

† *Vide* Swift's Memoirs relating to the Change, &c.

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of affairs at that time, when you wrote that false envious paragraph! and how utterly unacquainted must you have been with the real character of the man, whose memoirs you undertook to write, when you could suppose him so mean spirited as to be the mere tool of a ministry; and so blinded by vanity (a fault of which he had not one particle in his composition, for, as he himself has often observed, he was too *proud* to be *vain*) as not to discover whether he was *only employed, not trusted!*

Nor was his influence confined to England only, he was the chief person consulted in the affairs of Ireland, particularly during the duke of Ormond's administration, and few preferments passed, especially in the church, without his approbation. Of this there are many proofs to be found in his correspondence with the archbishop of Dublin, primate Lindsay, lord chancellor Phipps, and his own Journal *.

Having now, past all controversy, established the high degree of power and influence which he then enjoyed, beyond any that perhaps ever fell to the lot of a private person, must not the disinterested spirit

* *Vide* his letter to the archbishop, September 31, 1713. His Journal, February 1, 1712-13.

Lord primate Lindsay writes thus to him, in his letter of January 5, 1713-14. "There is a gentleman, whom I believe you must "have heard of, Dr. Andrew Hamilton, archdeacon of Raphoe, a "man of good learning and abilities, and one of great interest in "that country, whom I could wish you would move for to succeed me in Raphoe, as one that is most likely to do good in that "part of the country, of any man I know."

"And now be pleased to accept my thanks for the great services "you have done me, *and as you have contributed much to my advance-* "*ment*, so I must desire you, upon occasion, to give me your farther assistance for the service of the church."

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of Swift strike us with astonishment, when we reflect that he made no other use of these great advantages, but to promote the publick cause in which he was engaged, or to make ample provision for persons of merit, while he was utterly negligent with regard to his own fortune? It must be obvious to every one, who considers the light in which he stood, that had he been a man of intrigue, or could he have made his principles bend to the reigning policy of the court; had he not incurred the queen's displeasure, by endeavouring to counteract her adopted syſtem of government, and treating her bosom favourite with a severity never to be forgiven; nay had he only followed the lead of the minister, by acquiescing in measures which he found it vain to oppose; it must be allowed, I say, considering the immensity of his talents, the close connexion he stood in with all the leading men, the great importance he was of to their cause, and the almost sisterly affection shown him by lady Masham, that he might have aspired to the highest dignities in the church, or even, if his bent lay that way, in the state. For in those days the gown was not considered as a disqualification to ministerial offices, as we find the bishop of Bristol was made lord privy seal, and ambassador plenipotentiary. But as it was a maxim with Swift, that while the queen pursued her trimming plan, the interests of the church and state were on a sandy foundation, and that there could be no solid establishment for them, till the whigs were all turned out of their employments, and a total end put to their power; he determined not only never to fall in with the queen's measures, but on the contrary openly to oppose them. Though at the same time he must have

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been conscious that this was the most certain way to bar his own preferment.

The only employment that Swift ever asked for during all that time, was that of historiographer; and his reasons for desiring it are thus set forth, in his memorial to the queen, April 1, 1714.

"The change of ministry about four years ago, "the fall of the duke of Marlborough, and the pro- "ceedings since, in relation to the peace and treaties, "are all capable of being very maliciously represented "to posterity, if they should fall under the pen of "some writer of the opposite party, as they probably "may.

"Upon these reasons it is necessary, for the ho- "nour of the queen, and in justice to her servants, "that some able hand should be immediately em- "ployed, to write the history of her majesty's reign, "that the truth of things may be transmitted to fu- "ture ages, and bear down the falsehood of malici- "ous pens.

"The dean of St. Patrick's is ready to undertake "this work, humbly desiring her majesty will please "to appoint him her historiographer; not from any "view of the profit, (which is so inconsiderable, that "it will hardly serve to pay the expense of searching "offices) but from an earnest desire to serve his "queen and country: for which that employment "will qualify him, by an opportunity of access to "those places, where papers and records are kept, "which will be necessary to any who undertake such "a history."

We see upon what disinterested principles Swift desired this office; and he seems to have been highly provoked at his not obtaining it, laying the blame very

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very unjustly on lord Bolingbroke, as may be seen in his letter to miss Vanhomrigh, August 1, 1714. "I am not of your opinion about lord Bolingbroke, "perhaps he may get the staff, but I cannot rely on "his love to me. He knew I had a mind to be his-"toriographer, though I valued it not but for the "publick service; yet it is gone to a worthless rogue, "that nobody knows." But it appears from a letter of Dr. Arbuthnot's, July 17, 1714, that lord Bolingbroke was most hearty in his cause; where he says, "I gave your letter, with the enclosed memorial, *ca-*"*valièrement* to lord Bolingbroke. He read it, and "seemed concerned at some part of it, expressing "himself thus: 'That it would be among the eter-"nal scandals of the government, to suffer a man of "your character, that had so well deserved of them, "to have the least uneasy thoughts about those "matters." But the truth is, that it was out of my lord's power to have served him in this point, as the memorial was not put into his hands till a fortnight after the place had been disposed of *. So that it is probable it never was presented to the queen. And his friend Ford, to whom he had also communicated his suspicions of Bolingbroke, vindicates him from the charge in a letter written five days after the queen's death, where he says, "I really believe lord "Bolingbroke was very sincere in the professions he "made of you, and he could have done any thing. "No minister was ever in that height of favour, and "lady Masham was at least in as much credit, as she

* In a letter from Charles Ford, esq., to Dr. Swift, July 20, 1714, is the following passage. "I thought you had heard the historio-"grapher's place had been disposed of this fortnight. I know no "more of him who has it, than that his name is Maddocks."

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" been in any time of her life. But these are me-
" lancholy reflections."

There is a passage in a letter from Swift to Pope, January 10, 1721, relative to this office, which at first view seems to contradict what he himself had said about it, as related above. " I had indeed " written some memorials of the four last years of " the queen's reign, with some other informations " which I received, as necessary materials to qualify " me for doing something in an employment then " designed for me; but, as it was at the disposal of " a person who had not the smallest share of steadi- " ness or sincerity, *I disdained to accept it.*" But this apparent contradiction may easily be thus solved. Swift scorned to accept the employment as a favour, from the officer in whose department it was, for the reason he assigns, and would receive it only from her majesty's own appointment, to whom he therefore personally applied by memorial *.

I shall take leave of this period of Swift's life, by observing that he was thrown into the world at a most fortunate era to gratify the ruling passions of his heart. The chief pleasures of his life seem to

* The circumstance of the disposal of this post from Swift, has afforded lord Orrery an opportunity of exposing his ignorance, and invidious disposition to lower Swift's consequence to the utmost. He says, " He (Swift) knew how useful he was to administration in " general; and in one of his letters he mentions, that the place of " historiographer was intended for him, but I am apt to suspect " that he flattered himself too highly." Surely his lordship must have been either so ill informed, as to suppose this post to be a very considerable one, or that Swift was without any degree of credit. *He flattered himself too highly.* Good Heaven! that such a man as Swift, should be accused of flattering himself too highly, in expecting an employment, attended with much trouble, and without any degree either of honour or profit!

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have arisen from friendship contracted with men of worth and talents, and the society of persons of wit and genius; and never was there an era in which he could be so amply indulged with regard to both. I know there are numbers who laugh at those who speak with admiration of past times, and lament the degeneracy of the present, as idle declaimers, *laudatores temporis acti*; with which the world has constantly been furnished in all nations, from age to age; but that in reality all times have been much alike. In order that a fair comparison may be made between the period I have been speaking of, and that which followed to the present time, I shall here set down a list of the extraordinary men who then flourished together.

LIST OF LITERARY CHARACTERS.

Temple,	Garth,	Otway,
Dryden,	Steele,	Rowe,
Swift,	Wycherly,	Newton,
Addison,	Vanbrugh,	Locke,
Pope,	Southern,	Boyle,
Prior,	Young,	Berkeley,
Congreve,	Parnell,	Atterbury,
Gay,	Arbuthnot,	Tillotson, &c.

Of MEN in HIGH RANK.

Duke of Marlborough,
Lord Peterborow,
Lord Oxford,
Lord Bolingbroke,
Lord Bathurst,

Lord

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Lord Carteret,
Duke of Argyll,
Lord Anglesea,
Earl of Dorset,
Lord Roscommon,
Lord Halifax,
Sir William Wyndham,
Sir Thomas Hanmer.

Beside many others that might be mentioned, of no small note. When they who are advocates for the above opinion, shall attempt to draw out a list of names in the present times, to be put in competition with these, they will soon be obliged to confess and retract their errour.

SECTION V.

From his return to IRELAND to his DEATH.

IMMEDIATELY after the decease of the queen, Swift returned to Ireland, where he found things in the highest ferment: the whigs all in triumph, threatening vengeance on the whole body of the desponding tories, as soon as power should come into their hands. However violent the proceedings of the whigs in England might afterward be, their animosity against the opposite party was moderate, in comparison with the hatred which their brethren of Ireland bore to the tories. All the stories fabricated

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cated in England by the whigs, of an intention to bring in the pretender by the late ministry, and which were only calculated for the more violent of their party, and the vulgar, were universally and implicitly believed in Ireland. The dreadful and detested days of James II, of which there were still so many living witnesses in that kingdom, and in which the whole body of protestants suffered so much, came fresh into their minds, and raised the utmost abhorrence of all who were supposed to be abettors of such a measure. They were taught to consider the word tory and jacobite, as synonymous terms; and as Swift was known to have been highly in the confidence of the late ministry, he was of course supposed to have been deeply concerned with them in the plot of bringing in the pretender. Being the only one then in Ireland, against whom a charge could be made of having an immediate hand in such a design, he became the chief object upon which the madness of party vented its rage. He was constantly insulted with opprobrious language as he walked the streets, and some of the more violent, used to take up dirt from the kennel to throw at him as he passed along; insomuch, that he was obliged never to go abroad without servants armed to protect his person. Nor was it from the lower class of people only, that he met with such insults; but those of a higher rank, in proportion as they were actuated by the virulence of party, or wished to make a merit to themselves with the governing powers, took all opportunities of treating him with the utmost indignity. Of this I have a strong instance now before me, in a paper drawn up by Swift himself. The title of it is, "The Dean of St. Patrick's Petition to the House

"of

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" of Lords against Lord Blaney:" and on the inside: " To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and " Temporal, in Parliament assembled."

" The humble PETITION of JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D. and Dean of the Cathedral of St. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

" Most humbly showeth,

" THAT your petitioner is advised by his physicians, on account of his health, to go often on horseback; and there being no place, in winter, so convenient for riding, as the strand toward Howth, your petitioner takes all opportunities that his business or the weather will permit, to take that road. That in the last session of parliament, in the midst of winter, as your petitioner was returning from Howth with his two servants, one before, and the other behind him, he was pursued by two gentlemen in a chaise, drawn by two high mettled horses, in so violent a manner, that his servant, who rode behind him, was forced to give way, with the utmost peril of his life: whereupon your petitioner made what speed he could, riding to the right and left above fifty yards to the full extent of the said road; but the two gentlemen driving a light chaise, drawn by fleet horses, and intent upon mischief, turned faster than your petitioner, endeavouring to overthrow him. That by great accident your petitioner got safe to the side of a ditch, where the chaise could not safely pursue; and the two gentlemen stopping their career, your petitioner mildly expostulated with them; whereupon one of the gentlemen

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tlemen said, Damn you, is not the road as free for us as for you? and calling to his servant who rode behind him, said, Tom (or some such name) is the pistol loaden with ball? To which the servant answered, yes, my lord, and gave him the pistol. Your petitioner often said to the gentleman, pray, sir, do not shoot, for my horse is apt to start, by which my life may be endangered. The chaise went forward, and your petitioner took the opportunity to stay behind. Your petitioner is informed, that the person who spoke the words above-mentioned, is of your lordships house, under the style and title of lord Blaney; whom your petitioner remembers to have introduced to Mr. secretary Addison, in the earl of Wharton's government, and to have done him other good offices at that time, because he was represented as a young man of some hopes, and a broken fortune. That the said lord Blaney, as your petitioner is informed, is now in Dublin, and sometimes attends your lordships house. And your petitioner's health still requiring that he should ride, and being confined in winter to go on the same strand, he is forced to inquire from every one he meets, whether the said lord be on the same strand; and to order his servants to carry arms to defend him against the like, or a worse insult, from the said lord, for the consequences of which your petitioner cannot answer.

" Your petitioner is informed by his learned council, that there is no law now in being, which can justify the said lord, under colour of his peerage, to assault any of his majesty's subjects on the king's highway, and put them in fear of their lives, without provocation, which he humbly conceives, that by

by only happening to ride before the said lord, he could not possibly give.

"Your petitioner, therefore, doth humbly implore your lordships in your great prudence and justice, to provide that he may be permitted to ride with safety on the said strand, or any other of the king's highways, for the recovery of his health, so long as he shall demean himself in a peaceable manner, without being put into continual fears of his life by the force and arms of the said lord Blaney."

But nothing hurt Swift so much, as the many instances of ingratitude he experienced in those who were highly indebted to him, while he was in power. It has been already shown, that he made it a point with the ministry in England, that no man of genius or merit, should be turned out of employment on account of party: the same maxim he extended to Ireland, where he preserved several in their places, who, but for his interposition, would infallibly have lost them. Of this many instances occur in the course of his letters. In one to the archbishop of Dublin, written in 1713, when his influence was at the highest, he says, "I have "suffered very much for my tenderness to some per- "sons of that party, which I still preserve; it would "be endless to recount to your grace the reproaches "that have been made me, on account of your "neighbour." And in another, "Neither did I "ever fail to interpose in any case of merit or com- "passion, by which means several persons in Eng- "land, and some in this kingdom, kept their em- "ployments; for I cannot remember my lord Ox- "ford

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" ford ever refused me a request of that kind." He therefore thought it extremely hard, that after such instances of favour shown to numbers of that party, he should be particularly marked out as the chief object of their resentment: or, as he himself expresses it in the same letter, " If my friendship " and conversation were equally shown among those " who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at " court, and that I was known to be a common " friend of all deserving persons of the latter sort, " when they were in distress; I cannot but think " it hard, that I am not suffered to run quietly " among the herd of people, whose opinions unfor- " tunately differ from those which lead to favour " and preferment." But Swift, by his great abilities exerted in the cause of the late ministry, had rendered himself so obnoxious to the new men in power, that even to be of his acquaintance, would, in those days, have been a sure bar to promotion. Of this, there is a singular instance communicated to me among other anecdotes taken down at that time by a friend of the dean's. Swift, in the height of party ferment, having some occasion to apply to sir Thomas Southwell, who was one of the commissioners of the revenue, and with whom he had lived on the footing of the greatest intimacy, was much shocked by an anſwer he made him: " I'll " lay you a groat (a usual cant expression of sir Thomas's) " Mr. dean, I don't know you." Some years after, when the spirit of party was a good deal abated, sir Thomas, who was then lord Southwell, riding on the strand, and observing the dean on horseback a little before him, lamented to one of his company the ill effects of party; among which he

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reckoned the loss of that worthy man's acquaintance, meaning the dean: but I'll try, said he, to recover it. When he overtook the dean, he asked him how he did. "I'll lay you a groat, my lord," says Swift, "I don't know you."

In such a situation of affairs, Swift chose the most prudent part, that of retiring wholly from the world, and employing himself chiefly in the care of his deanery, in the discharge of his duty as a clergyman, and arranging his domestick affairs, without once casting his eye toward the publick. In a letter to Pope, dated January 10, 1721, he gives this account of himself: "In a few weeks after the loss of "that excellent princess, I came to my station here, "where I have continued ever since in the greatest "privacy, and utter ignorance of those events which "are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the family "which now reigneth, farther than the prayer "book informeth me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are secretaries, nor with what nations "we are in peace or war. And this manner of life "was not taken up out of any sort of affectation, "but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of "provoking party zeal *." But though in this Swift

* The following anecdote taken down at the time by the same gentleman who communicated the former to me, will show how cautious Swift was in his behaviour at that juncture, for fear of provoking party zeal, and at the same time afford an instance of his peculiar vein of humour. Among other tyrannical acts of the whigs, in the first parliament of George I, such members of the house of commons as had voted for an address in favour of sir Constantine Phipps, were ordered to beg pardon of the house. This order was generally complied with. Three who refused were taken

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Swift acted the part of a philosopher, yet no one could feel more for the distresses of his former friends, and the uncomfortableness of his own situation. In a letter to Pope, June 28, 1715, he says, "You know how well I loved both lord Oxford and "Bolingbroke, and how dear the duke of Ormond "is to me: and do you imagine I can be easy "while their enemies are endeavouring to take off "their heads? *I nunc, & versus tecum meditare canoros.* "Do you imagine I can be easy, when I think on "the probable consequences of these proceedings, "perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but "certainly of the minds of so many hundred thou-"sand good subjects?" And in one to Mr. Gay, he says, "I was three years reconciling myself to the "scene, and the business, to which fortune hath "condemned me, and stupidity was that I had re-

taken into custody of the ferjeant at arms: sir Pierce Butler, Mr. Matthew Ford, and Mr. Robert Cope. Swift, visiting Cope one day, found Povey the serjeant at arms, who was a perfect stranger to Swift's person, sitting with him. After some conversation, Swift asked Cope whether he did not intend to go out that morning, as it was a fine day. Cope said he could not stir out, he was confined. Swift asked, had he taken physick? Cope said, no, but that he was confined by the parliament, and was then in custody of the serjeant at arms. Swift, with an air of perfect ignorance, and simplicity, inquired the meaning of that, as if he had never heard of a serjeant at arms, or of any such power in the parliament; and soon after took his leave. When he was gone, Povey said it would be well for the church and the kingdom, if the clergy minded state affairs as little as that honest gentleman, who he durst say, was a good parish minister, residing at his living, and minding his own affairs, without troubling his head about those of the publick. Pray what is his name? Swift. Is he any relation of the dean of St. Patrick's? The very man, says Cope. The very man! replied Povey; damn him, he has bit me, and left the room in some confusion.

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" course to." In another to the same, he gives this account of himself: " I would describe to you my " way of living, if any method could be called so " in this country. I choose my companions among " those of least consequence, and most compliance: " I read the most trifling books I can find, and " when I write, it is upon the most trifling sub- " jects: but riding, walking, and sleeping, take up " eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrasti- " nate more than I did twenty years ago, and have " several things to finish, which I put off to twenty " years hence." In this manner did he pass seven years of his life from his arrival in Ireland, little known there as an author, except on account of his political writings, which, in that change of times rendered him an object of general detestation. There had been then no collection made of his works, and his detractors in England had robbed him of the merit of his principal work, The Tale of a Tub, by denying him to be the author. Many calumnies were industriously propagated against him, taken from the writings of the hirelings on the whig side, whereof the number was so great, that Swift in one place says, that there were upward of a thousand papers and pamphlets published against him in the space of a few years. But wrapped in the consciousness of his integrity, he had the fortitude to treat all this with silent contempt. To counterbalance the ill treatment he met with from the publick, he, by degrees, contracted an intimacy with a select few, who had taste to relish the author, and virtue to admire the man*. He had also the

* In a passage above quoted from his letter to Gay, where he says, " I choose my companions among those of least consequence, " and

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the supreme satisfaction of constantly enjoying the society of the amiable and accomplished Stella, whose conversation,

" and most compliance," we are to understand only such humble friends as were always at his devotion, to be let in, or sent away without ceremony, according as he was in the humour. It was probably this passage, which furnished lord Orrery with an occasion of exercising his usual disposition to depreciate the dean as much as possible, in the following paragraphs: " After the great " names, which I have just now mentioned, it is matter of " astonishment to find the same person, who had enjoyed the " highest and the best conversation, equally delighted with the " lowest and the worst; and yet it is certain, from Swift's settle- " ment in Dublin as dean of St. Patrick's, his choice of compa- " nions in general, showed him of a very depraved taste."

" From the year 1714, till he appeared in the year 1720, a " champion for Ireland against Wood's halfpence, his spirit of po- " liticks and of patriotism was kept almost closely confined within " his own breast. Idleness and trifles engrossed too many of his " hours: fools and sycophants too much of his conversation."

His answerer, Dr. Delany, fired with indignation at this false charge, replies to him in the following manner:

" My lord, you have been so grossly abused, in the accounts " which dictated those two paragraphs to you, that I am almost " ashamed to set you right.

" The meanest man I ever heard of his conversing with during " that period, was Mr. Worrall, a clergyman, a master of arts, a " reader and vicar of his cathedral, and a master of the song. He " was nearly of his own standing in the college; a good walker, a " man of sense, and a great deal of humour. Mr. Worrall's situ- " ation in the church, naturally engaged his attendance upon the " dean, every time he went thither: and their walks naturally " ended either in the dean's dining with him, or he with the " dean. But as the dean was a single man, the former happened " more frequently: and this intercourse at last ended in the dean's " dining with him, as often as he pleased, at a certain rate, and in- " viting as many friends as he pleased upon the same terms."

The doctor then proceeds to relate his intimacy with the Grattans, a numerous race of brothers, all in affluent or easy circumstances, a set of men as generally acquainted, and as much beloved, as any one family in the nation. After a particular description of each of these,

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conversation, by his own account, was the most engaging of any he had ever met with, either in

he proceeds thus: "These, my lord, were men of open hearts, and "free spirits: who as little deserved, and as much disdained the cha- "racter and office of sycophants, as any nobleman of yours, or any "nation. And yet these, with their allies, the Jacksons, &c. gen- "teel, agreeable, and well bred men and women, were the compa- "nions of many of Swift's easiest and happiest hours: such compa- "nions, as no wise man ever wanted, or at least would want, if he "could help it; any more than he would his night gown, his couch, "or his easy chair."

"Whether the Grattans led Swift, or he them, into the acquaint- "ance of their friends, George Rochfort, and Peter Ludlow, I can- "not say. But this I know, that he lived much with those gen- "tlemen, and cultivated their friendship with a very distinguished "affection, and esteem; and it is certain, that they well deserved "the highest regard and distinction he could pay them.

Quales animæ neque candidiores terra tulit,
Nec queis te magis optasses amicum.
Such souls! more candid never earth produced,
Nor whom you could more wisely wish your friends.

"They were men of fortune, scholars, men of parts, men of "humour, men of wit, and men of virtue. Greater companions "Swift might have conversed with, but better he neither did, nor "could.—Let me add to these another gentleman, for whom the "dean had a particular esteem, Matthew Ford, a man of family and "fortune; a fine gentleman, and the best lay scholar of his time and "nation. These, with the fellows of the college, Dr. Walmsley, "Dr. Helsham, Dr. Delany, Mr. Stopford (now bishop of Cloyne) "and Dr. Sheridan, among the men; and lady Eustace, Mrs. "Moore, lady Betty Rochfort, and Mrs. Ludlow, ladies suffi- "ciently distinguished, of the other sex; were, with Stella, and her "friends, Swift's principal acquaintance and companions, during "the period you mention, and treat as the era of his infamy.

"I might mention some others of very distinguished characters, "who made up, I will not say, that admired, but I can say with "truth, that envied society, in which Swift passed his life at "that period. But I hope I have already said sufficient to set you "right."

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man or woman. And he found in Dr. Sheridan, that beſt cordial of life, a bosom friend, to whom he could open himself without restraint, in all humours, and who was peculiarly calculated for the *bagatelle*, of which Swift at that time professed himself so fond, as the only means of keeping up his spirits in the gloom that surrounded him. He had the pleasure of hearing often from his former friends, whose letters breathed the same cordial affection, and high esteem which they always professed for him. Among this number were lord Bolingbroke, lord Harley, Mr. Addison, Dr. Arbuthnot, Prior, Pope, Lewis, &c. the duchess of Ormond, and lady Bolingbroke. In the year 1715, when lord Oxford was committed to the Tower, Swift wrote pressingly to him that he might be permitted to attend him there. His letter begins thus: "My lord, it may look like an "idle or officious thing in me, to give your lordship "any interruption under your present circumstances: "yet I could never forgive myself, if, after having been "treated for several years with the greatest kindness "and distinction, by a person of your lordship's "virtue, I should omit making you at this time "the humblest offers of my poor service and at-"tendance. It is the first time I ever solicited "you in my own behalf; and if I am refused, it "will be the first request you ever refused me." But lord Oxford, however desirous he might be of the presence of such a friend, whose conversation might contribute more than any thing in the world to soften the rigour of confinement, was too generous to put him to such an inconvenience on that account. Yet immediately on his release from the Tower, he expressed his desire of seeing him in

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England, if it might be consistent with his affairs; in a letter full of the warmest expressions of friendship and affection.

" August 6, 1717.

" Two years retreat has made me taste the con-
" versation of my dearest friend, with a greater re-
" lish than ever, at the time of my being charmed
" with it in our frequent journies to Windsor. My
" heart is often with you, but I delayed writing in
" expectation of giving a perfect answer about my
" going to Brampton; but the truth is, the warmth
" of rejoicing in those parts, is so far from abating,
" that I am persuaded by my friends to go into
" Cambridgeshire, where you are too just not to
" believe you will be welcome before any one in the
" world. The longing your friends have to see you
" must be submitted to the judgment yourself makes
" of all circumstances. At present this seems to be
" a cooler climate, than your island is like to be
" when they assemble, *&c.* Our impatience to see
" you, should not draw you into uneasiness. We
" long to embrace you, if you find it may be of
" no inconvenience to yourself.

" OXFORD."

Lord Bolingbroke's letters during his exile, are not inferiour to lord Oxford's in expressions of the highest regard and friendship. In that of October 23, 1716, are the following passages. " It is a
" very great truth, that among all the losses which
" I have sustained, none affected me more sensibly,
" than that of your company and correspondence; and
" yet, even now, I should not venture to write to
" you, did not you provoke me to it. Your letter
" breathes

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" breathes the same spirit, as your conversation at " all times inspired, even when the occasions of " practising the severest rules of virtuous fortitude " seemed most remote. Adieu, dear friend; may " the kindest influence of Heaven be shed upon you. " Whether we may ever meet again, that Heaven " only knows: if we do, what millions of things " shall we have to talk over! In the mean while, " believe that nothing sits so near my heart, as my " country, and my friends, and that among these, " you ever had, and ever shall have, a principal " place."

In another letter he says, " I know not whether " the love of fame increases as we advance in age; " sure I am, that the force of friendship does. I " loved you almost twenty years ago; I thought of " you as well as I do now; better was beyond the " power of conception; or, to avoid an equivoque, " beyond the extent of my ideas."

In the year 1717, Swift received a letter from Lewis, giving him an account of the distressed situation of Prior's affairs, and of a design set on foot by his friends to publish his works by subscription, in order to his relief. This gave him an opportunity of exerting that zeal, for which he was so remarkable, whenever the cause of his friend, or distressed merit, called upon him. Upon this occasion he made use of all his influence to so good purpose, that in a few months he sent him such a large list of subscribers, that Prior was astonished at it. His earnestness to serve him, and to give him accounts of his success in his solicitations, appears from the quick succession of letters sent by him on the occasion. Prior, in answer to these, begins his letter of July 30,

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30, 1717, thus: "I have the favour of four letters "from you, of the 9th, 13th, 16th, and 20th in- "stant," and he concludes his letter thus: "Pray "give my service to all friends in general. I think, as "you have ordered the matter, you have made the "greater part of Ireland list themselves under that "number. I do not know how you can recompense "them, but by coming over to help me correct the "book which I promised them."

What an instance is here of the vicissitudes in human affairs, when a man who had been ambassador plenipotentiary to the court of France, should, in the space of a few years, be reduced to such a sorry expedient (as Swift terms it) to keep him above want!

During this period, Swift's pen seems to have been thrown aside, or employed only in trifles, except two tracts drawn up by him soon after his settlement in Ireland: the one, entitled, "Memoirs "relating to that Change which happened in the "Queen's Ministry in the Year 1710." Written in October 1714. The other, "An Inquiry into "the Behaviour of the Queen's last Ministry, with "relation to their Quarrels among themselves, and "the Design charged upon them of altering the Suc- "cession of the Crown." His view in these was, to lay open all the springs which moved the political machine during that period; and to exonerate the ministry from that heavy charge, so loudly and generally made against them, of a design to bring in the pretender. As he was a man more in the confidence of that ministry, than any other in the world: of a sagacity not easily to be duped; a sincerity incapable of being biassed, and of most undoubted

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doubted veracity; there was no one living so capable of executing such a task. And when we examine the strength of argument with which he has supported his positions; when we reflect that these tracts were drawn up without any view of their being published till after his death, and therefore could answer no private end, the impartial world will necessarily be of his side. Confident assertions, and loud clamours of a party, unsupported by any proofs, though sought for with all the diligence of persevering malice and revenge; however they may spread for a time through the spirit of faction, will never prevail with an unprejudiced posterity, against conclusive arguments, supported by established facts. To enlighten posterity with regard to those points, for he had no hopes of the present age, was Swift's motive for leaving those pieces behind him, and no doubt his end will be answered.

During almost six years after his return to Ireland, Swift kept his resolution of not meddling at all with publick affairs. He saw with indignation the cruel oppression under which his country laboured, and with the deepest concern, the miserable state to which it was reduced. But as he knew that all efforts to stem the torrent, during the violence of party, would be fruitless, he prudently waited till it had spent its force. In the year 1720, when the ferment seemed to have subsided, he published his first political tract relative to Ireland, entitled, *A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures.* In which he cautiously avoids touching upon party matters, and points out to the people of Ireland, that a great

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great part of their poverty and distress was owing to their own folly, and that the remedy was in their own hands. Of this pamphlet, and the consequences produced from it, he has given the following account in a letter to Pope. " I have written in this king-
" dom, a discourse to persuade the wretched people
" to wear their own manufactures, instead of those
" from England: this treatise soon spread very fast,
" being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole na-
" tion, except of those gentlemen who had employ-
" ments, or were expectants. Upon which a person
" in great office here, immediately took the alarm;
" he sent in haste for the chief justice, and informed
" him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet,
" lately published with a design of setting the two
" kingdoms at variance; directing at the same time,
" that the printer should be prosecuted with the ut-
" most rigour of the law. The chief justice has so
" quick an understanding, that he resolved, if pos-
" sible, to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the
" county and city were effectually practised with, to
" represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating
" epithets, for which they had thanks sent them
" from England, and their presentments published,
" for several weeks, in all the news papers. The printer
" was seized, and forced to give great bail. After his
" trial, the jury brought him in not guilty, although
" they had been culled with the utmost industry:
" the chief justice sent them back nine times, and
" kept them eleven hours; until being perfectly
" tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to
" the mercy of the judge, by what they call *a special*
" *verdict*. During the trial, the chief justice, among
" other

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" other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and " protested solemnly, that the author's design was to " bring in the pretender, although there was not a " single syllable of party in the whole treatise; and " although it was known that the most eminent of " those who professed his own principles, publickly " disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being " so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the " verdict was deferred from one term to another, " until upon the duke of Grafton's, the lord lieute- " nant's arrival, his grace, after mature advice, and " permission from England, was pleased to grant a " *noli prosequi.*"

From this experiment Swift learned that the embers of party, however concealed under ashes, might be revived with the least breath, and blown into a blaze. He therefore withdrew into his former retirement, after having taken ample vengeance on the chief justice, by exposing him in the most odious colours, and rendering him an object of general detestation. But whatever efforts he used to subdue his indignation at the cruel acts of oppression and injustice under which his country laboured, by confining it within his own breast, yet his heart was constantly corroded with the scenes of misery which surrounded him; and his patriotick spirit, thus confined, proved only as an evil one to torment him. Of the effect which this had on his temper, we have many instances in his letters. Dr. Delany mentions a remarkable one, who calling on him one day, when upon some occasion he seemed in an uncommon state of irritation, being asked by Swift, " Whether " the corruptions and villanies of men in power, did " not eat his flesh, and exhaust his spirits?" Answered,

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swered, "that in truth they did not:" he then asked in a fury "why—why—how can you help "it? how can you avoid it?" Delany calmly replied, "because I am commanded to the contrary.—"*Fret not thyself because of the ungodly.*"

As no work of his has appeared written during the space of near four years after his publishing the abovementioned pamphlet, it is highly probable that his leisure hours were wholly employed in writing Gulliver's Travels. In which general satire on the vices, follies, and absurdities of mankind, he gave vent to that spleen, which was in a continual state of irritation from the objects that surrounded him.

In the year 1724, an opportunity offered, which he eagerly embraced, of dispersing those clouds, behind which he had so long been concealed, and of blazing forth in higher lustre than ever. At that time a project was set on foot by one William Wood, an obscure man, which, had it succeeded, would have ended in the total, and perhaps irretrievable ruin of Ireland. A patent was granted to this man, in a most extraordinary manner, for coining halfpence for the use of Ireland, without consulting any mortal of that kingdom, or even giving any previous notice of it to the lord lieutenant. Justly alarmed at the consequences to be apprehended from this, and fired with resentment at the indignity with which they were treated, the parliament, privy council, grand juries, and numerous bodies of the inhabitants throughout the kingdom, sent over strong remonstrances against this proceeding, but all to no purpose. The British minister, who had his own views in promoting this favourite project, determined to support the patent; and being then possessed of the

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same plenitude of power, with all the insolence of a Turkish vizier, was deaf to the remonstrances of the nation, and resolved to cram the halfpence down their throats. Though to be master of the subject, it will be necessary to read all that Swift has written upon it, yet it may not be amiss here to give a general idea of the case, in an extract from a most masterly address to both houses of parliament drawn up by him on the occasion. "There is one particu-" lar, which although I have mentioned more than " once in some of my former papers, yet I cannot " forbear to repeat, and a little enlarge upon it; " because I do not remember to have read or heard " of the like, in the history of any age or country; " neither do I ever reflect upon it without the utmost " astonishment.

" After the unanimous addresses to his sacred " majesty against this patent of Wood, from both " houses of parliament; and likewise an address from " the privy council, to whom, under the chief gover-" nors the whole administration is entrusted, the " matter is referred to a committee of council in " London. Wood and his adherents are heard on " one side, and a few volunteers, without any trust " or direction from hence. The question, as I re-" member, chiefly turned upon the want of halfpence " in Ireland: witnesses are called on behalf of Wood, " of what credit I have formerly shown: upon the " issue the patent is found good and legal; all his " majesty's officers here, not excepting the *military*, " commanded to be aiding and assisting to make it " effectual: the address of both houses of parliament, " of the privy council, and of the city of Dublin; " the declarations of most counties and corporations

" through

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" through the kingdom, are all together laid aside, " as of no weight, consequence, or consideration " whatsoever, and the whole kingdom of Ireland non- " suited in default of appearance; as if it were a pri- " vate cause between *John Doe*, plaintiff, and *Richard* " *Roe*, defendant.

" With great respect to those honourable persons, " the committee of council in London, I have not " understood them to be our governors, counsellors, " or judges. Neither did our case turn at all upon " the question, whether Ireland wanted halfpence: " for there is no doubt but we do want both half- " pence, gold, and silver; and we have numberless " other wants, and some that we are not so much as " allowed to name, although they are peculiar to " this nation; to which, no other is subject, " whom God hath blessed with religion and laws, " or any degree of soil and sunshine: but for " what demerits on our side, I am altogether in the " dark.

" But I do not remember that our want of half- " pence, was either affirmed or denied, in any of our " addresses, or declarations against those of Wood. " We alleged the fraudulent obtaining and execut- " ing of his patent; the baseness of his metal; and " the prodigious sum to be coined, which might be " increased by stealth, from foreign importation, and " his own counterfeits, as well as those at home; " whereby we must infallibly lose all our little gold " and silver, and all our poor remainder of a very " limited and discouraged trade. We urged that the " patent was passed without the least reference hi- " ther; and without mention of any security given by " Wood to receive his own halfpence upon demand,

" both

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" both which are contrary to all former proceedings " in the like cases.

" But in the name of God, and of all justice and " piety, when the king's majesty was pleased that " this patent should pass, is it not to be understood " that he conceived, believed, and intended it as a " gracious act, for the good and benefit of his sub- " jects, for the advantage of a great and fruitful " kingdom; of the most loyal kingdom upon earth, " where no hand or voice was ever lifted up against " him; a kingdom, where the passage is not three " hours from Britain, and a kingdom where the pa- " pists have less power and less land than in England? " Can it be denied or doubted, that his majesty's " ministers understood, and proposed the same end; " the good of this nation, when they advised the " passing of this patent? Can the person of Wood be " otherwise regarded, than as the instrument, the me- " chanick, the head workman, to prepare his furnace, " his fuel, his metal, and his stamps? If I employ a " shoeboy, is it in view to his advantage, or to my " own convenience? I mention the person of " William Wood alone, because no other appears, " and we are not to reason upon surmises, neither " would it avail, if they had a real foundation.

" Allowing therefore, for we cannot do less, that " this patent for the coining of halfpence, was wholly " intended by a gracious king, and a *wise publick-* " *spirited ministry*, for the advantage of Ireland; yet, " when the whole kingdom to a man, for whose good " the patent was designed, do, upon the maturest " consideration, universally join in openly declaring, " protesting, addressing, petitioning against these " halfpence, as the most ruinous project that ever

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" was set on foot, to complete the slavery and de-
" struction of a poor innocent country: is it, was
" it, can it, or will it ever be a question, not whether
" such a kingdom, or William Wood should be a
" gainer, but whether such a kingdom should be
" wholly undone, destroyed, sunk, depopulated,
" made a scene of misery and desolation, for the sake
" of William Wood? God of his infinite mercy
" avert this dreadful judgment; and it is our uni-
" versal wish, that God would put it into your
" hearts, to be his instrument for so good a
" work.

" For my own part, who am but *one* man, of ob-
" scure condition, I do solemnly declare, in the
" presence of Almighty God, that I will suffer the
" most ignominious and torturing death, rather than
" submit to receive this accursed coin, or any other
" that shall be liable to the same objections, until
" they shall be forced upon me by a *law of my own*
" *country*; and if that shall ever happen, I will trans-
" port myself into some foreign land, and eat the
" bread of poverty among a free people.

" The great ignominy of a whole kingdom's lying
" so long at mercy under so vile an adversary, is
" such a deplorable aggravation, that the utmost
" expressions of shame and rage are too low to
" set it forth, and therefore I shall leave it to re-
" ceive such a resentment, as is worthy of a *par-*
" *liament*."

Upon the first tidings of the patent's being passed in so extraordinary a manner, Swift took up the pen, and under the feigned character of M. B. drapier, represented all the fatal consequences that would necessarily attend the carrying of it into execution, in

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in so plain and clear a light, as spread a general alarm through all ranks and orders of men throughout the nation.

But as the parliament, the privy council, grand juries, and so many bodies corporate of the kingdom addressed, remonstrated, and petitioned against it, their fears were at an end, as supposing it impossible that these should not prevail. Yet what was their astonishment to find that all these, and the cry of the whole nation, were treated with the utmost contempt, and a sham inquiry set on foot by a committee of the privy council in England, which ended in sending over orders to all officers under the crown in Ireland, to be aiding and assisting to the utmost of their power in supporting Wood's patent, and giving circulation to his accursed coin. As all persons in office at that time were in the most slavish dependance on the British ministry, there were *no hopes* but that they would pay implicit obedience to the commands of their masters, especially as they could do it under colour of loyalty, as opposing the patent was called, in the language of those days, *flying in the king's face.* And if this coin was once received into the publick offices, and issued out to pay the king's troops, the affair was over. To prevent this there was but one way, which was to raise such a spirit in the whole body of the people, as to determine them never to receive one piece of this coin in payment. This he so effectually performed in a series of letters, under the same signature of M. B. drapier, which were universally read over the whole kingdom, that there was scarce an individual to be found, even down to the lowest peasant, except a few placemen, who did not form this resolution.

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And in order to bind them to it more effectually, in his second letter he drew up the following advertisement. "Whereas one William Wood, hardware-"man, now or lately sojourning in the city of Lon-"don, hath, by many misrepresentations, procured "a patent for coining a hundred and eight thousand "pounds, in copper halfpence, for this kingdom, "which is a sum five times greater than our occa-"sions require: and whereas it is notorious that the "said Wood hath coined his halfpence of such base "metal, and false weight, that they are at best six "parts in seven below the real value: and whereas "we have reason to apprehend, that the said Wood "may at any time hereafter clandestinely coin as "many more halfpence as he pleases: and whereas "the said patent neither doth, nor can oblige his "majesty's subjects to receive the said halfpence in "any payment, but leaves it to their voluntary "choice, because by law the subject cannot be "obliged to take any money, except gold or silver: "and whereas, contrary to the letter and meaning of "the said patent, the said Wood hath declared, that "every person shall be obliged to take fivepence "halfpenny of his coin in every payment: and "whereas the house of commons, and privy council "have severally addressed his most sacred majesty, "representing the ill consequences which the said "coinage may have upon this kingdom: and "lastly, whereas it is universally agreed that the "whole nation to a man, except Mr. Wood and his "confederates, are in the utmost apprehensions of "the ruinous consequences that must follow from "the said coinage; therefore we, whose names are "underwritten, being persons of considerable estates "in this kingdom, and residers therein, do unani-

"mously

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" mously resolve and declare, that we will never re-
" ceive one farthing or halfpenny of the said Wood's
" coining; and that we will direct all our tenants to
" refuse the said coin from any person whatsoever,
" of which, that they may not be ignorant, we have
" sent them a copy of this advertisement, to be read
" to them by our stewards, receivers, &c."

Numbers of these advertisements, signed by a multitude of names, together with the Drapier's Letters, were soon dispersed over the kingdom, and produced such a universal outcry in all ranks of people against this odious project, that the poor tools of power did not dare to attempt any thing in support of it. But the English minister, not at all intimidated by this violent opposition, seemed resolutely bent on carrying the point. With this view he sent over the lord Carteret, lately appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, long before the usual time of the chief governor's going to that kingdom, with directions to assemble the parliament, which had been prorogued to a distant day, soon after his arrival, revoking that prorogation, a thing very unusual. Here he was to try the common methods of securing a majority, in order to get the sanction of the Irish parliament to the measure. On his arrival, a proclamation was published by his excellency and council, offering a reward of three hundred pounds, for discovering the author of the fourth Drapier's Letter. Harding, the printer of that letter, was imprisoned, and a bill of indictment was ordered to be prepared against him. Upon this occasion Swift wrote a short paper, called *Seasonable Advice to the Grand Jury, &c.* copies of which were distributed to every person of the grand jury the evening before the bill was to be presented, and had such an effect, that the bill was

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unanimously thrown out. Upon which the same lord chief justice, who had before acted with such violence in a former prosecution of the dean's printer, in a most arbitrary and illegal manner, discharged the jury in a rage. But this proceeding, far from serving the cause which he espoused, only rendered it the more desperate, by exasperating men's minds, already sufficiently provoked. For the next grand jury that was summoned, not content with screening the friends to their country, made a violent attack upon the enemy, by the following strong presentment, drawn up by Swift, at the request of some of the jury.

"The PRESENTMENT of the GRAND JURY of the "County of the City of DUBLIN.

"WHEREAS several great quantities of base metal, "coined, commonly called Wood's halfpence, have "been brought into the port of Dublin and lodged in "several houses of this city, with an intention to make "them pass clandestinely among his majesty's subjects "of this kingdom, notwithstanding the addresses of "both houses of parliament, and the privy council, "and most of the corporations of this city against "the said coin: and whereas his majesty has been "graciously pleased to leave his loyal subjects of "this kingdom at liberty to take or refuse the said "halfpence:

"We the *Grand Jury* of the county of the city of "Dublin, this Michaelmas term 1724, having entirely "at heart his majesty's interest, and the welfare of our "country; and being thoroughly sensible of the great "discouragements which trade hath suffered by the "apprehensions of the said coin, whereof we have al-"ready felt the dismal effects; and that the currency "thereof

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" thereof will inevitably tend to the great diminution " of his majesty's revenue, and the ruin of us and our " posterity, do *present* all such persons as have at- " tempted, or shall endeavour by fraud, or otherwise, " to impose the said halfpence upon us, contrary to " his majesty's most gracious intentions, as enemies to " his majesty's government, and to the safety, peace, " and welfare of all his majesty's subjects of this king- " dom; whose affections have been so eminently dis- " tinguished by their zeal to his illustrious family, be- " fore his happy accession to the throne, and by their " continued loyalty ever since.

" As we do, with all just gratitude, acknowledge the " services of all such patriots as have been eminently " zealous for the interest of his majesty and this coun- " try, in detecting the fraudulent imposition of the " said Wood, and preventing the passing of his base " coin; so we do, at the same time, declare our ab- " horrence and detestation of all reflections on his " majesty and his government; and that we are ready " with our lives and fortunes to defend his most sacred " majesty against the pretender, and all his majesty's " open and secret enemies, both at home and abroad.

" Given under our hands, *&c.*"

Upon this presentment, followed by several others in the different counties, the affair was looked upon as desperate, and being represented in that light to the minister by lord Carteret, the patent was withdrawn, and the halfpence suppressed.

Never was greater exultation shown upon any occasion than appeared in the whole nation, upon the defeat of this infamous project; the drapier was hailed by the universal voice as the saviour of

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his country. His name resounded from shore to shore; his effigies was set up in every street; and innumerable bumpers were daily swallowed to his health.

Whoever examines the Drapier's Letters with attention will find, that the great talents of Swift never appeared in a more conspicuous light than on this occasion. He saw that a plan was formed by the British minister to bring his country into the utmost distress. Notwithstanding the apparent opposition given to it by the Irish parliament and privy council, he knew too well the servile disposition of all men in office at that time, and their abject dependance on the minister, to suppose they would continue firm in their opposition, at the certain loss of their places, if he was determined to carry the point. He saw therefore no possible means of preventing the evil, but raising such a spirit in the whole body of the people, as would make them resolve on no account whatsoever to receive this coin. His writings in the character of a drapier were in such plain language, as rendered them perfectly intelligible to the meanest capacities. His arguments were so naturally deduced, and in such an easy series, from simple and evident principles, as carried the fullest conviction to every mind. But as it was necessary to his purpose to rouse the feelings, as well as convince the understandings of mankind; without ever appearing to apply at all to the passions, he raises them to the highest pitch, by seemingly casual strokes here and there interspersed. So that the whole, on a transient view, appeared what it professed to be, the work of an honest shopkeeper, of plain common sense,

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sense, who started out of his sphere to commence writer, upon a view of the imminent danger with which his country was threatened; and who could not, now and then, in the course of his argument, suppress the honest indignation which rose in his breaſt, at the unparallelled insolence of power, in treating a great and loyal kingdom with such indignity as would have been thought intolerable, even by the inhabitants of the Isle of Man. Yet plain and simple as these writings seem to be at first view, and such as every common reader would imagine he could produce himself, upon a closer inspection they would be found to be works of the most consummate skill and art; and whoever should attempt to perform the like, would be obliged to say with Horace:

Sudet multum, frustraque laboret
Quivis speret idem.

I remember to have heard the late Hawkins Browne say, that the Drapier's Letters were the most perfect pieces of oratory ever composed since the days of Demosthenes. And indeed, upon a comparison, there will appear a great similitude between the two writers. They both made use of the plainest words, and such as were in most general use, which they adorned only by a proper and beautiful arrangement of them. They both made choice of the most obvious topicks, which, by the force of genius they placed in a new light. They were equally skilful in the arrangement and closeness of their arguments; equally happy in the choice and brevity of their alusions: each so entirely master of his art, as entirely to conceal the appearance of art, so that they seized

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seized on the passions by surprise. Nor were the effects produced by the orations of Demosthenes on the Athenians, though set off with all the advantage of a most powerful elocution, greater than what followed from the silent pen of Swift. For in a nation made up of the most discordant materials, who never before agreed in any one point, he produced such a unanimity, that English and Irish, protestant, presbyterian, and papist, spoke the same language, and had but one voice. There is one advantage indeed which Swift had over Demosthenes, in that admirable vein of wit and humour, peculiar to himself, at which the other often made unsuccessful attempts; and of which, though sparingly, we find some shining instances scattered through those letters. One of which is so excellent, that I am tempted to present the passage to the reader. Where, speaking in the assumed character of the drapier, he says, "I am very sensible that such a work as I have undertaken, might have worthily employed a much "better pen: but when a house is attempted to be "robbed, it often happens that the weakest in the "family, runs first to stop the door. All my assistance, were some informations from an eminent person; whereof I am afraid I have spoiled a few, by "endeavouring to make them of a piece with my own "productions; and the rest I was not able to manage. "I was in the case of David, who could not move in "the armour of Saul, and therefore I rather chose to "attack this uncircumcised Philistine (Wood I mean) "with a sling and a stone. And I may say for Wood's "honour, as well as my own, that he resembles Goliah in many circumstances, very applicable to the "present purpose: for, *Goliah had a helmet of* brass

"*upon*

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" *upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail,*
" *and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of*
" brass, *and he had greaves of* brass *upon his legs, and a*
" *target of* brass *between his shoulders.*—In short he
" was, like Mr. Wood, all over *brass, and he defied*
" *the armies of the living God.*—Goliah's conditions
" of combat, were likewise the same with those of
" Wood: if he prevail against us, *then shall we be his*
" *servants.* But if it happens that I prevail over him,
" I renounce the other part of the condition; he shall
" never be a servant of mine; for I do not think him
" fit to be trusted in any honest man's shop."

Nothing showed the generalship of Swift in a higher point of view, during this contest, than his choice of ground both for attack and defence. He well knew of what importance it was to steer clear of party; and that if he had attacked the British minister as the real author, promoter, and abettor of this project, he would immediately have been stigmatized with the name of jacobite, and his writings of course disregarded. He therefore treated the matter all along as if there were no parties concerned but William Wood hardwareman, on the one side; and the whole kingdom of Ireland on the other. Or, as he himself expresses it, it was *bellum atque virum*, a kingdom on one side, and William Wood on the other. Nay he went farther, and finding that Wood in his several publications had often made use of Mr. Walpole's name, he takes upon him the defence of the latter in several passages of his fourth letter, which he concludes thus: " But I will now demonstrate, beyond all contra-
" diction, that Mr. Walpole is against this project
" of Mr. Wood, and is an entire friend to Ireland,
" only

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" only by this one invincible argument; that he has " the universal opinion of being a wise man, an " able minister, and in all his proceedings pursuing " the *true interest* of the king his master: and that " as his integrity is above all *corruption*, so is his *for-* " *tune* above all *temptation*." By the use of this irony, a double edged weapon, which he knew how to manage with peculiar dexterity, his argument cut both ways. To the bulk of readers it might pass for a real acquittal of Mr. Walpole of the charge brought against him, which would answer one end; and to those of more discernment, it obliquely pointed out the true object of their resentment; but this so guardedly, that it was impossible to make any ſerious charge against the author of his having such a design.

In the course of these writings, Swift took an opportunity of laying open his political principles, declaring the most zealous attachment to the protestant succession in the house of Hanover, and utter abhorrence of the pretender: by which means he removed the chief prejudice conceived against him, on account of the ill-founded charge of his being a jacobite, and opened the way for that tide of popular favour which afterwards flowed in upon him from all sides.

During the publication of the Drapier's Letters, Swift took great pains to conceal himself from being known as the author. The only perſons in the secret were Robert Blakely his butler, whom he employed as his amanuensis, and Dr. Sheridan. As Robert was not the most accurate transcriber, the copies were always delivered by him to the doctor, in order to their being corrected, and fitted for the press;

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press; by whom they were conveyed to the printer in such a way, as to prevent a possibility of discovery. It happened that Robert Blakely, the very evening of the day on which the proclamation was issued offering a reward of 300 pounds for discovering the author of the Drapier's Fourth Letter, had staid out later than usual without his master's leave. The dean ordered the door to be locked at the accustomed hour, and shut him out. The next morning the poor fellow appeared before him with marks of great contrition; when Swift would listen to none of his excuses, but abusing him outrageously, bade him strip off his livery, and quit his house that moment. "What—you villain," said he, "is it be-"cause I am in your power, you dare take these "liberties? Get out of my house you scoundrel, "and receive the reward of your treachery." Mrs. Johnson, who was at the deanery, and greatly alarmed at this scene, immediately dispatched a messenger to Dr. Sheridan, to come and try to make up matters. Upon his arrival he found Robert walking about the hall in great agitation, and shedding abundance of tears; inquiring into the cause of this, he was told that his master had just discharged him. The doctor bade him be of good cheer, for he would undertake to pacify the dean, and that he should still be continued in his place. "That is not what vexes me," replied the honest creature; "to be sure I should be very sorry to "lose so good a master, but what grieves me to the "soul is, that my master should have so bad an "opinion of me, as to suppose me capable of be-"traying him for any reward whatever." When this was told to the dean, struck with the generosity of such

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such a sentiment in one of his low sphere, he immediately pardoned him, and restored him to favour *. He also took the first opportunity in his power of rewarding this man for his fidelity. The place of verger to the cathedral soon after becoming vacant, Swift called Robert to him, and asked him if he had any clothes of his own that were not a livery; to which the other replying in the affirmative, he desired him immediately to strip off his livery, and put on those clothes. The poor fellow, quite astonished, begged to know what crime he had committed that he should be discharged—"Well—do "as I ordered you," ſaid Swift. When he returned in his new dress, the dean called the other servants into the room, and told them they were no longer to consider him as their fellow-servant Robert, but as Mr. Blakely, verger of St. Patrick's cathedral, which place he had bestowed on him, as a reward for his faithful services. The grateful creature poured forth a thousand blessings on him, and only begged as the greatest favour he could confer on him, that he might still be continued in the same station, without fee or reward, as he was sure no one could give such satisfaction to his master in the discharge of it, as himself. As he was an excellent servant, and was accustomed to all Swift's peculiarities, the proposal could not but be very acceptable to the dean; and Mr. Blakely accordingly continued to officiate in that capacity for some time, as a volunteer, without any of the badges of servitude.

* This story is told in a different manner by Mr. Dean Swift, with several improbable circumstances, which have not the least foundation in truth, as I had the account exactly as I have related it immediately from my father.

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But the master was too liberal to accept of the generous proposal made by the servant; for, though he paid him no wages, he took care by handsome presents, to make him a full equivalent.

Another anecdote, relative to these halfpence, was communicated to me by Mr. Hoffsleger, a native of Germany, then a resident merchant of some eminence in Dublin; who was a spectator of the following scene which he described to me. The day after the proclamation was issued out against the drapier, there was a full levee at the castle. The lord lieutenant was going round the circle, when Swift abruptly entered the chamber, and pushing his way through the crowd, never stopped till he got within the circle; where with marks of the highest indignation in his countenance, he addressed the lord lieutenant with the voice of a Stentor, that re-echoed through the room, "So, my lord lieute-"nant, this is a glorious exploit that you performed "yesterday, in issuing a proclamation against a poor "shopkeeper, whose only crime is an honest endea-"vour to save his country from ruin. You have "given a noble specimen of what this devoted nation "is to hope for, from your government. I suppose "you expect a statue of copper will be erected to you "for this service done to Wood." He then went on for a long time inveighing in the bitterest terms against the patent, and displaying in the strongest colours all the fatal consequences of introducing that execrable coin. The whole assembly were struck mute with wonder at this unprecedented scene. The titled slaves, and vassals of power, felt, and shrunk into their own littleness, in the presence of this man of virtue. He stood supereminent among

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among them, like his own Gulliver amid a circle of Lilliputians. For some time a profound silence ensued. When lord Carteret, who had listened with great composure to the whole speech, made this fine reply, in a line of Virgil's:

Res duræ, & regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri *.

The whole assembly was struck with the beauty of this quotation, and the levee broke up in good humour. Some extolling the magnanimity of Swift to the skies, and all delighted with the ingenuity of the lord lieutenant's answer.

When the patent was withdrawn, and of course all apprehensions about the coin were over, Swift retired to Quilca, a house of Dr. Sheridan's, in a desolate part of the country, where he passed some months in finishing and preparing his Gulliver's Travels for the press. Early in the next year 1726, he set out for England, after an absence from that country of near twelve years. He was received with all demonstrations of joy by his old friends, whose attachment to this incomparable man, seemed rather increased than diminished by absence.—They all expressed the warmest wishes that he would quit Ireland, and settle among them, and several plans were proposed to accomplish the point. Nor was Swift less desirous of returning to his own country, for he always considered it as such, being the country of his forefathers, though he happened, as he himself expresses it, to be dropped in Ireland: nor is it sur-

* Hard fortune, and the newness of my reign, compel me to such measures.

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prising that his heart yearned to pass the remainder of his days among a ſet of his old friends, who gave ſuch proofs of their unalterable attachment to him, and were, at the ſame time, in point of talents and genius, the foremost men of the age. But, however ardent their wishes might be, there were little hopes of their being fulfilled, as both he and his friends were obnoxious to those in power. Some expectations were however formed from the favourable reception he met with at Leicester House. The princess of Wales, afterward queen Caroline, set up for a patroness of men of genius, and affected to converse much with all men distinguished for literature and talents. Upon hearing of Swift's arrival in London, she immediately sent to desire to see him. Of this he gives the following account in a letter to lady Betty Germain, 1732-3.—"It "is six years last spring since I first went to visit "my friends in England, after the queen's death. "Her present majesty heard of my arrival, and sent "at least nine times to command my attendance, "before I would obey her, for several reasons not "hard to guess; and among others, because I had "heard her character from those who knew her "well. At last I went, and she received me very "graciously." As Swift was no respecter of persons, and would speak his mind with the same freedom in the face of royalty, as in the most private company, the princess, struck with the novelty of such a character, and highly entertained with his peculiar vein of humour, was never weary of sending for him both in London and Richmond; and Swift, to keep up his consequence, never once attended her but by command. Mrs. Howard, first

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lady of the bedchamber to the princess, and her chief favourite, was the person who uſually sent for him. As she was a lady of fine taste, and uncommon understanding, she soon contracted a high esteem for Swift, which was matured into a friendship, by the frequent opportunities she had of conversing with him in company with Pope and Gay, who were her great favourites. The peculiar marks of distinction shown him both by the princess and her favourite, together with the general discourse of the family at Leicester House, made his friends imagine that the first opportunity would be taken of making a suitable provision for him in England, from that quarter; and he himself, both then, and for some time after, seems to have formed some expectations of that kind, though naturally, and from his frequent disappointments in life, he was far from being of a sanguine disposition.

During his stay in England, his time was passed chiefly between Twickenham and Dawley, with his friends, Pope and Bolingbroke, where he was visited by all the old fraternity. It was then Pope published his volumes of Miscellanies, consisting of some of his own works, and Arbuthnot's, but chiefly of select pieces of Swift's. As this was the first time that any of his works were printed collectively, the sale was immense, and produced a considerable sum to Pope, who had the whole profit, as Swift was at all times above making any pecuniary advantage of his writings. During these transactions, he received several successive accounts of the desperate state of health, to which his dear friend Mrs. Johnson was reduced, and the little hopes

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hopes there were of her recovery. The distress of mind which he suffered on this occasion, together with a long fit of his old complaint, giddiness and deafness, had so totally disqualified him for society, that he stole away from his host at Twickenham, and retired into private lodgings, with an old relation for his nurse. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigue of a journey, he set out for Ireland, with the gloomy prospect of receiving the last breath of the person dearest to him in the world. However, before his departure, he took leave of the princess, who was very gracious to him, made apologies for not having some medals ready which she had promised him, and said she would send them to him before Christmas. On his arrival in Dublin, he had the satisfaction to find Mrs. Johnson on the mending hand, and her recovery, though slow, afforded the pleasing prospect of a long continuance to a life so dear to him.

During this visit to London, it was not only at Leicester House, but at St. James's also, that he met with a favourable reception; of which he makes mention in a letter to lady Betty Germain, January 8, 1732-3. "Walpole was at that time very civil "to me, and so were all the people in power. He "invited me, and some of my friends, to dine with "him at Chelsea. After dinner I took an occasion "to say, what I had observed of princes and great "ministers, that if they heard an ill thing of a pri-"vate person who expected some favour, although "they were afterward convinced that the person was "innocent, yet they would never be reconciled. Mr.

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" Walpole knew well enough that I meant Mr. " Gay.* But he gave it another turn; for he said " to some of his friends, and particularly to a lord, a " near relation of your's, ' that I had dined with " him, and had been making apologies for myself."

He afterward had an interview with sir Robert Walpole, through the intervention of lord Peterborow; of which he gives the following account, in a letter to the said earl.

† " My Lord, April 28, 1726.

" YOUR lordship having, at my request, obtained " for me an hour from sir Robert Walpole; I ac- " cordingly attended him yesterday at eight o'clock " in the morning, and had somewhat more than an " hour's conversation with him. Your lordship was " this day pleased to inquire what passed between " that great minister and me, to which I gave you " some general answers, from whence you said you " could comprehend little or nothing.

* To make this intelligible, it will be necessary to quote a former passage in that letter; where, speaking ofGay, he says, " He had " written a very ingenious book of Fables for the use of her (the " princess's) younger son, and she often promised to provide for " him. But some time before, there came out a libel against Mr. " Walpole, who was informed it was written by Mr. Gay; and " although Mr. Walpole owned he was convinced that it was not " written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, but did him a " hundred ill offices to the princess."

† Lord Peterborow, in a note to Swift, a little previous to the date of this letter, says, " Sir Robert Walpole, any morning, except " Tuesday and Thursday, which are his publick days, about nine in " the morning, will be glad to see you at his London house. On " Monday, if I see you, I will give you a farther account."

" I had

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" I had no other design in desiring to see sir Robert " Walpole, than to represent the affairs of Ireland to " him in a true light, *not only without any view to my-* " *self*, but to any party whatsoever: and because I " understood the affairs of that kingdom tolerably " well, and observed the representations he had re- " ceived, were such as I could not agree to; my " principal design was to set him right, not only for " the service of Ireland, but likewise of England, " and of his own administration.

" I failed very much in my design; for I saw he " conceived opinions, from the examples and prac- " tices of the present, and some former governours, " which I could not reconcile to the notions I had " of liberty; a possession always understood by the " British nation to be the inheritance of a human " creature.

" Sir Robert Walpole was pleased to enlarge very " much upon the subject of Ireland, in a manner so " alien from what I conceived to be the rights and " privileges of a subject of England, that I did not " think proper to debate the matter with him so " much, as I otherwise might, because I found it " would be in vain."

In the remainder of the letter, he enumerates the many intolerable burdens and grievances, under which that country laboured, and concludes it thus:

" I most humbly entreat your lordship to give this " paper to sir Robert Walpole, and desire him to " read it, which he may do in a few minutes.

" I am, *&c.*"

I thought it necessary to lay this matter at large before the publick, because, in consequence of this

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interview, all the Walpolians, and the whole party of the whigs, gave out, that Swift at that time made a tender of his pen to sir Robert, by whom the offer was rejected; and even to this day I am well informed that some of that family, and their connexions, assert it as a fact. But I would have those gentlemen consider, in the first place, what little credit they do to sir Robert's understanding, in declining the assistance of the first writer of the age, at a time when he was throwing away immense sums upon authors of mean talents. In the next place, it is to be hoped that candour will oblige them to retract what they have said, as so convincing a proof is here produced of the falsehood of the charge. For, it is impossible to suppose that Swift would have made such a representation of the interview, utterly *disclaiming all views to himself*, and desiring that it might be shown to Walpole, if the other had had it in his power to contradict it, and by so doing render him contemptible in the eyes of his noble friend, as well as of all his adherents. I have a letter before me written at that time to the Rev. Mr. Stopford, then abroad at Paris, (afterward through his means bishop of Cloyne) in which he gives the same account. "I was lately twice with the chief "minister; the first time by invitation, and the "second, at my desire, for an hour, wherein we "differed in every point: but all this made a great "noise, and soon got to Ireland. From whence, "upon the late death of the bishop of Cloyne, it "was said I was offered to succeed, and I received "many letters upon it, but there was nothing of "truth in it; for I was neither offered, nor would "have received, except upon conditions which would "never

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" never be granted. For I absolutely broke with the " chief minister, and have never seen him since. And " I lately complained of him to the princess, be- " cause I knew she would tell him." I think it is hardly probable that Swift would have complained of him to the princess, if he had such a story to tell of him. His complaint certainly related to Walpole's unjust and impolitick maxims with regard to Ireland, which was the sole subject of their discourse. And it appears that he had often in his conversations with the princess, represented the cruel hardships under which that country groaned, insomuch, that in a letter to lady Suffolk, July 24, 1731, he says, " Her majesty gave me leave, and even commanded " me, above five years ago, if I lived until she was " queen, to write to her on behalf of Ireland: for the " miseries of this kingdom she appeared then to be " concerned."

Sir Robert himself never dropped any hint of this to Swift's friends, but in appearance seemed to wish him well. In a letter from Pope to him soon after his departure for Ireland, he tells him, " I had a con- " ference with sir Robert Walpole, who expressed his " desire of having seen you again before you left us: " he said, he observed a willingness in you to live " among us, which I did not deny; but at the same " time told him, you had no such design in your " coming, which was merely to see a few of those " that you loved; but that indeed all those wished " it, and particularly lord Peterborow and myself, " who wished you loved Ireland less, had you any " reason to love England more." Whoever examines all Swift's letters at that time, will find, that he was far from having any ambitious views. His

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wish was to have a settlement among his friends; and he aimed no higher than to change his preferments in Ireland for any church living near them, that should not be much inferiour in point of income, whether accompanied with any dignity or not. And this method of commuting benefices he chose, to avoid laying himself under any obligations to a party, of whose measures he so utterly disapproved. Of this we have a striking instance in the abovementioned letter, to an intimate friend then abroad, to whom a false representation of his sentiments could have answered no end; where he declares that he would not accept even of a bishoprick, though offered him, except upon conditions, which he was sure would never be granted. In a letter about that time to Mr. Worrall, he expresses himself to the same effect. "As to what you say about promotion, you will "find it was given immediately to Maule, as I am "told, and I assure you I had no offers, nor would "accept them. My behaviour to those in power, "hath been directly contrary since I came here." Is it possible to conceive that in this disposition of mind, a man of Swift's character, should wantonly put it in the power of a person whom he knew to be his enemy, to destroy his reputation, and ruin him for ever with his friends? In short, the matter is brought to this issue. It is evident from what has been shown above, that Swift had but two interviews with Walpole, the one in publick, the other in private. To what passed in the former, there were several witnesses; to the latter, no one but themselves. Of what then passed between them, Swift has given a distinct account in a letter to lord Peterborow, which he desires might be

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be shown to Walpole. If Walpole afterward represented any thing in a different light, whose testimony is to be credited? That of a man of long tried integrity, and undoubted veracity, giving an account of a transaction, wherein he sustained a part exactly suitable to his whole character and conduct in life: or that of a wily statesman, who stuck at nothing to answer his ends, charging Swift with a fact, utterly incompatible with his well known wisdom and grandeur of mind, and which must have shown him in the light of a perfect changeling. But it does not appear that Walpole himself ever made any such charge. Nor was it necessary; his end might be better, and more securely answered without it. Hints and innuendoes were sufficient materials for his tools to work upon, and fabricate what stories they pleased, which were industriously propagated with the strongest asseverations of their truth, by all their partisans, and this was one favourite method then in use, of undermining those characters, which they could not openly assault*. I have been the

* Of this there was a strong instance given in regard to William Shippen; the honestest man, and truest patriot that then sate in the house. When Walpole found, after repeated trials, that his virtue was proof against all the offers he could make, it was given out by his emissaries, that he privately received a pension from him; and that he was permitted to act the part of a patriot, in order to keep his influence with his party, on certain occasions, that he might be of more effectual service in matters of greater concern. And this report was so industriously spread, and with such confidence, that many gave credit to it during his life. Nor were they undeceived till it was found that, after his death, this worthy man, who had lived with the utmost frugality, left no more behind him than his paternal estate, which was barely sufficient to entitle him to a seat in parliament, and fifty pounds in cash, peculiarly appropriated to the charges of his funeral.

longer

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longer on this article, because it is the heaviest charge brought against Swift, and such as would at once destroy the integrity of his character: and because there never was any calumny more industriously propagated by the whole body of the whigs, or more generally believed. And this too not among the middling class of mankind, but by persons of high rank and character. Of which I have a remarkable instance now before me, in an anecdote communicated to me by Dr. Clarke, formerly my tutor in the college, among several others collected by him relative to Swift, which is as follows: "When lord Chesterfield was lord lieutenant of Ireland, I was present at his giving an account of Swift, which, from a less creditable author, would be utterly disbelieved. He said, that to his knowledge Swift made an offer of his pen to sir Robert Walpole: that the terms were, his getting a preferment in England, equal to what he had in Ireland; and that sir Robert rejected the offer; which lord Chesterfield said he would not have done, had he been in sir Robert's place. The whole of this transaction seems extremely improbable, particularly what he added, that the person who introduced him *was the famous Chartres*." Good Heavens! Swift brought by the notorious Chartres to prostitute himself to Walpole, and this asserted as a fact by lord Chesterfield! But his lordship kept very bad company in those days: I have not the least doubt but this story was told him by Chartres, and he considered his brother gambler as a man of honour.

Swift had set out for Ireland in the month of August, and early in the November following appeared Gulliver's Travels. As he had kept a profound

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found silence with regard to this work, nor ever once mentioned it to any of his nearest friends during his stay in England, they were at first in some doubt whether it were his or not: and yet they concluded, as was done on a similar occasion, that it must be *aut Erasmi aut Diaboli.* They all wrote to him about it, considering it as his, and yet at the same time kept a reserve, as having some reasons to be dubious about it. Gay, in a letter, November 17, 1726, writes to him thus. "About ten days ago a book was pub-"lished here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which "has been the conversation of the whole town ever "since: the whole impression sold in a week; and "nothing is more diverting than to hear the different "opinions people give of it, though all agree in "liking it extremely. 'Tis generally said that you "are the author, but I am told the bookseller de-"clares he knows not from what hand it came. From "the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from "the cabinet council to the nursery. You may see "by this you are not much injured by being supposed "the author of this piece. If you are, you have dis-"obliged us, and two or three of your best friends, in "not giving us the least hint of it. Perhaps I may all "this time be talking to you of a book you have "never seen, and which has not yet reached Ire-"land; if it have not, I believe what we have said "will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, "and that you will order me to send it to you." In like manner Pope says, "Motte received the "copy, he tells me, he knew not from whence, "nor from whom, dropped at his house in the "dark, from a hackney coach: by computing the "time, I found it was after you left England, so "for

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" for my part I suspend my judgment." This proceeding of Swift's might at first view be considered as one of his whims, but that it was his constant practice in all his former works of consequence, which he sent secretly into the world to make their own way as well as they could, according to their intrinsick merit, without any advantage which they might derive from the author's reputation. Nor was he ever known to put his name to any of his publications, except his letter to lord Oxford about the English language. It is probable he took great pleasure in hearing the various opinions of the world upon his writings, freely delivered before him while he remained unknown; and the doubts of Pope and Gay, occasioned by his profound secrecy on that head, must have given him no small entertainment. However this extraordinary work, bearing the stamp of such an original and uncommon genius, revived his fame in England, after so long an absence, and added new lustre to his reputation.

In his return to Dublin, upon notice that the ship in which he sailed was in the bay, several heads of the different corporations, and principal citizens of Dublin, went out to meet him in a great number of wherries engaged for that purpose, in order to welcome him back. He had the pleasure to find his friend Dr. Sheridan, in company with a number of his intimates, at the side of his ship, ready to receive him into their boat, with the agreeable tidings, that Mrs. Johnson was past all danger. The boats adorned with streamers, and colours, in which were many emblematical devices, made a fine appearance; and thus was the Drapier brought to his landing-place in a kind of triumph,

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triumph, where he was received and welcomed on shore by a multitude of his grateful countrymen, by whom he was conducted to his house amid repeated acclamations, of *Long live the Drapier*. The bells were all set a ringing, and bonfires kindled in every street. As there never was an inſtance of such honours being paid to any mortal in that country, of whatever rank or station, Swift must have been a ſtoick indeed, not to have been highly gratified with these unexpected, unsolicited marks of favour, from his grateful fellow-citizens.

But whatever satisfaction he might have in his newly acquired popularity, and the consequential power it gave him of being of some use to his country; yet the long disgust he had entertained at the management of all publick affairs; the deplorable state of slavery to which the kingdom was reduced; the wretched poverty, and numberless miseries, painted by him so often in strong colours, entailed by this means on the bulk of the natives, and their posterity; had long made him resolve, when opportunity should offer, to change the scene, and breathe a freer air in a land of liberty. His last short visit to his friends served to whet his resolution, and revived the desire which he had of returning to a country, where, as he expresses himself in a letter to Gay, he had passed the best and greatest part of his life, where he had made his friendships, and where he had left his desires. He was at a time of life too, being then in his sixtieth year, which called for retirement, and afflicted with disorders which impaired the vigour of his mind, and gave him frightful apprehensions that the loss of his mental faculties would precede the dissolution

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of his frame. He had no ambition left, of which we find, even in his prime, he had very little, except that of the noblest kind, arising from a desire of serving the publick, and his friends, without any mixture of self. As his view was to make an exchange of his preferments in Ireland, for something like an equivalent in England, though not fully equal to them in point either of dignity or income, he thought the matter might be easily accomplished with but little intereſt; and this he had reason to hope would not be wanting, from the many hints he had received, that the princess was very desirous of bringing it to bear. With this view he kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Howard, in which several civilities, in his singular way, passed to the princess. He sent to the former a piece of Irish silk, of a fabrick peculiar to that country, which the princess, as soon as she saw it, seized on for her own use, and desired that more of the same kind might be sent over for the princesses: this commission went to him from Mrs. Howard, telling him at the same time, that she would remit the coſt, in what way he should judge safest: but Swift, as he expresses himself in a letter to lady Betty Germain, was too gallant to hear of any offers of payment. He had received several accounts from his friends, that the princess often spoke of him with great regard. Among others, Dr. Arbuthnot says, "I had a great deal of discourse with "your friend, her royal highness. She insisted "upon your wit, and good conversation. I told "her royal highness, that was not what I valued you "for, but for being a sincere, honest man, and "speaking the truth, when others were afraid of "speaking it."

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As he had nothing to detain him in Dublin, Mrs. Johnson being to all appearance in a tolerable state of health, he set out for London early in March. But first gave notice to Mrs. Howard of his intended journey. From the following paragraph in this letter, we may judge on what free terms he lived with the princess, and may form some idea of the familiar manner of his conversing with her. "I "desire you will order her royal highness to go to "Richmond as soon as she can this summer, because "she will have the pleasure of my neighbourhood; "for I hope to be in London by the middle of March, "and I do not love you much when you are there." Accordingly, on his arrival in London, he never saw the princess till she removed to Richmond; of which he gives this account in a letter to Dr. Sheridan, May 13: "I have at last seen the princess "twice this week by her own command: she retains "her old civility, and I, my old freedom." But Walpole and his party kept no farther measures with him, of which he makes the following mention in the same letter. "I am in high displeasure with "Walpole, and his partisans. A great man, who "was very kind to me last year, doth not take the "least notice of me at the prince's court, and there "has not been one of them to see me." Perhaps the consciousness of the base means they used to wound his character, might have occasioned this change in their behaviour. For had the charge laid against him been founded, it would have been a most unaccountable cause of quarrel to Swift on the side of Walpole's partisans, that he had offered his service to that party, though its being rejected, might be a just foundation of resentment on his side.

Swift

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Swift had for some time formed a design of passing some months in France for the recovery of his health, and was just upon the point of carrying it into execution, when the unexpected news of the king's death made him postpone it. As a total change of measures was expected to follow from this event, more flattering prospects were opened to him, than any he could have in view during the late reign. As the tories, upon the breach between the late king and prince, were well received at Leicester House, it was supposed they would no longer be proscribed as formerly. Swift, in a letter to Dr. Sheridan, June 24, 1727, gives the following view of the state of affairs at that time. "The talk is "now for a moderating scheme, wherein nobody "shall be used worse or better, for being called whig "and tory; and the king hath received both with "great equality, showing civilities to several, who are "openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a "dozen, that we should go in a line to kiss the king's "and queen's hands *. We have now done with re-"pining, if we shall be used well, and not baited as "formerly; we all agree in it, and if things do not "mend, it is not our faults; we have made our of-"fers: if otherwise, we are as we were. It is agreed "the ministry will be changed, but the others will "have a soft fall; although the king must be ex-"cessive generous if he forgives the treatment of "some people †."

In

* Swift says, in a letter to lady Betty Germain, that on this occasion he was particularly distinguished by the queen.

† It was generally supposed on the accession of the late king, that sir Robert Walpole would have been turned out of his employments with disgrace, as it was well known that both the prince and princess

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In the midst of this bustle, after viewing the state of things, Swift seems to have had by no means

princess had retained strong resentments against him, on account of some parts of his behaviour toward them, during the rupture between the two courts. Accordingly on the death of the old king, some immediate proofs were given that such was the intention. Sir Robert was himself the bearer of the tidings, and arriving in the night when the prince was abed, sent to desire an audience, upon business of the utmost consequence, which would admit of no delay. The prince refused to see him, and ordered him to send in his business. Upon which he gave an account of the death of the late king, and said he waited there to receive his majesty's commands. The king still persisted in refusing to see him, and bade him send sir Spencer Compton to him immediately. Sir Robert now plainly saw his downfall had been predetermined, and hastened to sir Spencer with humblest tenders of his service, begging his protection, and earnestly intreating that he would skreen him from farther persecution. When this story had got abroad, the habitation of the last minister became desolate, and the whole tribe of courtiers, as usual, crowded to the levee of the new favourite. Yet, in no long space of time afterward, to the astonishment of the whole world, sir Robert was reinstated in his posts, and appeared in as high favour as ever. Various were the conjectures of the people upon the means employed by him to supplant his competitor, and reinstate himself in full possession of his power, while the true cause of this surprising change remained a secret, and was known only to a very few: nor has it yet been publickly divulged to the world.

Soon after the accession of George the First, it is well known the whigs divided among themselves, and split into two parties in violent opposition to each other. Sunderland, Stanhope, and Cadogan, were the leaders of one side; Townshend, Walpole, Devonshire, and the chancellor, of the other. It happened at that time that the former were victorious; and the discarded party, in resentment, paid their court at Leicester House. Walpole had thought of a particular measure to distress their opponents, which he communicated to the heads of his party; it was approved of, and some of them thought that the prince should be let into it; but Walpole would by no means agree to this, and in his usual coarse way, said, "That the prince would communicate it to his wife, and that fat "a——d bitch would divulge the secret." By some means or

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means the same sanguine expectations that others of his party entertained; for he says in a letter to Dr. Sheridan, July 1, 1727.—" Here are a thousand " schemes wherein they would have me engaged, " which I embraced but coldly, because I like none " of them." And having some return of his disorder, he once more resolved for France. But, as he says himself, he was with great vehemence dissuaded from it by certain persons, whom he could not disobey. These were lord Bolingbroke, and Mrs. Howard. The former writes thus to him, in a letter June 24, 1727: " There would not be com- " mon sense in your going into France at this junc- " ture, even if you intended to stay there long enough " to draw the sole pleasure and profit which I propose " you should have in the acquaintance I am ready to

other the princess was informed of this; and it is to be supposed that the impression which so gross an affront had made on the mind of a woman, and a woman of her rank too, was not easily to be erased. *Manet alta mente repostum*, &c. After the necessary business upon the new accession had been finished, the affair of the queen's settlement, in case she should outlive the king, came n the carpet. Her majesty expected that it should be at the rate of 100,000 l. a year; but sir Spencer Compton would not agree to this, and thought 60,000 l. an ample provision, and as much as could be proposed with any prospect of success. While this dispute subsisted, sir Robert Walpole found means to acquaint the queen privately by one of his confidents, that if he were minister, he would undertake to secure to her the settlement she demanded. Upon which the queen sent him back this remarkable answer: " Go tell sir Robert that the fat a——d bitch has forgiven him." He was accordingly, soon after, by the well-known ascendency which the queen had over the king, declared first minister; and sir Spencer Compton removed to the upper house, with the title of earl of Wilmington.

This anecdote was communicated to me by the late Dr. Campbel, who was well known to have pried more into the secret springs of action, and to have had better opportunities of being informed of them, than most men of his time.

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" give you there. Much less ought you to think of " such an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity " of quitting Ireland for England is, I believe, fairly " before you." Of what passed between him and Mrs. Howard, he gives the following account in a letter to lady Betty Germain: " In a few weeks " after the king's death, I found myself not well, and " was resolved to take a trip to Paris for my health, " having an opportunity of doing it with some ad- " vantages and recommendations. But my friends " advised me first to consult Mrs. Howard, because " as they knew less of courts than I, they were " strongly possessed that the promise made me " might succeed, since a change was all I desired. " I writ to her for her opinion; and particularly con- " jured her, since I had long done with courts, not " to use me like a courtier, but give me her sincere " advice, which she did, both in a letter, and to " some friends. It was, ' By all means not to go; " it would look singular, and perhaps disaffected; " and my friends enlarged upon the good intentions of " the court toward me'." Upon this Swift gave up his intended journey, and resolved to wait the issue of the present conjuncture; though from his long acquaintance with courts, and frequent disappointments, he put no great confidence in the assurances given him. But he was soon obliged to alter his measures; for being attacked with a long and violent fit of his old complaint, and at the same time receiving alarming accounts from Ireland, that Mrs. Johnson had relapsed, with little hopes of her recovery, he set out for that kingdom, on the first abatement of his illness. Before his departure he took leave of the queen in a polite letter to Mrs. Howard, apologizing for not doing it in person in the following pas-

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sage: "I am infinitely obliged to you for all your "civilities, and ſhall retain the remembrance of them "during my life. I hope you will favour me so far "as to present my most humble duty to the queen, "and to describe to her majesty my sorrow, that my "disorder was of such a nature, as to make me inca- "pable of attending her, as she was pleased to permit "me. I shall pass the remainder of my life with the "utmost gratitude for her majesty's favours," &c.

On his arrival in Dublin he found Mrs. Johnson in the last stage of a decay, without the smallest hope of her recovery. He had the misery of attending her in this state, and of daily seeing the gradual advances of death during four or five months; and in the month of January he was deprived, as he himself expresses it, of the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend, that he, or perhaps any other person was ever blessed with. Such a loss at his time of life was irreparable. She had been trained by him from her childhood, and had been his constant companion for five and thirty years, with every merit toward him that it was possible for one human creature to have toward another. His whole plan of life was now changed, and with it all his domestick comforts vanished. The only chance he could have had of enjoying the remainder of his days with any satisfaction, would have been the carrying into execution his proposed removal to England, to live among his old friends; but he soon found that all expectations from that quarter were at an end. In this forlorn state he found himself doomed to pass the remnant of his life in exile, in a country which was one of the last he would have chosen for his abode. But his spirit was too great to give way to despondence; and deprived as he was

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was of the chief comforts which might alleviate the evils attendant on increasing years; disappointed in the only view which could make him look forward with hopes of any satisfaction or enjoyment to himself; he turned his thoughts wholly to the good and happiness of others. With this view he entered more earnestly into a twofold scene of action: one with regard to the publick at large; the other, with respect to private individuals. In the former, out of compassion to the blindness and infatuation of the people, he laid open, in a variety of publications, the chief sources of the distresses and miseries under which that unhappy country laboured; at the same time pointing out the means by which they might be alleviated, or removed. In the latter, he increased his attention to some of the best planned, and best conducted charities, that ever were supported from a private purse. In this respect, there probably was no man in the British dominions, who either gave so much in proportion to his fortune, or disposed of it to such advantage. From the time he was out of debt, after his settlement at the deanery, he divided his income into three equal shares. One of these he appropriated to his own immediate support, and his domestick expenses; which, in those cheap times, with the aid of strict economy, enabled him to live in a manner perfectly agreeable to his own ideas, and not unsuitable to his rank. The second he laid up as a provision against the accidents of life, and ultimately with a view to a charitable foundation at his death. And the third, he constantly disposed of in charities to the poor, and liberalities to the distressed. As he sought out proper objects for this, with great caution and attention, trusting little to the representation of others, but seeing every thing

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with his own eyes, perhaps no equal sum disposed of in that way was ever productive of so much good. There was one species of charity first struck out by him, which was attended with the greatest benefit to numbers of the lowest class of tradesmen. Soon after he was out of debt, the first five hundred pounds which he could call his own, he lent out to poor induſtrious tradesmen in small sums of five, and ten pounds, to be repaid weekly, at two or four shillings, without intereſt. As the sums thus weekly paid in, were lent out again to others at a particular day in each month, this quick circulation doubled the benefit arising from the original sum. In order to ensure this fund from diminution, he laid it down as a rule that none ſhould be partakers of it, who could not give good security for the regular repayment of it in the manner proposed: for it was a maxim with him, that any one known by his neighbours to be an honest, sober, and industrious man, would readily find such security; while the idle and dissolute would by this means be excluded. Nor did they who entered into such securities run any great risk; for if the borrower was not punctual in his weekly payments, immediate notice of it was sent to them, who obliged him to be more punctual for the future. Thus did this fund continue undiminished to the last; and small as the spring was, yet, by continual flowing, it watered and enriched the humble vale through which it ran, still extending and widening its course. I have been well assured from different quarters, that many families in Dublin, now living in great credit, owed the foundation of their fortunes to the sums first borrowed from this fund.

His reputation for wisdom and integrity was so great,

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great, that he was consulted by the several corporations in all matters relative to trade, and chosen umpire of any differences among them, nor was there ever any appeal from his sentence. In a city where the police was perhaps on a worse footing than that of any in Europe, he in a great measure supplied the deficiency, by his own personal authority, taking notice of all publick nuisances, and seeing them removed. He assumed the office of censor general, which he rendered as formidable as that of ancient Rome. In short, what by the acknowledged superiority of his talents, his inflexible integrity, and his unwearied endeavours in serving the publick, he obtained such an ascendency over his countrymen, as perhaps no private citizen ever attained in any age or country. He was known over the whole kingdom by the title of THE DEAN, given to him by way of preeminence, as it were by common consent; and when THE DEAN was mentioned, it always carried with it the idea of the first and greatest man in the kingdom. THE DEAN said this; THE DEAN did that; whatever he said or did was received as infallibly right; with the same degree of implicit credit given to it, as was paid to the Stagyrite of old, or to the modern popes. We may judge of the greatness of his influence, from a passage in a letter of lord Carteret to him, March 24, 1732, who was at that time chief governor of Ireland, "I know by experience how much the "city of Dublin thinks itself under your protection; "and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulmi- "nated from the sovereignty of St. Patrick's." And in the postscript to another of March 24, 1736, he says, "When people ask me how I go- "verned Ireland? I say, that I pleased Dr. Swift."

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But great as his popularity was, it was chiefly confined to the middling, and lower class of mankind. To the former of these his chief applications were made, upon a maxim of his own, "That the little virtue left in the world, is chiefly to be found among the middle rank of mankind, who are neither allured out of her paths by ambition, nor driven by poverty."

All of this class he had secured almost to a man. And by the lower ranks, and rabble in general, he was reverenced almost to adoration. They were possessed with an enthusiastick love to his person, to protect which they would readily hazard their lives; yet on his appearance among them, they felt something like a religious awe, as if in the presence of one of a superiour order of beings. At the very sight of him, when engaged in any riotous proceedings, they would instantly fly different ways, like schoolboys at the approach of their master; and he has been often known, with a word, and lifting up his arm, to disperse mobs, that would have stood the brunt of the civil and military power united.

As to the upper class of makind, he looked upon them as incorrigible, and therefore had scarce any intercourse with them. He says himself, that he had little personal acquaintance with any lord spiritual or temporal in the kingdom; and he considered the members of the house of commons in general, as a set of venal prostitutes, who sacrificed their principles, and betrayed the interests of their country, to gratify their ambition or avarice. With these he lived in a continued state of warfare, making them feel severely the sharp stings of his satire; while they, on the other hand, dreading, and therefore

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fore hating him more than any man in the world, endeavoured to retaliate on him by every species of obloquy.

During this period, his faculties do not seem to have been at all impaired by the near approaches of old age, and his poetical fountain, though not so exuberant as formerly, still flowed in as clear and pure a stream. One of his last pieces, "Verses on his "own Death," is perhaps one of the most excellent of his compositions in that way. Nor are two of his other productions, written about the same time, intitled, "An Epistle to a Lady;" and "A "Rhapsody on Poetry," inferiour to any of his former pieces. The two last were written chiefly with a view to gratify his resentment to the court, on account of some unworthy treatment he met with from that quarter. We have already seen, by what extraordinary advances on her part, he was allured to pay his attendance on the princess, during his two last visits to England; and the seemingly well founded expectations of his friends, that some marks of royal favour would be shown him, both from the uncommonly good reception he had always met with, and the many assurances given to that effect. But from the time that the princess mounted the throne, all this was forgot. Nor was this productive of any disappointment to Swift, who had been too conversant with courts, not to look upon the most favourable appearances there, with distrust. Accordingly on his last return to Ireland, finding himself so utterly neglected by the queen, as not even to receive some medals which she had promised him, he gave up all hopes of that kind, and remained in a state of perfect indifference with regard

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gard to it. But, when he found that his enemies had been busy, instilling into the royal ear many prejudices against him, he entered upon his defence with his usual spirit. Among other artifices employed to lessen him in her majesty's esteem, there were three forged letters delivered to the queen signed with his name, written upon a very absurd subject, and in a very unbecoming style, which she either did, or affected to believe to be genuine. Swift had notice of this from his friend Pope, who procured one of the original letters from the countess of Suffolk, formerly Mrs. Howard, and sent it to him. In his indignant answer to Pope on this occasion, he has the following passages. "As for those three letters you mention, "supposed all to be written by me to the queen, on "Mrs. Barber's account, especially the letter which "bears my name; I can only say, that the appre-"hensions one may be apt to have of a friend's "doing a foolish thing, is an effect of kindness: "and God knows who is free from playing the fool "some time or other. But in such a degree as to "write to the queen, who has used me ill without "any cause, and to write in such a manner as the "letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have "so much zeal for one almost a stranger, and to make "such a description of a woman, as to prefer her be-"fore all mankind; and to instance it as one of the "greatest grievances of Ireland, that her majesty has "not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen draper's wife "declined in the world, because she has a knack of "versifying; was to suppose, or fear, a folly so trans-"cendent, that no man could be guilty of, who was "not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent "enclosed is not my hand, and why I should disguise

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" my hand, and yet sign my name, is unaccountable. " If the queen had not an inclination to think ill of " me, she knows me too well to believe in her own " heart that I should be such a coxcomb," &c.

In his letter to Mrs. Howard, then countess of Suffolk, he says, " I find from several instances that " I am under the queen's displeasure; and as it is " usual among princes, without any manner of rea- " son. I am told, there were three letters sent to " her majesty in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who " is now in London, and soliciting for a subscription " to her poems. It seems, the queen thinks that " these letters were written by me; and I scorn to " defend myself even to her majesty, grounding my " scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her " taste, and good sense: especially when the last of " those letters, whereof I have just received the ori- " ginal from Mr. Pope, was signed with my name: " and why I should disguise my hand, which you " know very well, and yet write my name, is both ri- " diculous and unaccountable. I am sensible I owe " a great deal of this usage to sir Robert Walpole," &c. In this, as well as many other passages of his letters at that time, we see he attributes the ill offices done him with the queen, chiefly to Walpole; and accordingly he determined to keep no farther measures with him, but gave full scope to his resentment, in those poems, as well as several other pieces published afterward. Upon the first appearance of the two poems, entitled An Epiſtle to a Lady, and A Rhapsody on Poetry, Walpole was exaſperated to the highest degree. The editor, printer, and publishers, were all taken up, and prosecutions commenced against them. As he had full proof that

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that Swift was the author, in his first transport of passion, he determined to get him into his clutches, and wreak his chief vengeance on him *. With this view he had ordered a warrant to be made out by the secretary of state, for apprehending Swift, and bringing him over to be tried in London. The messenger was in waiting ready to be dispatched on this errand, when luckily a friend of Walpole's, who was better acquainted with the state of Ireland, and the high veneration in which the dean was held there, accidentally entered, and upon inquiry, being informed of his purpose, coolly asked him what army was to accompany the messenger, and whether he had at that time ten thousand men to spare, for he could assure him no less a number would be able to bring the drapier out of the kingdom by force. Upon this Walpole recovered his senses, and luckily for the messenger, as well as himself, dropped the design. For had the poor fellow arrived in Dublin, and attempted to execute his commission, he would most assuredly have been immediately hanged by the mob: and

* These poems were sent to Mrs. Barber, then in London, by one Pilkington, in order that she might make what advantage she could by the sale of them, being a woman of merit, rather in distressed circumstances. This Pilkington at the same time carried letters of recommendation from Swift to alderman Barber, lord mayor elect, by whom, in consequence of such recommendation, he was appointed city chaplain. Yet this man had the baseness to turn informer against his patron and benefactor, as the author, and Mrs. Barber, as the editor: who thereupon was confined for some time in the house of a king's messenger. But, as upon examination, the gentlemen of the long robe could discover nothing in the poems that could come under the denomination of a libel, or incur any legal punishment, she and the publishers were released, and the prosecution dropped.

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this might have involved the two countries in a contest, which it was by no means the interest of a minister to engage in.

But, whatever gratification it might have been to his ambitious spirit, to see himself raised by the voluntary suffrages of his countrymen, to a rank beyond the power of monarchs to bestow; to find himself considered by all as the first man in the realm; the general object of veneration to all who wished well to their country, and of dread to those who betrayed its interests; yet he was far from being at all satisfied with his situation. The load of oppression under which Ireland groaned, from the tyrannick system of government over that country, established by the false politicks of England; the base corruption of some of the principal natives, who sacrificed the publick interests to their private views; the supineness of others arising from despondency; the general infatuation of the richer sort, in adopting certain modes and customs to the last degree ruinous to their country; together with the miseries of the poor, and the universal face of penury and distress that overspread a kingdom, on which nature had scattered her bounties with a lavish hand, and which properly used, might have rendered it one of the happiest regions in the world: all these acted as perpetual corrosives to the free and generous spirit of Swift, and kept him from possessing his soul in peace. We have many instances in his letters, written at that time, of the violent irritation of his mind on these accounts. In one of them he says, "I find myself disposed every year, or rather "every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and "my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent "the

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"the folly and baseness of the enslaved people "among whom I live." And in the same letter to lord Bolingbroke, he says, "But you think, as I "ought to think, that it is time for me to have done "with the world; and so I would, if I could get "into a better, before I was called into the best, and "not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole." In one to Pope, speaking of his letters, he says, "None of them have any thing to do with party, of "which you are the clearest of all men, by your re- "ligion, and the whole tenour of your life; while I "am raging every moment against the corruptions in "both kingdoms, especially of this; such is my weak- "ness." And in one to Dr. Sheridan, when he seemed under the dominion of a more than ordinary fit of his spleen, he tells him, that he had just finished his will, in which he had requested that the doctor would attend his body to Holyhead, to see it interred there, for, says he, "I will not lie in a country of slaves." This habit of mind grew upon him immediately after the loss of the amiable Stella, whose lenient hand used to pour the balm of friendship on his wounded spirit. With her vanished all his domestick enjoyments, and of course he turned his thoughts more to publick affairs; in the contemplation of which, he could see nothing but what served to increase the malady. The advances of old age, with all its attendant infirmities; the death of almost all his old friends; the frequent returns of his most dispiriting maladies, deafness and giddiness; and above all, the dreadful apprehensions that he should outlive his understanding,* made life such a burden to

* Dr. Young has recorded an instance of this, where he relates, that walking out with Swift and some others about a mile from Dublin,

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to him, that he had no hope left but in a speedy dissolution, which was the object of his daily prayer to the Almighty.

About the year 1736, his memory was greatly impaired and his other faculties of imagination and intellect decayed, in proportion as the stores from which they were supplied diminished. When the understanding was shaken from its seat, and reason had given up the reins, the irascible passions, which at all times he had found difficult to be kept within due bounds, now raged without control, and made him a torment to himself, and to all who were about him. An unusually long fit of deafness, attended with giddiness, which lasted almost a year, had disqualified him wholly for conversation, and made him lose all relish for society. Conscious of his situation, he was little desirous of seeing any of his old friends and companions, and they were as little solicitous to visit him in that deplorable state. He could now no longer amuse himself with writing; and a resolution he had formed of never wearing spectacles, to which he obstinately adhered, prevented him from reading. Without employment, without amusements of any kind, thus did his time pass heavily along; not one white day in the calendar, not one hour of comfort, nor did even a ray of hope pierce through the gloom. The state of his mind is strongly pictured in a letter to Mrs. Whiteway. "I have been very miserable

Dublin, he suddenly missed the dean, who had staid behind the rest of the company. He turned back in order to know the occasion of it; and found Swift at some distance gazing intently at the top of a lofty elm, whose head had been blasted; upon Young's approach he pointed to it, saying, "I shall be like that tree, I shall die first 'at the top'."

"all

"all night, and to day extremely deaf and full of "pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I can- "not express the mortification I am under both in "body and mind. All I can say is, that I am not in "torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray "let me know how your health is, and your family. "I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure "my days will be very few; few and miserable they "must be. I am for those few days,

"If I do not blunder, it is Saturday, "Yours entirely,

"July 26, 1740. "J. SWIFT."

Not long after the date of this letter, his understanding failed to such a degree, that it was found necessary to have guardians legally appointed to take care of his person and estate. This was followed by a fit of lunacy, which continued some months, and then he sunk into a state of idiocy, which lasted to his death. He died October 29, 1745.

The behaviour of the citizens on this occasion, gave the strongest proof of the deep impression he had made on their minds. Though he had been, for so many years, to all intents and purposes dead to the world, and his departure from that state seemed a thing rather to be wished than deplored, yet no sooner was his death announced, than the citizens gathered from all quarters, and forced their way in crowds into the house, to pay the last tribute of grief to their departed benefactor. Nothing but lamentations were heard all around the quarter where he lived, as if he had been cut off in the vigour of his years. Happy were they who first got into the chamber where he lay, to procure, by bribes to the servants, locks of his hair, to be handed down as sacred relicks

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relicks to their posterity*. And so eager were numbers to obtain at any price this precious memorial, that in less than an hour, his venerable head was entirely stripped of all its silver ornaments, so that not a hair remained. He was buried in the moſt private manner, according to directions in his will, in the great aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and by way of monument, a slab of black marble was placed against the wall, on which was engraved the following Latin Epitaph, written by himself:

Hic depositum est corpus
JONATHAN SWIFT, S.T.P.
Hujus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis
Decani:
Ubi sæva indignatio
Ulterius cor lacerare nequit.
Abi, viator,
Et imitare, si poteris,
Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem.
Obiit anno (1745)
Menſis (Octobris) die (19)
Ætatis anno (78.)

SECTION VI.

PRIVATE MEMOIRS of SWIFT.

HAVING now conducted Swift from his cradle to his grave, and presented to view, in a regular series, the most remarkable scenes of his publick life; I

* Yea beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue. SHAKSPEARE.

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have purposely reserved to this place the greater part of such private memoirs, as were not meant to meet the publick eye, in order that I might arrange them also in an uninterrupted train. Nothing has more excited the curiosity of mankind at all times, than that desire which prevails of prying into the secret actions of great and illustrious characters; arising in some, from a too general spirit of envy, which hopes to find something in their private conduct that may sully the lustre of their publick fame, and so bring them down more to a level with themselves: and in others, of a more candid disposition, that they might form right judgments of their real characters; as too many, like actors in a theatre, only assume one when they appear on the stage of the world, which they put off, together with their robes and plumes, when retired to the dressing room. But as the readers of the former sort, are infinitely more numerous, in order to gratify their taste, as well, perhaps, as their own congenial disposition, the writers of such memoirs are too apt to lean to the malevolent side, and deal rather in the more saleable commodity of obloquy and scandal, high-seasoned to the taste of vitiated palates, than in the milder and more insipid food of truth and panegyrick. Many have been the misrepresentations made of Swift, from this uncharitable spirit; and though most of them have been proved to be such by his defenders, yet there are several still left in a state of doubt and uncertainty, through the want of proper information. Among these there is no article about which the world is still left so much in the dark, as his amours. A subject, which, in one of his singular character, is

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more likely to excite curiosity than any other. We know there were two ladies, represented by him as the moſt accomplished of their sex, adorned with all the charms and graces, both of person and mind, that might penetrate the most obdurate breast, whose hearts were wholly devoted to him. We know too that he had a just sense of their value, that he lived on terms of the closest friendship with both, but it does not appear that he ever made a suitable return of love to either.

As his conduct toward these two celebrated ladies, Stella and Vanessa, seems to be wrapped up in the darkest shades of any part of his history, and has given rise to various conjectures, which yet have produced no satisfactory solution of the doubts which it has occasioned; I shall endeavour, by collecting some scattered rays from different parts of his Works, and adding other lights which have come to my knowledge, to disperse the mysterious gloom with which this subject seems to have been enveloped, and put the whole in a clear point of view. In order to this, it will be necessary, in the first place, to form a judgment how Swift stood affected toward the female sex, either from constitution, or reflection. With regard to the former, he seems to have been of a very cold habit, and little spurred on by any impulse of desire: and as to the latter, he appears in the early part of his life to have had little inclination to enter into the married state, and afterward to have had a fixed dislike to it.

His sentiments on this head are fully displayed in the following letter to a kinsman of his, written in the 24th year of his age:

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To the Revd. Mr. JOHN KENDALL, &c *.

" SIR, February 11, 1691.

" IF any thing made me wonder at your letter, it " was your almost inviting me to do so in the begin- " ning, which indeed grew less upon knowing the " occasion, since it is what I have heard from more " than one, in and about Leicester. And for the " friendship between us, as I suppose yours to be real, " so I think it would be proper to imagine mine, until " you find any cause to believe it pretended; though " I might have some quarrel at you in three or four " lines, which are very ill bestowed in compliment- " ing me. And as to that of my great prospects of " making my fortune, on which as your kindness only " looks on the best side, so my own cold temper, and " unconfined humour, is a much greater hindrance " than any fear of that which is the subject of your " letter. I shall speak plainly to you, that the very " ordinary observations I made with going half a mile " beyond the University, have taught me experience " enough not to think of marriage till I settle my for- " tune in the world, which I am sure will not be " in some years; and even then itself, I am so hard " to please, that I suppose I shall put it off to the " other world. How all that suits with my beha- " viour to the woman in hand, you may easily ima- " gine when you know that there is something in " me which must be employed; and when I am alone " turns all, for want of practice, into speculation and " thought; insomuch, that these seven weeks I have " been here, I have writ and burnt, and writ again

* Vicar of Thornton in Leicestershire. Dr. Swift was at this time with sir William Temple, at Sheen.

" upon

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" upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any
" man in England. And this is it which a perſon of
" great honour in Ireland (who was pleased to ſtoop
" ſo low as to look into my mind) used to tell me,
" that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would
" do mischief if I would not give it employment. It
" is this humour that makes me so busy, when I am
" in company, to turn all that way; and since it
" commonly ends in talk, whether it be love, or
" converſation, it is all alike. This is so common, that
" I could remember twenty women in my life, to
" whom I have behaved myself just the same way;
" and, I profess, without any other design than that
" of entertaining myself when I am very idle, or when
" something goes amiss in my affairs. This I always
" have done as a man of the world, when I had no
" design for any thing grave in it, and what I thought
" at worst a harmless impertinence; but, whenever I
" begin to take sober resolutions, or, as now, to think
" of entering into the church, I never found it would
" be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch.
" Besides, perhaps, in so general a conversation among
" that sex, I might pretend a little to understand where
" I am when I am going to choose for a wife; and,
" though the cunning sharper of the town may have a
" cheat put on him, yet it muſt be cleanlier carried
" than this, which you think I am going to *top* upon
" myself. And truly, if you knew how metaphysical
" I am that way, you would little fear I should ven-
" ture on one who has given so much occasion to
" tongues: for, though the people is a lying sort of
" beast (and I think in Leicester above all parts that I
" was in) yet they seldom talk without some glimpse

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" of a reason, which I declare (so unpardonably jea-
" lous I am) to be a sufficient cause for me to hate
" any woman any farther than a bare acquaintance.
" Among all the young gentlemen that I have known,
" who have ruined themselves by marrying (which I
" assure you is a great number) I have made this ge-
" neral rule, that they are either young, raw, and ig-
" norant scholars, who, for want of knowing com-
" pany, believe every silk petticoat includes an angel;
" or else these have been a sort of honest young men,
" who perhaps are too literal in rather marrying than
" burning, and entail a misery on themselves and pos-
" terity, by an overacting modesty. I think I am
" very far excluded from listing under either of these
" heads. I confess I have known one or two men of
" sense enough, who, inclined to frolicks, have mar-
" ried and ruined themselves out of a maggot; but a
" thousand houshold thoughts, which always drive
" matrimony out of my mind whenever it chances to
" come there, will, I am sure, fright me from that;
" beside that, I am naturally temperate, and never en-
" gaged in the contrary, which usually produces those
" effects. Your hints at particular stories I do not
" understand; and having never heard them but so
" hinted, thought it proper to give you this, to show
" you how I thank you for your regard of me; and I
" hope my carriage will be such as that my friends
" need not be ashamed of the name. I should not have
" behaved myself after that manner I did in Leicester,
" if I had not valued my own entertainment, beyond
" the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which
" I solemnly pronounce the inhabitants of Leicester
" to be, and so I content myself with retaliation. I
" hope

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" hope you will forgive this trouble; and so, with my " service to your good wife, I am, good cousin,

" Your very affectionate friend and servant,

" J. SWIFT."

This letter was an answer to one from Mr. Kendall, in which he informs him of the reports spread at Leicester that he had paid serious addresses there to an unworthy object, and which Swift therefore thought required this explicit answer*. Here we see that he had no other idea of gallantry with the sex, than what served for mere amusement; that he had rather a dread of matrimony, and that he had never engaged in illicit amours, from which he claims no merit, but imputes it to his being *naturally* of a *temperate constitution.* This ingenuous letter, written at the most vigorous time of life, will serve as a clue to his conduct toward women ever after.

The only instance that appears of his having any serious thoughts of matrimony, was with regard to a miss Waryng, a lady of the North of Ireland, possessed of a moderate fortune. The circumstances of that affair are laid open in the following letter to that lady, written by Swift in the year 1700, when he was in his 33d year:

" Madam,

* Swift makes the following mention of this affair in a letter to Mr. Worrall, written on a particular occasion in the year 1728 9— " When I went a lad to my mother, after the Revolution, she brought " me acquainted with a family, where there was a daughter, with " whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I should " be in love with her; but when I went to London, she married an " innkeeper in Loughborough, in that county. This woman (my " mistress with a pox) left several children, who are all dead but one " daughter, Anne by name," &c.

What follows is immaterial to the present subject.

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" Madam, Dublin, May 4, 1700.

" I AM extremely concerned at the account you " give of your health; for my uncle told me he found " you in appearance better than you had been in some " years, and I was in hopes you had still continued so. " God forbid I should ever be the occasion of creating " more troubles to you, as you seem to intimate! The " letter you desired me to answer, I have frequently " read, and thought I had replied to every part of it " that required it; however, since you are pleased to " repeat those particulars wherein you desired satis- " faction, I shall endeavour to give it you as well as I " am able. You would know what gave my temper " that sudden turn, as to alter the style of my letters " since I last came over. If there has been that altera- " tion you observe, I have told you the cause abun- " dance of times. I had used a thousand endeavours " and arguments, to get you from the company and " place you are in; both on the account of your health " and humour, which I thought were likely to suffer " very much in such an air, and before such examples. " All I had in answer from you, was nothing but a " great deal of arguing, and sometimes in a style so " very imperious, as I thought might have been spared, " when I reflected how much you had been in the " wrong. The other thing you would know is, whether " this change of style be owing to the thoughts of a new " mistress. I declare, upon the word of a Christian " and a gentleman, it is not; neither had I ever " thoughts of being married to any other person but " yourself. I had ever an opinion that you had a great " sweetness of nature and humour; and whatever ap- " peared to the contrary, I looked upon it only as a

" thing

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" thing put on as necessary before a lover; but I have
" since observed in abundance of your letters such
" marks of a severe indifference, that I began to think
" it was hardly possible for one of my few good qua-
" lities to please you. I never knew any so hard to
" be worked upon, even in matters where the interest
" and concern are entirely your own; all which, I say,
" passed easily while we were in the state of formali-
" ties and ceremony; but, since that, there is no other
" way of accounting for this untractable behaviour in
" you, but by imputing it to a want of common
" esteem and friendship for me.

" When I desired an account of your fortune, I
" had no such design as you pretend to imagine. I
" have told you many a time, that in England it was
" in the power of any young fellow of common sense,
" to get a larger fortune than ever you pretended to.
" I asked, in order to consider whether it were suffi-
" cient, with the help of my poor income, to make one
" of your humour easy in a married state. I think it
" comes to almost a hundred pounds a year; and I
" think at the same time that no young woman in the
" world, of the same income, would dwindle away
" their health and life in such a sink, and among such
" family conversation; neither have all your letters
" been once able to persuade that you have the least
" value for me, because you so little regarded what I
" so often said upon that matter. The dismal account
" you say I have given of my livings, I can assure you
" to be a true one; and, since it is a dismal one even in
" your own opinion, you can best draw consequences
" from it. The place where Dr. Bolton lived is upon
" a living which he keeps with the deanery; but the
" place of residence for that they have given him, is

" within

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" within a mile of a town called Trim, twenty miles
" from hence; and there is no other way, but to hire a
" house at Trim, or build one on the spot: the first is
" hardly to be done, and the other I am too poor to
" perform at present. For coming down to Belfast, it
" is what I cannot yet think of, my attendance is so
" close, and so much required of me; but our govern-
" ment sits very loose, and I believe will change in a
" few months; whether our part will partake in the
" change, I know not, though I am very apt to be-
" lieve it; and then I shall be at leisure for a short
" journey. But I hope your other friends, more pow-
" erful than I, will before that time persuade you
" from the place where you are. I desire my service
" to your mother, in return for her remembrance; but
" for any other dealings that way, I entreat your par-
" don; and I think I have more cause to resent your
" desires of me in that case, than you have to be angry
" at my refusals. If you like such company and con-
" duct, much good do you with them! My educa-
" tion has been otherwise. My uncle Adam asked
" me one day in private, as by direction, what my
" designs were in relation to you, because it might
" be a hindrance to you if I did not proceed. The
" answer I gave him (which I suppose he has sent you)
" was to this effect: 'That I hoped I was no hin-
" drance to you; because the reason you urged against
" a union with me was drawn from indisposition, which
" still continued; that you also thought my fortune
" not sufficient, which is neither at present in a con-
" dition to offer you: That, if your health and my
" fortune were as they ought, I would prefer you
" above all your sex; but that, in the present condi-
" tion of both, I thought it was against your opi-
" nion,

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"nion, and would certainly make you unhappy: that,
"had you any other offers which your friends or your-
"self thought more to your advantage, I should think
"I were very unjust to be an obstacle in your way."
"Now for what concerns my fortune, you have an-
"swered it. I desire, therefore, you will let me
"know if your health be otherwise than it was when
"you told me the doctors advised you against mar-
"riage, as what would certainly hazard your life. Are
"they or you grown of another opinion in this parti-
"cular? Are you in a condition to manage domestick
"affairs, with an income of less (perhaps) than three
"hundred pounds a year? Have you such an inclina-
"tion to my person and humour, as to comply with
"my desires and way of living, and endeavour to make
"us both as happy as you can? Will you be ready to
"engage in those methods I shall direct for the im-
"provement of your mind, so as to make us enter-
"taining company for each other, without being mi-
"serable when we are neither visiting nor visited? Can
"you bend your love and esteem and indifference to
"others the same way as I do mine? Shall I have so
"much power in your heart, or you so much govern-
"ment of your passions, as to grow in good humour
"upon my approach, though provoked by a—? Have
"you so much good nature as to endeavour by soft
"words to smooth any rugged humour occasioned by
"the cross accidents of life? Shall the place wherever
"your husband is thrown, be more welcome than
"courts and cities without him? In short, these are
"some of the necessary methods to please men, who,
"like me, are deep read in the world; and to a person
"thus made, I should be proud in giving all due re-
"turns toward making her happy. These are the
"questions

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" questions I have always resolved to propose to her " with whom I meant to pass my life; and whenever " you can heartily answer them in the affirmative, I " shall be blessed to have you in my arms, without re- " garding whether your person be beautiful, or your " fortune large. Cleanliness in the first, and compe- " tency in the other, is all I look for. I desire indeed " a plentiful revenue, but would rather it should be " of my own; though I should not bear from a wife " to be reproached for the greatest.

" I have said all I can possibly say in answer to " any part of your letter, and in telling you my clear " opinion as to matters between us. I singled you out " at first from the rest of women; and I expect not " to be used like a common lover. When you think " fit to send me an answer to this, without——, I " shall then approve myself, by all means you shall " command, madam,

" Your most faithful humble servant,

" JONATHAN SWIFT."

From the contents of this letter, it is apparent, that whatever inclination he might formerly have had to a union with this lady, it was now much changed; and his view in writing it, seems evidently to have been to put an end to the connexion, but in such a way, as that the refusal might come from the lady. For it was impossible to suppose that a woman of any spirit (and from some hints in the letter she seemed to have rather more than came to her share) should not highly resent such an unlover-like epistle, written in so dictatorial a style. And it is highly probable that the little stomach which he at all times had to matrimony, was a stronger motive to breaking off the

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the match, than any of the newly discovered faults laid to her charge. His attachment to this lady was in consequence of a juvenile passion commenced when he was in the college. She was sister to his chamber-fellow Mr. Waryng, and a familiar intercourse naturally followed. It is certain a correspondence had been carried on between them for some time in the style of courtship; but a few years absence cooled the ardour of his flame, which, together with some circumstances alluded to in the above letter, made him wish to put an end to the connexion. I have in my possession a letter of his, which was never yet printed, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Winder, dated from Moor-park, 1698. Wherein some slight mention is made of this affair, and which manifestly shows his indifference at that time, in the following passage: "I remember these letters "to Eliza; they were writ in my youth. Pray burn "them. You mention a dangerous rival for an absent "lover; but I must take my fortune. If the report "proceeds, pray inform me." After these we have no memorial remaining of his being attached to any of the fair sex, except Mrs. Johnson and miss Vanhomrigh, known to the world by the celebrated names of Stella, and Vanessa. We have already seen how his acquaintance with Stella commenced at an early period of her life, and the share that he had in training her up to that degree of perfection which she afterward reached. It is no wonder that his admiration of his lovely pupil should increase with her growing perfections, and that it should produce the strongest attachment to one of the finest pieces of nature's workmanship, finished and polished to the height by his own hand. But though his affection

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fection for her daily increased, during a long habitude of intercourse with one of the most charming companions in the world, perfectly suited in all points to his taste and humour, yet had it no mixture in it of the passion of love, but was rather the tenderness of a parent to a favourite child:

His conduct might have made him styl'd,
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.

For the truth of this he appeals to Stella herself in one of his poems addressed to her:

Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp I strung;
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendship and esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted love a guest.

Nor was there any thing uncommon in this. We find that even among young people bred up together from childhood, the passion of love seldom appears; and much less likely is it to take place where there is such a disparity of years. It has been already shown what punctilious caution he took to prevent any appearance of that sort, by never conversing with her but in the presence of a third person, which was usually her companion Mrs. Dingley. But not long after her settlement in Ireland, he gave the most unequivocal proof of what his sentiments were with regard to her on that point. It was impossible that

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so charming an object should long remain without inspiring some of her beholders with love. Accordingly an intimate friend of Swift's, of the name of Tisdal, not undistinguished for learning and wit, was so captivated with the beauties both of her person and mind, that he paid his addresses to her, and made proposals of marriage. The account of this transaction, and the part that Swift bore in it, is set forth at large in the following letter written by him to Tisdal on that subject:

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. TISDAL.

" London, April 20, 1704.

" YESTERDAY coming from the country I found " your letter, which had been four or five days ar- " rived, and by neglect was not forwarded as it ought. " You have got three epithets for my former letter, " which I believe are all unjust: you say it was " unfriendly, unkind, and unaccountable. The two " first, I suppose, may pass but for one, saving (as " capt. *Fluellin* says) the phrase is a little *variations*. I " shall therefore answer those two as I can; and for the " last, I return it to you again by these presents, assur- " ing you, that there is more unaccountability in your " letter's little finger, than in mine's whole body. And " one strain I observe in it, which is frequent enough, " you talk in a mystical sort of a way, as if you would " have me believe I had some great design, and that " you had found it out: your phrases are, that my let- " ter had the effect you judge I designed; that you are " amazed to reflect on what you judge the cause of it; " and wish it may be in your power to love and value " me while you live, &c. In answer to all this, I might

" with

" with good pretence enough talk starchly, and affect
" ignorance of what you would be at; but my con-
" jecture is, that you think I obstructed your inclina-
" tions to please my own, and that my intentions were
" the same with yours. In answer to all which, I
" will upon my conscience and honour tell you the
" naked truth. First, I think I have said to you be-
" fore, that if my fortunes and humour served me to
" think of that state, I should certainly, among all per-
" sons on earth, make your choice; because I never
" saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued
" but hers; this was the utmost I ever gave way to.
" And, secondly, I must assure you sincerely, that
" this regard of mine never once entered to be an im-
" pediment to you; but I judged it would, perhaps,
" be a clog to your rising in the world; and I did not
" conceive you were then rich enough to make your-
" self and her happy and easy. But that objection is
" now quite removed by what you have at present;
" and by the assurances of Eaton's livings. I told you
" indeed, that your authority was not sufficient to
" make overtures to the mother, without the daugh-
" ter's giving me leave under her own or her friend's
" hand, which, I think, was a right and a prudent step.
" However, I told the mother immediately, and spoke
" with all the advantages you deserve. But the ob-
" jection of your fortune being removed, I declare I
" have no other; nor shall any consideration of my
" own misfortune, in losing so good a friend and com-
" panion as her, prevail on me against her interest and
" settlement in the world, since it is held so necessary
" and convenient a thing for ladies to marry; and
" that time takes off from the lustre of virgins in all
" other eyes but mine. I appeal to my letters to her-
" self,

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" self, whether I was your friend or not in the whole " concern; though the part I designed to act in it was " purely passive, which is the utmost I will ever do in " things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill " consequence that may ensue in the variety of world- " ly accidents. Nay I went so far both to her mo- " ther, herself, and, I think, to you, as to say it could " not be decently broken; since I supposed the town " had got it in their tongues, and therefore I thought " it could not miscarry without some disadvantage " to the lady's credit. I have always described her to " you in a manner different from those who would be " discouraging; and must add, that though it hath " come in my way to converse with persons of the " first rank, and of that sex, more than is usual to " men of my level, and of our function; yet I have " no where met with a humour, a wit, or conversation " so agreeable, a better portion of good sense, or a " truer judgment of men and things, I mean here in " England; for as to the ladies of Ireland, I am a " perfect stranger. As to her fortune, I think you " know it already; and, if you resume your designs, " and would have farther intelligence, I shall send " you a particular account.

" I give you joy of your good fortunes, and envy " very much your prudence and temper, and love of " peace and settlement, the reverse of which hath " been the great uneasiness of my life, and is likely " to continue so. And what is the result? *En queis* " *consevimus agros!* I find nothing but the good words " and wishes of a decayed ministry, whose lives and " mine will probably wear out before they can serve " either my little hopes, or their own ambition. " Therefore I am resolved suddenly to retire, like a

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" discontented courtier, and vent myself in study " and speculation, till my own humour, or the scene " here, shall change."

I have here inserted the whole of this letter, both as it contains a candid display of Swift's sentiments on this occasion, and is a strong confutation of the account given of it by his relation Deane Swift, in his Essay, &c. part of which I shall here transcribe, where speaking of Mr. Tisdal he says—" This gen- " tleman declared his passion, and made her proposals " of marriage. Now whether it was artifice in Mrs. " Johnson to rouse affections in the adamantine heart " of her admired object; or whether it was a reach of " policy in Dr. Swift, to acquaint Mrs. Johnson by " such indirect means that he had no intention of en- " gaging himself in a married life; or whether in truth " there was any kind of artifice used on either side, I " protest I am wholly a stranger, &c.—Mrs. Johnson " discovered no repugnancy to the match, but still she " would be advised by doctor Swift. The doctor, " perhaps, loth to be separated from so delightful a " companion, threw an obstacle in the way that was " not to be surmounted. This gentleman had a be- " nefice in the church of a considerable value, about " a hundred miles from Dublin, which required his " attendance. Dr. Swift, in order to bring matters " to a final issue, made him an overture that he should " settle upon his wife a hundred pounds a year for " pinmoney. The lover indeed, although extremely " captivated with the charms of his mistress, was by " no means delighted with this proposal; he desired " however that he might have a night's time to con- " sider of it; and the next morning, contrary to ex- " pectation, he agreed to the terms. Swift, never at a

" loss

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"loss for some uncommon flight of imagination, in-
"sisted farther that he should live in Dublin, and
"keep a coach for his wife. The gentleman had more
"honour than to promise what he could not perform;
"the match was accordingly broken off: in a short
"time after, the doctor's friend married a woman of
"family, and there was an end of the affair." In what a mean selfish light does this fabricated account place Swift! how different from the genuine one delivered by himself! and that too drawn up by a kinsman, who writ professedly to vindicate his character. But the match was not broken off by any artifice of Swift's, to which he was at all times superiour. The refusal came from Mrs. Johnson herself, who, though she might at first have shown no repugnance to it, probably with a view to sound Swift's sentiments, and bring him to some explanation with regard to her; yet when it came to the point, she could not give up the hope long nourished in her bosom, of being one day united to the object of her virgin heart, and whom she considered as the first of mankind. From that time we do not find that she ever encouraged any other addresses, and her life seemed wholly devoted to him. She passed her days from the year 1703 to 1710, in the most perfect retirement, without any other enjoyment in life but what she found in the pleasure of his society, or in reading. Their mode of living was this: when the doctor was absent on his visits to England, she and her companion took up their residence at his parsonage house at Laracor, in the neighbourhood of Trim, a small town about 20 miles distant from Dublin. When he returned, they either retired to a lodging at Trim, or were hospitably received in the house of

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Dr. Raymond, vicar of that parish. Swift grew so enamoured of this course of life, that he seemed to wish for nothing more than a continuance of it. The charming society and delightful conversation of the amiable and accomplished Stella, had, by long habitude, become essential to his happiness, and made him lose all relish for every other enjoyment of life, when absent from her. All the more vigorous springs of his mind were relaxed and lost their tone; and even the powerful passions of ambition, and desire of wealth, were wholly absorbed in this truly voluptuous state, wherein was constantly mixed

The feast of reason, and the flow of soul.

A state of true epicurean happiness, and a source of pleasures beyond the conception of the sensualist, which, far from cloying, still increase by enjoyment, and which can only be the portion of the more exalted minds, and refined spirits of this world. It is certain that Swift's soul was so entangled by these charms, of a different kind indeed, but not less powerful than those of Circe, that it was with the utmost reluctance he disengaged himself from them, though but for a short time; nor could any thing but a sense of duty, and a desire of serving the church, make him accept of a commission for that purpose, which occasioned his journey to London in September, 1710. In his first letter to Mrs. Johnson, on his arrival at Chester, he says—"I am perfectly re-"solved to return as soon as I have done my com-"mission, whether it succeeds or not. I never went "to England with so little desire in my life." In the January following he says—"Farewell, dearest be-"loved

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"loved MD, and love poor poor Presto,* who has "not had one happy day since he left you, as hope "saved. It is the last sally I shall ever make, but I "hope it will turn to some account. I would make "MD and me easy, and I never desired more." And in some months after, he expresses his impatience of this long absence in the strongest terms; where addressing himself to Stella, he says—"You say you are "not splenetick; but if you be, faith you will break "poor Presto's ———, I won't say the rest; but I "vow to God, if I could decently come over now, I "would, and leave all schemes of politicks and ambition for ever." In the whole course of his letters it appears that not all the homage paid him by the great, the society of the choicest spirits of the age, and the friendship of some of the worthiest characters of both sexes; not the daily increase and spreading of his fame, and the most flattering prospects before him of fortune and preferment, could compensate for the want of that companion, who was the supreme delight of his heart. In the midst of all these he tells her, that his best days here are trash to those which he passed with her. In order to soften in some measure the rigour of absence, he had settled a plan at parting, that they should keep a regular journal, in which they should set down the transactions of the day, and once a fortnight transmit it to each other. The writing and receiving of these constituted the chief pleasure of his life during his residence in England. It was his first employment, when he awoke in the morning; the last, before he closed his eyes at night. He makes frequent

* MD stands for Stella, and Presto for Swift.

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mention of the great satisfaction he finds in this kind of intercourse. In his Journal, January 16, 1711, he says — "Presto's at home, God help him, every "night from six till bedtime, and has as little en- "joyment or pleasure in life at present, as any body "in the world, although in full favour with all the "ministry. As hope saved, nothing gives Presto "any sort of dream of happiness, but a letter now "and then from his own dearest MD. I love the "expectation of it, and when it does not come, I "comfort myself that I have it yet to be happy "with. Yes faith, and when I write to MD, I am "happy too: it is just, methinks, as if you were "here, and I prating to you, and telling you where "I have been," &c. And in another place "When "I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me "so here, and I can hardly imagine you absent when "I am reading your letter, or writing to you. No, "faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and "therefore I see and talk with you every evening con- "stantly, and sometimes in the morning," *&c.*

This mode of intercourse, during their separation, was adopted by him upon the same cautious principle, by which he regulated his conduct toward her, when he lived in the same place with her. As he had never trusted himself alone with her then, but always conversed with her, as was before observed, in the presence of some third person, so his Journals were constantly addressed to both ladies, and were answered by both in the same letter. Had he entered into a separate correspondence with Mrs. Johnson, it would be hardly possible to avoid coming to some explanation, that must either have ended in an absolute engagement,

or

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or put a period to all expectation of that sort: both which, from some maxims laid down by him, it was his business to avoid. In this way of writing too, he might give a loose to all expressions of endearment and tenderness, with which his heart overflowed for one of the objects, without at the same time giving her a right to apply them solely to herself, as they were addressed to both. Accordingly we find, interspersed through the Journal, several passages containing the warmest effusions of affection, which the utmost sensibility of heart could pour forth. Among many others, I shall quote a few of these, as they occur in the early part of his Journal. "And so you kept Presto's little birthday, I warrant: would to God I had been present at the "health, rather than here, where I have no manner "of pleasure, nothing but eternal business on my "hands. I shall grow wise in time, but no more of "that: only I say, Amen, with my heart and vitals, "that we may never be asunder again, ten days together, while poor Presto lives." "Do as you "please, and love poor Presto, that loves MD better "than his life, a thousand million of times." "You "are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have "in the world; and all that grieves me is, I am not "richer, for MD's sake, as hope saved." "Farewell, my dearest lives, and delights; I love you "better than ever, if possible, as hope saved I do, "and ever will. God Almighty bless you ever, and "make us happy together; I pray for this twice every "day, and I hope God will hear my poor hearty "prayers." "I will say no more, but beg you to be "easy till fortune takes her course, and to believe "that MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in all

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" my pursuits." Though expressions of this sort are in general addressed to both these ladies, yet it is certain that Mrs. Johnson must have considered them as meant only to herself; for the other lady, Mrs. Dingley, was far from meriting any share in Swift's esteem or affection. She was merely one of the common run of women, of a middling understanding, without knowledge or taste; and so entirely selfish, as to be incapable of any sincere friendship, or warm attachment. In short, she was perfectly calculated to answer Swift's purposes in the post she occupied, that of an inseparable companion to Mrs. Johnson: and the narrowness of her circumstances, which consisted only of an annuity of twenty-seven pounds a year, too little to support her without the assistance of a yearly allowance from Swift, kept her in a fixed state of dependence, and conformity to his will. No wonder therefore that Mrs. Johnson always entertained expectations that Swift would offer her his hand, as soon as a sufficient increase of fortune would enable him to do it with prudence. While, on the other hand, Swift cautiously avoided any declaration of that sort, which might be construed into a promise, and left himself at liberty to interpret his strongest expressions of attachment, as proceeding wholly from friendship, and a warmth of pure affection, which had been increasing from her early age, and settled into what might be considered as a parental fondness. To enter thoroughly into the motives of this conduct, we are to recollect that Swift always had in remembrance the imprudent match made by his father, which left his widow and children in so desolate a condition. The miseries

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miseries he had suffered during a long state of dependence, even to an advanced period of his life, made so deep an impression on his mind, that he determined never to marry, unless his fortune were such, as might enable him to make a suitable provision for his wife, or any offspring he might have by her. As he had no great propensity to the marriage state, on several accounts before mentioned, he found no difficulty in keeping this resolution; yet it is highly probable, at the time of his writing this part of his Journal, he had a distant view of being united sometime or other in the bands of wedlock to Mrs. Johnson, whenever his expected preferment in the church, and sufficient increase of fortune should render it eligible. For, though he might himself have been perfectly content to have passed the rest of his life with her, in the same manner as before, on the pure Platonick system; yet it could not escape his penetration, that she had other views, and felt a passion for him not quite so refined. And the charms of her society had become so essential to his happiness, that rather than run a risk of losing it, he would purchase it even at the price of matrimony, provided it could be done consistently with the unalterable resolution he had laid down.

But while Swift's thoughts were thus employed, and all his views in life tended to this point, as to their centre, an event happened which unhinged his mind, and filled his bosom with a disturbance, which all his philosophy could never calm, and which was the source of much disquiet to him ever after in life. This arose from that all powerful passion, which the greatest heroes, and most renowned

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nowned sages, have not been able to withstand, I mean, love. Hitherto he had been so much upon his guard against that dangerous passion, that he was invulnerable to all its open attacks, even in the prime of youth; but now in his advanced age, betrayed by the confidence which that inspired, he was taken by surprise. Among the great number of his friends in London, whose doors were always open to him, there was none whose house he so constantly frequented as that of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, which he made use of as if it were his home. This lady had two daughters; the eldest soon became a great favourite of his, as, by his own account, she was possessed of every good quality, and adorned with every accomplishment that could render her one of the most perfect of her sex. As one of the doctor's greatest delights was, to cultivate the minds of youth, particularly females, he took upon himself the office of her preceptor, to direct her in her studies, and instil into her mind the principles of virtue, and seeds of knowledge. Her capacity for learning was such, that she imbibed his instructions faster than he could give them; and her application was so great, that in less than two years, she made such a progress as astonished him. But about that time he discovered a strange alteration in her. She no longer delighted in books, no longer was attentive to his lectures. The frequent instances he perceived of her absence of mind, showed that her thoughts were roving about something else, which she had more at heart. Upon inquiring into the cause of this, she ingenuously owned her passion for him, and that her whole soul was occupied, not about his precepts, but her preceptor himself. Nothing

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thing could have astonished the doctor more, or thrown his mind into such a state of agitation, as an unexpected declaration of that sort. He has given us a lively picture of what passed there on the occasion, in the following lines:

CADENUS felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style:
And yet her words were so exprest,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old:
Had met her in a publick place,
Without distinguishing her face.
Much less could his declining age
VANESSA's earliest thoughts engage:
And if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget.
Or grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Who'd say, he made a treacherous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce:
The town would swear he had betray'd
By magick spells, the harmless maid;
And every beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks;
And when Platonick flights are over,
The tutor turns a mortal lover:

So

So tender of the young and fair!
It show'd a true paternal care:
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The doctor might have fancy'd worse.

In his first surprise at her extraordinary declaration, he tried to turn it off by raillery, treating it as a thing spoken only in jest; but when a woman has once broken through the restraint of decorum, the established barrier between the sexes, so far as to begin the attack, she is not easily to be repulsed. She in stronger terms both avowed and justified her passion for him, by such arguments as must be highly flattering to his self-love. Of the impression which these made on him, he gives the following account in the same poem;

CADENUS, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose VANESSA's flame;
And though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose,
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux:
So bright a nymph to come unsought,
Such wonders by his merit wrought;
'Tis merit must with her prevail,
He never knew her judgment fail;
She noted all she ever read,
And had a most discerning head.
'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;

Yet,

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Yet, now and then, your men of wit,
Will condescend to pick a bit.
So when CADENUS could not hide,
He chose to justify his pride;
Construing the passion she had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature, in him, had merit plac'd,
In her, a most judicious taste.

Having thus artfully brought over his pride and self-love to her party, and corrupted his judgment by the most flattering arguments, the lady found no difficulty to make a conquest of his now unguarded heart, which, however reluctantly, he was obliged to surrender at discretion. He now for the first time felt what the passion of love was, with all its attendant symptoms, which he had before known only from description, and which he was now enabled to describe himself in the strongest colours:

Love! why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet:
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear.

To his lot indeed there fell a much greater proportion of the bitter ingredients, than of the sweets of love. He might say with Othello,

Oh now for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind, farewel content!

All the pleasing scenes of sober sedate happiness, which he had formed to himself for the rest of his days, in the society of Stella, were now overshadowed and eclipsed by the intervention of a brighter object,

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ject, which promised pleasures of a more rapturous kind. And yet they were pleasures, which, in his hours of cooler reflection, he could never hope to taste. Any idea of marriage must have appeared, from the great disparity of years, as well as many other reasons, to the last degree preposterous. Besides, though he never had entered into any direct engagement of that sort with Mrs. Johnson, yet by many expressions in his letters before quoted, almost tantamount to an engagement, and his whole conduct toward her, he gave her just grounds to expect, that if ever he did marry, she should be his choice. He could not therefore have given preference to another, without being charged with cruelty and injustice. And as to any illicit commerce between them, he never could have entertained a thought of that, without first sacrificing all the principles of honour, morality, and religion, by which his whole conduct in life had hitherto been governed. In this critical situation, he had but one wise course to take, in order to ensure his future peace, which was to escape the danger by flight, and breaking off all correspondence with the lady. But whether through too great confidence in his strength, or giving way to the irresistible force of her attraction, he remained in the perilous situation of a constant intercourse with her, which daily contributed to fan their mutual flames.

The date of the commencement of this adventure, may be traced almost to a certainty, by examining the latter part of Swift's Journal, in which, from March 1712 to the end, there is a remarkable change in his manner of writing to the two ladies. We no longer find there any of what he called,

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called, *the little language*, the playful sallies of an undisguised heart, to a bosom friend; no more expressions of tenderness, and cordial affection; no repinings at his long continued absence; nor ardent wishes for their speedy meeting again; but on the contrary, we see nothing but a dry Journal continued out of form, made up of trifling incidents, news, or politicks, without any thing in the matter or expression, at all interesting to the parties addressed. And now instead of that eager solicitude to return, which he had formerly so frequently and so earnestly declared, he contents himself with cold excuses for his long continuance in London. And just before his setting out for Ireland, in order to take possession of his deanery, he writ a formal letter of business to Mrs. Dingley, May 16, 1713, in which he makes no mention of Stella, nor expresses the least satisfaction at his near expectation of seeing them again. On his arrival there, instead of the joy and transport, to which he had once looked forward, on being reunited to the object of all his wishes, after so long a separation, the whole scene was changed to cold indifference, or gloomy melancholy. In a letter to miss Vanhomrigh, dated from Laracor, July 8, 1713, he says, "At my first "coming, I thought I should have died with discon- "tent; and was horribly melancholy while they were "installing me, but it begins to wear off, and change "to dulness." Who that read the former part of his Journal to Stella, replete with such ardent wishes for their meeting again never to part more, as the consummation of all his views of happiness in life, could have expected such a change? And who does not now see the true cause of that change?

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In this uneasy situation, we may suppose it was not with much reluctance he obeyed the call of his friends, to return immediately to England, in order to make up a new breach between the ministers, which threatened ruin to the party. Though this was the ostensible cause of his sudden departure, yet perhaps there was *metal more attractive* which drew him over at that time.

Soon after his arrival, he wrote that beautiful poem called Cadenus and Vanessa. His first design in this seems to have been to break off the connexion in the politest manner possible, and put an end to any expectations the lady might have formed of a future union between them. To soften the harshness of a refusal of her proffered hand, the greatest of mortifications to a woman, young, beautiful, and possessed of a good fortune, he painted all her perfections, both of body and mind, in such glowing colours, as must at least have highly gratified her vanity, and shown that he was far from being insensible to her charms, though prudence forbad his yielding to his inclinations. However determined he might be at the commencement of the Poem, he kept his resolution but ill in the prosecution of it. Happy had it been both for him and her, had he concluded it with a denial in such express and peremptory terms, as would have left her no ray of hope: but instead of that, he leaves the whole in a dubious state. She was too sharp-sighted not to perceive, that in spite of all the efforts of philosophy, love had taken possession of his heart, and made it rebel against his head. As her passion for him was first inspired by his wit and genius, a poem written in such exquisite taste, of which

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which she was the subject, and where she saw herself drest out in the most flattering colours, was not likely to administer to her cure. On the contrary, it only served to add fresh fuel to the flame. And as his love originally arose from sympathy, it must, from the same cause, increase with the growth of hers.

Meantime the unfortunate Stella languished in absence and neglect. The Journal was not renewed, nor are there any traces remaining of the least correspondence between them, during Swift's whole stay in England: while a continual intercourse was kept up between Vanessa and him. She was the first person he wrote to on his retirement to Letcomb, some time before the queen's death; and the last, on his departure from that place to Ireland. He arrived there in a much more gloomy state of mind than before, as the death of the queen had broke all his measures, and put an end to all future prospects, either for the publick or himself. He has given vent to his melancholy reflections on his situation, in a short poem, written during a fit of illness which had seized him soon after his arrival; of which the following lines make a part:

My state of health none care to learn,
My life is here no soul's concern.
And those with whom I now converse,
Without a tear will tend my hearse.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which, those who tend the sick for pay,
Can act as decently as they.

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But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end:
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.

Is it possible to conceive that this could be the case, while he was in the same country with his once adored Stella? But it is probable that resentment at his long neglect, and total change of behaviour toward her, as she was a woman of high spirit, might have fixed her, at that juncture, in a resolution of living separately from him in her country retirement, where the account of his illness might not have reached her. The arrival of Vanessa in Dublin, whose impatient love would not suffer her to stay long behind him, was the source of much inquietude to Swift. There was nothing he seemed to dread more than that his intimacy with her ſhould take wind in Dublin. He had warned her of this in his farewell letter to her from Letcomb, before his departure. "If you are in Ireland when I am "there, I ſhall see you very ſeldom. It is not a place "for any freedom; but it is where every thing is "known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. "These are rigorous laws that must be paſſed "through: but it is probable we may meet in London "in winter; or, if not, leave all to fate, that ſeldom "comes to humour our inclinations. I ſay all this out "of the perfect eſteem and friendſhip I have for you." And after her arrival he writes to the ſame effect. "I received your letter when ſome company was "with me on Saturday night, and it put me in ſuch "confuſion that I could not tell what to do. This "morning a woman who does buſineſs for me, told "me

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"me she heard I was in love with one —— naming "you, and twenty particulars; that little master —— "and I visited you; and that the archbishop did so; "and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever "feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so; "and that was the reason I said to you long ago, that "I would see you seldom when you were in Ireland; "and I must beg you to be easy, if, for some time, I "visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a man- "ner. I will see you at the latter end of the week, if "possible. These are accidents in life that are ne- "cessary, and must be submitted to; and tattle, by "the help of discretion, will wear off." But discretion was ill suited to a mind, now under the dominion of an ungovernable passion, and which had no other enjoyment in life, but in the society of the beloved object. She importuned him so with letters, messages, and complaints, that he was obliged to assume a sternness of behaviour to her, and treat her with a rigour quite foreign to his heart*. The effect this had on her, is most feelingly set forth in one of her letters, 1714. "You bid me be easy, and "you would see me as often as you could. You "had better have said, as often as you could get the "better of your inclinations so much; or as often "as you remembered there was such a one in the "world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you "will not be made uneasy by me long. It is im- "possible to describe what I have suffered since I saw "you last. I am sure I could have born the rack

* In answer to a letter which she had sent after him by her servant when he was on the road to Philipstown, he concludes thus: "I have rode a tedious journey to day, and can say no more. "Nor shall you know where I am till I come, and then I will see "you. A fig for your letters and messages."

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" much better, than those killing, killing words of " yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without " seeing you more; but those resolves, to your mis- " fortune, did not last long. For there is something " in human nature, that prompts one so to find relief " in this world, I must give way to it: and beg you " would see me, and speak kindly to me; for I am " sure you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I " have done, could you but know it. The reason " I write to you, is, because I cannot tell it to you " should I see you. For when I begin to complain, " then you are angry; and there is something in " your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. O! " that you may have but so much regard for me left, " that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. " I say as little as ever I can; did you but know " what I thought, I am sure it would move you to " forgive me, and believe, I cannot help telling you " this and live."

But whatever uneasiness Vanessa might suffer from this conduct of her lover toward her, poor Stella was ſtill more unhappy. All the fond hopes which she had indulged so many years, the completion of which she had expected upon his preferment, and increase of fortune, were now turned to despair, from the total silence which he observed on that head, and the remarkable change in his behaviour toward her. To the pangs of disappointment, were added the stings of jealousy; for love had made her too inquisitive, not to find out the cause of this alteration in him. There are some passages in the Journal relative to the Vanhomrighs, which show that the seeds of jealousy were early sown in her mind, upon Swift's being so domestick there when in London; and upon Vanessa's arrival in

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in Dublin, it is more than probable she kept a watchful eye upon their motions. The following beautiful verses of hers on that subject, show clearly she was under the dominion of that passion.

On Jealousy.

O shield me from his rage, celestial Powers!
This tyrant, that embitters all my hours.
Ah love! you've poorly play'd the hero's part;
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
When first I bent beneath your gentle reign,
I thought this monster banish'd from your train:
But you would raise him to support your throne,
And now he claims your empire as his own.
Or tell me, tyrants, have you both agreed
That where one reigns, the other shall succeed.

Thus oppressed at once by love, jealousy, and disappointment, her spirits sunk, a settled melancholy preyed upon her heart, which with a natural tendency to a decay, impaired her health to such a degree, as to give the most alarming symptoms of an approaching dissolution. Shocked with the apprehension of so fatal an event, whereof he must be conscious to himself he was the cause; and moved with compassion at the state to which he saw her reduced, all Swift's former tenderness and affection for her revived in his breast; and banished every other idea from his mind, but what tended to the preservation of a life so precious. He employed a common friend to both to learn from her the secret cause of that dejection of spirits, which had so visibly preyed upon her health; and to know whether it was by any means in his power to remove it; assuring her that nothing should be wanting on his part, to restore her to that tranquillity of mind, upon

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which so much of his own happiness depended. Upon this application Mrs. Johnson opened her mind fully to this friend. She told him that from the peculiarity of her circumstances, and the singular connexion she had with Swift for so many years, there had been great room given for the tongue of slander to exert itself. That she had learned to bear with this patiently, as she had reason to expect that all reports of that sort would be effaced by marriage, as soon as Swift should be in circumstances to make her a proposal of that nature. That she now saw with the deepest concern, ever since his promotion, his behaviour toward her had been wholly changed, and a cold indifference had succeeded to the warmest professions of eternal affection. That the necessary consequence would be, an indelible stain fixed upon her character, and the loſs of her good name, which was much dearer to her than life. Swift, in answer to this, said, that he had early in life laid down two maxims with regard to matrimony, from which he was determined never to depart. One was, never to marry, unless he was beforehand possessed of a decent provision for a family; another was, unless this should be the case at a time of life when he might reasonably expect to breed up his children, and see them properly entered into the world. With regard to the first article, he was so far from having any thing beforehand, that he was still in debt; and the small preferment he had obtained, to which he had now no hopes of ever receiving any addition, gave him but little prospect of ever accumulating a fortune. And as to the second, he had already passed that period of life, after which it was his fixed resolution never

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to marry. That of all women upon earth, could he have entered into that state consistently with these principles, she should have been his choice. And as her apprehensions about her character's suffering seemed to weigh the heaviest on her mind, in order to put an end to those, he was ready to go through the ceremony of marriage with her, upon two conditions. The first was, that they should continue to live separately, exactly in the same manner as before: the second, that it should be kept a profound secret from all the world, unless some urgent necessity should call for the discovery. However short of Stella's expectations these conditions might be, yet as she knew the inflexibility of Swift's resolutions, she readily embraced them. And as it is probable that her chief uneasiness arose from jealousy, and the apprehensions she was under that he might be induced to marry miss Vanhomrigh, she would at least have the satisfaction, by this measure, of rendering such a union with her rival impracticable. Accordingly the ceremony was performed without witnesses, and the connubial knot tied in the year 1716, by Dr. Ash, bishop of Clogher, to whom Swift had been a pupil in the college; and who, as I have been informed, was the common friend to both, employed in the above negotiation *. But the conditions upon which this union was formed, were punctually fulfilled. She still continued at her lodgings in a distant part of the town, where she received his visits as usual, and returned

* The whole account of this transaction was given me by Mrs. Sican, a lady of uncommon understanding, fine taste, and great goodness of heart: on which account she was a great favourite both with the dean and Mrs. Johnson.

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them at the deanery, in company with her friend Mrs. Dingley. As soon as Swift's finances were in order, he departed from that strict economy which he had observed while he was in debt, and kept two publick days, on which he invited parties of his friends to dinner; where Mrs. Johnson always made one of the circle, though without any distinct character or place from the other guests. The elegance of her manners, the sweetness of her disposition, and brilliancy of her wit, rendered her the general object of admiration to all who were so happy as to have a place in that enviable society. A certain dignity of deportment, which conscious virtue alone can give, and a native modesty which shone forth in all her words and actions, secured her from the busy tongue of slander, nor was the breath of calumny heard to whisper against her. And whatever singularity might appear in this their mode of living, was only considered as one of Swift's peculiarities; who, in many other instances, did not think himself bound to conform to the usual customs of the world. There were indeed many idle reasons assigned by busy curious people, for their not cohabiting, but none that ever glanced at her character.

Having satisfied the scruples of Mrs. Johnson by passing through the ceremony of marriage, whose recovered health and spirits added new charms to that conversation, once his supreme delight, Swift's next care was, to put an end to any hopes Vanessa might still entertain, against which there was now an insuperable bar. With this view he paid her a visit in company with Mr. dean Winter, a gentleman of good fortune, who was her professed admirer, and had

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had made overtures of marriage to her. Nothing could have been a greater mortification to her love-sick mind, than such a visit, as it implied a recommendation of his rival, and an entire renunciation of his own pretensions. She rejected his proposals with disdain, as well as those of every suitor who offered, having centred all her views of happiness in life in the possession of Cadenus. To avoid all importunities of that sort, she retired to a small house on her estate near Celbridge, where, in silence and solitude, she indulged her fatal passion, till it rose almost to a pitch of frenzy. All other ideas but what related to Cadenus, were banished from her mind, and all the faculties of her soul were absorbed in love. She wrote constantly to him in the most passionate style, nor could the coldness of his answers in the least abate her flame. The following letter sent to him from Celbridge, will best paint the state of her mind.

"Tell me sincerely, if you have once wished with "earnestness to see me, since I wrote to you: no, "so far from that, you have not once pitied me, "though I told you I was distressed. Solitude is "insupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have "worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with "watching and thinking of Cadenus, who thinks not "of me. How many letters shall I send you before "I receive an answer! Can you deny me, in my "misery, the only comfort which I can expect at "present? O that I could hope to see you here, "or that I could go to you! I was born with violent "passions, which terminated all in one, that inex-"pressible passion I have for you. Consider the "killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of "me;

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" me; and show some tenderness for me, or I shall lose " my senses. Sure you cannot possibly be so much " taken up, but you might command a moment to " write to me, and force your inclinations to so great " a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your " thoughts, (which no creature is capable of guessing " at, because never any one living thought like you) " I should find you had often, in a rage, wished me " religious, hoping then I should have paid my devo- " tions to Heaven: but that would not spare you; for " were I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should " worship. What marks are there of a deity, but " what you are to be known by? You are present " every where; your dear image is always before my " eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodi- " gious awe, I tremble with fear: at other times a " charming compassion shines through your counte- " nance, which revives my soul. Is it not more rea- " sonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than " one only described?"

We may see from this epistle to what a romantick height her passion had arisen. Not the most enthusiastick strains from Eloisa to Abelard, could exceed those of Vanessa to Cadenus. Length of time, instead of diminishing, served only to increase the violence of her passion; and the general coldness of her lover, far from extinguishing the flame, made it blaze forth the more. It must be confessed indeed, that Swift's conduct toward her was far from being consistent. Whatever resolutions he had formed, to try by neglect and ill usage to put an end to that ardour of love, which caused him infinite uneasiness, yet he was seldom able to keep them when in her presence. Whether compassion for the sufferings of an unhappy

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happy young woman, whose life was wasting away in misery on his account, operated on his humanity; or whether his own passion for her was too strong for all his philosophy, it is certain he could never muster up resolution enough entirely to break off the connexion, the only possible way by which a cure could be effected. If his coldness, or even rudeness, at times, drove her almost to despair; at others, the kindness of his behaviour, and marks of tenderness, revived her hopes. Or as she more strongly expresses it in her letter, "Sometimes you strike me "with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear; at "other times, a charming compassion shines through "your countenance, which revives my soul." In this alternate succession of hopes and fears, in this miserable state of suspense, did the wretched Vanessa pass her days till the year 1720, when Swift seemed determined to put an end to an intercourse, the source of so much unhappiness to both. Upon this occasion she wrote him the following letter:

Celbridge, 1720.

"BELIEVE me it is with the utmost regret that I "now complain to you, because I know your good "nature such, that you cannot see any human crea-"ture miserable, without being sensibly touched. "Yet what can I do? I must either unload my "heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the "inexpressible distress I now suffer, by your prodi-"gious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks "since I saw you; and in all that time, I have never "received but one letter from you, and a little note "with an excuse. Oh! have you forgot me? You "endeavour by severities to force me from you.

"Nor

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" Nor can I blame you; for, with the utmost " distress and confusion, I beheld myself the cause " of uneasy reflections to you: yet I cannot com- " fort you; but here declare, that it is not in the " power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inex- " pressible passion which I have for Cadenus. Put " my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as " distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you " cannot banish those charming ideas, which will " ever stick by me, while I have the use of memory. " Nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul, " for there is not a single atom of my frame, that is " not blended with it. Therefore do not flatter " yourself that separation will ever change my sen- " timents; for I find myself unquiet in the midst " of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sor- " row and love. For Heaven's sake tell me, what has " caused this prodigious change in you, which I found " of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me " left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not tell it so, " that it may cause my present death. And do not " suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, " which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost " any of your tenderness for me."

When Swift found that all his endeavours in this way had proved fruitless, and that the love of Vanessa for Cadenus, like that of the faithful Emma to Henry, was proof against all obstacles thrown in its way, he gave way to the feelings of humanity, and dictates of his heart, against which, with no small violence to his inclination, he had so long struggled, and changed his behaviour to that of the kind indulgent friend. His letters breathed sentiments of the greatest

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greatest tenderness; and in one of July 5, 1721, he makes a declaration of his passion for her in the most explicit terms, as may be seen in the following sentence written in French. *Mais soyez assurée, que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée, par votre ami, que vous* *. This declaration seems to have been drawn from him by some desperate state of mind in which he had left her, probably occasioned by her jealousy of Stella. For in the beginning of the same letter, dated from Gallstown, he says, "It was not convenient, hardly possible, to "write to you before now, though I had more than "ordinary desire to do it, considering the disposi- "tion I found you in last, though I hope I left you "in a better. Cadenus assures me, he continues to "esteem, and love, and value you above all things, "and so will do to the end of his life; but at the "same time entreats that you would not make your- "self or him unhappy by imaginations."

But as this declaration of Swift's was not followed by any overture of marriage, the confession of his passion for her, however pleasing it might be at first, could not long administer much consolation to her, when she saw no prospect of reaping any farther fruit from it. To find herself beloved, and at the same time without hopes of possessing the object of all her wishes, was rather an aggravation than a relief to her misery. After such a confession, she could see no reason for his not making farther advances. Her fortune was at that time sufficient to gratify his utmost wishes, as by the death of her two brothers and

* But rest assured, that no person upon earth has ever been loved, honoured, esteemed, adored by your friend, but yourself.

sister,

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sister, the whole property left by her father, which was very considerable, was vested in her. The disproportion in point of age was now not so great, as she was in her 37th year, and the doctor could no longer be charged with having seduced the affections of a young girl. She therefore concluded, that some reports which had just then reached her, of his being married to Mrs. Johnson, were but too well founded, and that this was the real obstacle to their union. Impatient of the torments which this idea gave her, she determined to put an end to all farther suspense, by writing to Mrs. Johnson herself upon this head. Accordingly she sent a short note to her, only requesting to know from her whether she was married to the dean or not. Mrs. Johnson answered her in the affirmative, and then enclosed the note she had received from miss Vanhomrigh to Swift. After which, she immediately went out of town without seeing him, or coming to any explanation, and retired in great resentment to Mr. Ford's country seat at Wood Park. Nothing could possibly have excited Swift's indignation more than this imprudent step taken by miss Vanhomrigh. He knew it must occasion great disturbance to Mrs. Johnſon, and give rise to conjectures fatal to her peace. Her abrupt departure, without so much as seeing him, already showed what passed in her mind. Exasperated to the highest degree, he gave way to the first transports of his passion, and immediately rid to Celbridge. He entered the apartment where the unhappy lady was, mute, but with a countenance that spoke the highest resentment. She trembling asked him, would he not sit down? No—

He

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He then flung a paper on the table, and immediately returned to his horse. When, on the abatement of her consternation, she had strength to open the paper, she found it contained nothing but her own note to Mrs. Johnson. Despair at once seized her, as if she had seen her death warrant: and such indeed it proved to be. The violent agitation of her mind threw her into a fever, which in a short time put a period to her existence. Swift, on receiving the tidings of her death, immediately took horse and quitted the town, without letting any mortal know to what part of the world he was gone. As he foresaw that this event would give rise to much town talk, he thought it most prudent to keep out of the way, till the first heat of it was over. And having never visited the southern part of the kingdom, he took this opportunity of making a tour there, because having no acquaintance in those parts, he might be a perfect master of his own motions, and in his solitary rambles, give free vent to his grief for the loss of so beloved an object, heightened by the bitter aggravation of knowing himself to be the cause of her death. Two months had elapsed without any news of him, which occasioned no small alarm among his friends; when Dr. Sheridan received a letter from him, to meet him at a certain distance from Dublin.

Before her death, miss Vanhomrigh had cancelled a will made in favour of Swift, and bequeathed her whole fortune to serjeant Marshall, and the famous Dr. Berkeley, whom she appointed her executors. The former was a relation, and the other only an acquaintance, for whose person and character she had the highest esteem. In her last illness she had laid a strong

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strong injunction on her executors, that immediately after her deceaſe, they should publish all the letters that passed between Swift and her, together with the poem of Cadenus and Vaneſſa. Accordingly they were put to the press, and some progress made in the letters, when Dr. Sheridan, getting intelligence of it, and being greatly alarmed lest they might contain something injurious to his friend's character in his absence, applied so effectually to the executors, that the printed copy was cancelled, but the originals still remained in their hands. The poem of Cadenus and Vanessa was however sent abroad into the world, as being supposed to contain nothing prejudicial to either of their characters: though the prying eye of malice, afterward found some hints in it, which, by the help of misconstruction, might furnish food to the appetite for scandal.

In the mean time, Mrs. Johnson continued at Wood Park, where her worthy host exerted all the powers of friendship to calm the disturbance of her mind, now much increased by the publication of that poem. To find there such an amiable portrait drawn of Vanessa, as one possessed of more and greater accomplishments than any of her sex, could not fail to excite her envy; of which a remarkable proof was given in an anecdote recorded by Dr. Delany. At this juncture some gentlemen happened to call at Moor Park, who were not acquainted with Mrs. Johnson's situation. As the newly published poem was then the general subject of conversation, they soon fell upon that topick. One of the gentlemen said, surely that Vanessa must be an extraordinary woman, that could inspire the dean to write so finely

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finely upon her. Mrs. Johnson smiled, and answered, that ſhe thought that point not quite so clear; for it was well known the dean could write finely on a broomstick. We must suppose her to have been exceedingly galled, when one of her humane disposition could utter such a sarcaſm, and thus exult over the recent ashes of her departed rival.

As there were numbers, through party hatred, and others through envy, who watched every opportunity to calumniate the dean's character, and spread stories to his disadvantage, the publication of this poem afforded room for malice to exert itself, which was greedily embraced. There were some lines in it, which having the worst construction put on them, by a very forced interpretation, might give rise to suspicions injurious to his character, and totally destructive of the lady's. Yet, such is the propensity of mankind to lean to the worse side, especially when any exalted character is thereby to be brought down more to a level with themselves, that this interpretation has been generally received, and the calumny accordingly spread, though perhaps there never was any built upon a more slender foundation, as I ſhall presently show. The lines alluded to are the following:

But what success VANESSA met,
Is to the world a secret yet:
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantick strain;
Or whether he at last deſcends,
To act with less seraphick ends;
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor ſhall the conscious muse unfold.

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These lines, considered as detached from the rest, might perhaps admit of such an interpretation; but when the whole scope of the poem is taken in, it is impossible to put a bad one upon them, without giving up all pretensions to common sense, as well as candour. Cadenus is represented as a clergyman of the strictest morals, advanced in life, and who had at all times been proof against any weakness with regard to the fair sex. Vanessa is drawn as the most perfect model of every female perfection, particularly modesty:

> From whence that decency of mind,
> So lovely in the female kind,
> Where not one careless thought intrudes,
> Less modest than the speech of prudes.

She is represented as a pattern for all the sex to copy after:

> As she advanced, that womankind,
> Would, by her model form their mind;
> And all their conduct would be try'd
> By her, as an unerring guide.

Is it possible to conceive, that when a lady of this character confesses a passion for her reverend tutor, that any thing could be meant by it but virtuous love, to terminate in matrimony? If gallantry had been her object, in the whole race of mankind she could not have made a more preposterous choice; though by one of her refined way of thinking, who considered the beauties of the mind as superiour to all external accomplishments, he might have been preferred to all the world as a husband.

It

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It is impossible there could be any mistake about the kind of love mentioned in this passage, were it not for an expression in the subsequent lines, which might admit of a bad interpretation, by those who do not understad the true force of words, which has been on many occasions the source of infinite errours among us, from not studying our own language. The expression I mean, is to be found in the last of the following lines:

> Or, to compound the business, whether
> They temper love and books together,
> Must never to mankind be told,
> Nor shall the *conscious* muse unfold.

Here the word *conscious*, being much oftener used in a bad than a good sense, is apt to mislead the unwary reader, and make him conceive that there was something in the secret dishonourable to the parties if revealed. But upon examining into the proper meaning of this word, we shall find that it has a very different sense when applied to one's self, and when it refers to others. *Consciousness*, applied to self, is the perception of what passes in a man's own mind; from which proceeds an internal sense of guilt or innocence, by which we either stand acquitted or condemned to ourselves, and is therefore equally capable of a good or bad sense. But when it refers to another person, it has nothing to do with any judgment formed of the rectitude or depravity of the action, it only means that that other person is in the secret, or privy to the transaction, be it good, or be it bad. And consciousness of this sort can never affect the nature of the thing itself:

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Thus when the lover writes,

The silent moon shone conscious to our loves.

The word *conscious* does not at all determine the nature of those loves, whether they were of the chaste or criminal kind, which must be gathered from other circumstances. In like manner, when Cadenus says, "the conscious muse ſhall not unfold," &c. it can admit or no other meaning, but that the muse, who alone was in the secret, should never disclose it, or tell whether he returned Vanessa's passion or not: and that this passion, if returned, must have been of the purest and most virtuous kind, has, from other circumstances, been already sufficiently proved.

It is evident Cadenus looked upon the declaration made by the lady, in no other light than an overture to marriage; as may be seen in the following couplet, quoted before:

Five thousand guineas in her purse,
The doctor might have fancy'd worse.

But to put an end to a possibility of conceiving that any insinuation of a contrary nature could have dropped from Swift's pen, it will be sufficient to make it known that the poem was not intended for the publick eye; that it was written solely for the use of Vanessa, upon motives already explained; that the only copy of it in being was in her hands, and in all probability it would never have seen the light, but for the injunction to her executors. It may be asked, if this was the case, and that the poem was intended only for Vanessa's inspection, what occasion was there for these lines to her, who, as well as the muse, must already be conscious how matters

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matters stood between them? In answer to this, it is evident that the poem would be incomplete, if there were not some conclusion to the story of Cadenus and Vanessa. The story could possibly terminate only in one of the following ways: either Vanessa, from the arguments and coldness of her philosophick lover, had got the better of her passion, and adopted his platonick system; or Cadenus, after all his resistance, was obliged to yield to the all-conquering power of love; or finding her passion incurable, had broken off all intercourse with her; or that the issue of the affair was still in suspense. As the latter was really the case at the time of writing the poem, it could then have no other conclusion. And those lines which leave matters in a dubious state, seem only calculated to paint the uncertainty of his own mind, and not to leave Vanessa without hope, from that very uncertainty, that she might in time expect a suitable return of love.

But though it should be allowed, from the above state of the case, that at the time of writing this poem, neither of the parties had entertained even an idea of entering into a criminal amour, yet when it is known that he afterward carried on a secret intercourse with the lady during the space of eight or nine years; that he passed many hours alone with a young and charming woman, who loved him to adoration, and for whom he himself was first inspired with the passion of love; it will be hardly credible, that thus circumstanced, they should not, in some unguarded moment, have given way to the frailty of human nature. And yet extraordinary as it may appear, there are many strong reasons to be-

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lieve that this never was the case. We have already seen on her first going to Ireland, what uncommon pains Swift took to avoid meeting her. Upon which Vanessa writes to him in the following manner: "You once had a maxim, which was to act what "was right, and not mind what the world would say. "I wish you would keep to it now. Pray what can be "wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young "woman? I cannot imagine." Is this the language of guilt, or conscious innocence? In all the letters which passed between them, whose publication was suppressed, as before related, I have been assured by one of her executors, the late judge Marshall, and the same was constantly asserted by the other, bishop Berkeley, that there was no hint of any criminal amour; which could not easily have happened in so long a correspondence, had that been the case. On the contrary, in the few that have seen the light, we find Swift always praising her for her virtues, and recommending to her the improvement of her mind. In his French letter, May 12, 1719, in answer to one of hers written in that language, he says, *Et que je suis sot moi de vous répondre en même langage, vous qui êtes incapable d'aucune sottise, si ce n'est l'estime qu'il vous plait d'avoir pour moi: car il n'y a point de mérite, ni aucun preuve de mon bon goût, de trouver en vous tout ce que la nature a donnée à un mortel; je veux dire, l'honneur, la vertu, le bon sens, l'esprit, le douceur, l'agrément, et la fermeté d'ame**. And

* "What a blockhead am I to answer you in the same language! "you who are incapable of any folly, unless it be the esteem you are "pleased to entertain for me: for it is no merit, nor any proof of my "good taste, to find out in you all that nature has bestowed on a "mortal; that is to say, honour, virtue, good sense, wit, sweetness, "agreeableness, and firmness of soul."

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in another of October 15, 1720, he says, "When "I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, "you are not to quarrel, and be governour, but to "impute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly, "that I have the same respect and kindness for you "I ever professed to have, and shall ever preserve; "because you will always merit the utmost that can "be given you; especially if you go on to read, and "still farther improve your mind, and the talents "that nature has given you."

Indeed the most probable solution of this intricate affair is, that Swift, having lived to such an advanced time of life in a state of continence, and a constant habit of suppressing his desires, at last lost the power of gratifying them: a case by no means singular, as more than one instance of the kind has fallen within my knowledge. This will appear the more probable, when we reflect, that in the letter to his kinsman before cited, he acknowledges himself to be naturally of a temperate constitution with regard to women, and that he had never indulged himself in illicit amours. Nor did it ever appear, even from report, that he had any commerce of that kind with any of the sex, which, after the conspicuous figure he made in life, could not fail of being related by some of his companions in his early pleasures, had there been any foundation for it. This alone can account for his singular conduct with regard to the two ladies: for his coldness to Vanessa, and constant endeavours to bring down the ardours of her passion, and lower them to friendship, or a love more of the platonick kind, and for his abstaining from the lawful pleasures of connubial love with Stella. And I think there is one

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strong argument of his never having entered into any commerce of that sort with Vanessa, that it is hardly credible he should have refrained, in that case, from a similar gratification with Stella, who was possessed of greater personal charms, and was more an object of desire, than the other: especially as the former could not be enjoyed without compunction, and the latter was a pleasure of the purest kind without alloy.

In confirmation of the opinion I have here started, I remember a saying of Swift's, "that he never yet saw the woman, for whose sake he would part with the middle of his bed." A saying, which, I believe, all mankind will judge could come from no person, but one incapable of enjoying the highest and most innocent of all gratifications here below, when sanctified by marriage.

I have dwelt the longer on this point, because much of the moral part of Swift's character depends on it. For if it should be credited that he could take advantage of her weakness to debauch the daughter of a lady, who received him into her family with the affection of a sister, and reposed the same confidence in him as if he were her brother; if it should appear that for several years he carried on a criminal intrigue with her, at the same time that he denied the lawful rites of marriage, due to one of the most amiable of her sex; I am afraid, instead of a pattern of the most perfect morality, he must be given up an instance of uncommon profligacy, and be justly charged with a vice, which, of all others, he most detested, and from which no man ever was more free, I mean hypocrisy.

Though lord Orrery has acquitted him of this charge, upon the same principle that has been here laid

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laid down, yet, *pro solitâ humanitate sua*, he has done it only with a view to place him in a more odious light. As the account he has given of this affair, affords one of the strongest instances of the blindness of malice, and how far, in search of its gratification, it may overshoot itself, I shall here present part of it to the reader, that he may judge, from that specimen, what credit is due to the rest of the author's malevolent remarks on Swift. I shall begin with his extraordinary comments on the following lines in the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa; where in a conversation between them, the author gives the following account of her sentiments, as delivered by her:

She well remember'd, to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost.
Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use:
" That virtue pleas'd by being shown,
" Knows nothing which it dares not own:
" Can make us, without fear, disclose
" Our inmost secrets to our foes:
" That common forms were not design'd
" Directors to a noble mind."
Now, said the nymph, to let you see,
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise,
I knew, by what you said and writ,
What dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms:
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aim'd at the head, and reach'd the heart.

Now

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Now in these lines, according to the plain and obvious meaning of the words, there are no sentiments which might not have proceeded from the most exalted virtue, and purity of mind. A young lady, described as a perfect pattern of modesty, possessed of

——— that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careless thought intrudes,
Less modest than the speech of prudes,

is here represented as about to disclose her passion for her tutor, which was kindled in her breast by his extraordinary talents, and uncommon virtue. As it was contrary to the received maxims of the world, that a woman should be the first to break her mind on such an occasion, she prepares the way by quoting two maxims of his own which he had taught her; one was, that a mind conscious of innocence, need never be ashamed of disclosing its inmost thoughts: the other, that common forms, invented to keep the vulgar within bounds, might be dispensed with, where a superiour grandeur of soul is shown by breaking through such barriers. Knowing therefore the purity of her love for an object so worthy of it, she is not ashamed to declare it; and looks upon it as a mark of greatness of mind, to be above the common forms of her sex, in being the first to disclose it.

Besides, there were other reasons, which would justify her, even in the opinion of the world, for being the first mover in this case, arising both from disparity of years and fortune; which might discourage Cadenus from paying his addresses, however he might secretly wish to be united to Vanessa.

Now

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Now let us see in what manner this passage has been explained by the noble remarker on Swift's life. Immediately after his quotation of the foregoing lines, he thus expatiates upon them:

"Supposing this account to be true, and I own "to you my *Ham*, I can scarce think it otherwise, it "is evident that the fair Vanessa had made a surprising "progress in the philosophick doctrines, which she "had received from her preceptor. His rules were cer- "tainly of a most extraordinary kind. He taught her "that *vice*, as soon as it defied *shame*, was immediately "changed into *virtue*. That vulgar forms were not "binding upon certain *choice spirits*, to whom either "the writings, or the persons of men of wit were "acceptable. She heard the lesson with attention, "and imbibed the philosophy with eagerness. The "maxims suited her exalted turn of mind. She ima- "gined if the theory appeared so charming, the prac- "tice must be much more delightful. The close con- "nexion of soul and body seemed to require, in the "eye of a female philosopher, that each should suc- "ceed the other in all pleasurable enjoyments. The "former had been sufficiently regaled, why must the "latter remain unsatisfied!—Nature 'said Vanessa,' "*abhors a vacuum*, and nature ought always to be "obeyed. She communicated these sentiments to "her tutor; but he seemed not to comprehend her "meaning, not to conceive the *distinctio rationis* that "had taken rise in his own school. He answered her "in the *nonessential modes*. Talked of friendship, of "the delights of reason, of gratitude, respect, and "esteem. He almost preached upon virtue, and he "muttered some indistinct phrases concerning chas- "tity. So unaccountable a conduct in Cadenus, may "be

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" be thought rather to proceed from defects in nature,
" than from the scrupulous difficulties of a tender
" conscience. Such a supposition will still appear
" more strong, if we recollect the distant manner in
" which Swift cohabited with Stella; colder, if pos-
" sible, after, than before she was his wife."

I appeal to the reader whether he ever met in the most stupid, or malicious commentator, such a total perversion of the meaning of words. To show this it its strongest light, let us place the text, and explanation in opposition to each other.

TEXT.	EXPLANATION.
That virtue pleas'd by being shown Knows nothing which it dares not own: Can make us, without fear, disclose Our inmost secrets to our foes.	That vice, as soon as it defied shame, was immediately changed into virtue.
That common forms were not design'd Directors to a noble mind.	That vulgar forms were not binding upon certain choice spirits, to whom either the writings, or the persons of men of wit were acceptable.

According to this account, the man who had been all his life a votary to virtue; whose chief delight it was to instil the best principles into the minds of youth; who had trained the amiable Stella, from her early days, in such a way, as, by the remarker's own description of her, made her a model of perfection; this man, I say, all of a sudden became a proselyte to vice; betrayed the confidence reposed in him by the mother, his particular friend, to corrupt the mind of her innocent daughter, so as to make her lose all

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all sense of shame, and even glory in wickedness. And all this, for what? You will suppose at least that he had fallen desperately in love with her, and having no hopes of marriage, is determined to gratify his passion at any rate, and with this view, tries to erase from her mind all principles of virtue and modesty, which might stand in his way. Quite the contrary. It appears from the remarker's own account, that when he had accomplished his point, and brought her to as high a degree of depravity as he could wish, in order to gratify his desires, he changed his whole system, rejected her proffered love, talked of friendship, reason, gratitude, respect, esteem, and preached upon virtue and chastity. And to account for this inconsistence in his behaviour, he has recourse to defects of nature, and impotence in the dean. Now to suppose that a reverend divine, advanced in life, should lay such a plan to corrupt the mind of his young pupil, without a possibility of any view to self-gratification, and merely to prepare her for prostitution to others, is to charge him with a crime so truly diabolical, as would stamp a blacker stain of infamy even on the character of a Chartres. And yet this is a charge brought by lord Orrery against *his friend* Swift.

To expatiate farther on the inconsistencies, absurdities, and impurities, rising almost to obscenity, in the passage above quoted, and all that refers to the same subject, would be utterly unnecessary, as they must be obvious to every reader of the least discernment. But I cannot quit this article without endeavouring to wipe away some of the most cruel and groundless aspersions, that have been thrown on the memory of the

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the accomplished, though unfortunate Vanessa. In all the account given by lord Orrery of this lady, he has drawn her character as opposite to that given by Swift, as darkness is to light; and this in such positive and peremptory terms, that every reader must suppose he was well acquainted with her. And yet it is certain he never saw her in his life, nor had any opportunity to get any information about her till many years after her death, as his first visit to Ireland was in the year 1733. Without any other outline before him but what was traced in his own brain, for he does not even pretend to quote any authority for all that he has advanced upon this subject, see what a portrait he has drawn of the celebrated Vanessa:

"Vanity makes terrible devastation in a female "breast. It batters down all restraints of modesty, "and carries away every seed of virtue. Vanessa was "excessively vain. The character given of her by "Cadenus is fine painting, but, in general, fictitious. "She was fond of dress; impatient to be admired; "very romantick in her turn of mind; superiour, in her "own opinion, to all her sex; full of pertness, gayety, "and pride; not without some agreeable accomplish-"ments, but far from being either beautiful or gen-"teel; ambitious, at any rate to be esteemed a wit, "and with that view always affecting to keep company "with wits; a great reader, and a violent admirer of "poetry; *happy in the thoughts of being reputed Swift's "concubine, but still aiming and intending to be his wife*; "by nature haughty and disdainful, looking with the "pity of contempt upon her inferiours, and with the "smiles of self-approbation upon her equals; but "upon Dr. Swift with the eyes of love."

Whoever

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Whoever compares this picture, with that drawn for Vanessa in the poem, will hardly conceive it possible that they should both be copies of the same original. In the one, she is represented as a model of perfection, adorned with every grace and virtue that could raise her above her sex: in the other as not possessed of one good quality, either of mind or person, and replete with such foibles, and bad dispositions, as must degrade her to the lowest rank. If it be supposed that the former was a very flattering likeness, and the chief beauties and embellishments there, were only the creatures of a poetick fancy, let us see how far the same painter has kept up a resemblance, in the more correct drawing, and chaste colouring of prose. For this purpose let us have recourse to a letter of his written to her in French, six years after the poem, May 12, 1619, part whereof has been already quoted, and of which the following is a literal translation:

"I make you my compliments on your perfection "in the French language. It is necessary to be long "acquainted with you, in order to know all your ac- "complishments: every time, in seeing and hearing "you, new ones appear, which before were concealed. "I am ashamed to think I know only the Gascon and "Patois in comparison of you. There is no objection "to be made either to the orthography, propriety, "elegance, ease, or spirit of the whole. And what a "blockhead am I to answer you in the same lan- "guage! You, who are incapable of any folly, unless "it be the esteem you are pleased to entertain for me: "for, it is no merit, nor any proof of my good taste "to find out in you all that nature has bestowed on "a mortal; that is to say, *honour*, *virtue*, good sense, "wit,

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" wit, sweetness, agreeableness, and firmness of soul: " *but by concealing yourself as you do, the world knows* " *you not, and you lose the eulogy of millions.* Ever since " I have had the honour of knowing you, I have " always remarked, that neither in private, nor in " general conversation, has one word ever escaped you, " which could be better expressed. And I protest, " that after making frequently the most severe criti- " cisms, I never have been able to find the least fault, " either in your actions, or your words. Coquetry, " affectation, prudery, are imperfections which you " never knew. And with all this, do you think it " possible not to esteem you above the rest of human- " kind? What beasts in petticoats are the most ex- " cellent of those, whom I see dispersed throughout " the world in comparison of you! On seeing, or " hearing them, I say a hundred times a day, speak " not, look not, think not, do nothing like those " wretches. What a calamity is it to be the cause of " bringing down contempt on so many women, who " but for the thoughts of you, would be tolerable " enough. But it is time to release you from this " trouble, and to bid you adieu. I am, and ever " shall remain, with all possible respect, sincerity, and " esteem, yours."

Of these two opposite characters, the one, was drawn by a man of the nicest discernment, from whose piercing eye, not the smallest blemish, particularly of female minds, could lie concealed, and whose turn lay much more to satire, than panegyrick; by one, who was intimately acquainted with the lady for whom it was drawn, from her early days, to the time of her death. The other, by a man, who far from having any knowledge of the original, had

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had never so much as seen her person. Can there be the least doubt then which of them is most likely to be the true one? But not to rest upon authority alone, I will now show that there could not have been the least foundation for some of the blackest calumnies cast on the character of this unfortunate lady, in the above quoted passage. The author there says, "That she was happy in the thoughts "of being reputed Swift's concubine, but still aim-"ing and intending to be his wife." Now we have already seen what uncommon precautions Swift took on her arrival in Dublin, to conceal from the world all the knowledge of his visiting her; so that it became necessary to her to be as secret as possible on that head, as she knew with certainty, that if it once became a town talk, she should never see him more, and that he would at once drop all correspondence with her, which was the only consolation left her, in that distressed state of mind so feelingly set forth in her letters. So that if she had been so thoroughly depraved, as to place any part of her happiness in a publick loss of character, she could not have been gratified in so singular a taste, without parting with the substance for the shadow: for, in the same sentence it is said, "that she still aimed "and intended to be his wife." I believe so preposterous a plan of bringing about a marriage with a man of the smallest degree of honour and character in the world, that of the lady's boasting of being his concubine, never entered into the head of any mortal, but that of the noble remarker on Swift's Life. And indeed the assertion is so utterly void of foundation, that all the intercourse between them, either by visits or letters, was carried on in so

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secret a manner, that not a tittle of it ever transpired during the lady's life time; nor was there the least suspicion of it, till it was at once blazoned to the world, by the publication of the poem. As to the other parts of her character, "her being fond of "dress, impatient to be admired, setting up for a "wit, and affecting always to keep company with "wits," &c. we find the direct reverse of this to be true, as she led a most recluse life, avoiding as much as possible all society, and indulging her unhappy passion in solitude, which gave rise to that passage in Swift's letter before quoted, where he says,— "but by concealing yourself as you do, the world "knows you not, and you lose the eulogy of "millions."

But his lordship, not satisfied with drawing this odious picture of poor Vanessa, thought there were some finishing strokes still wanting, to render it more deformed; he therefore adds, upon the circumstance of Swift's last interview, in which he broke with her, the following traits: "She had "long thrown away the gentle lenitives of virtue, "which, upon this occasion, might have proved "healing ingredients to so deep, and so dangerous a "wound. She had preferred wit to religion; she "had utterly destroyed her character, and her con- "science; and she was now fallen a prey to the "horrour of her own thoughts." Now, if he were giving an account of the most abandoned profligate wretch, that ever disgraced her sex, just ready to expiate her crimes at Tyburn, could he possibly have expressed himself in stronger terms? Let the reader only look over the passage once more, and judge. And what were the crimes committed by the unfortunate

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tunate Vanessa, to draw down on her so severe a censure. He himself has acquitted her of any criminal commerce with Cadenus, from a supposed impossibility in the nature of things. It never was surmised by any mortal, nor does he himself pretend to insinuate, that ever she engaged in an affair of gallantry with any other. Nay, so little does she seem to have been under the influence of any desires of that sort, that she rejected with disdain all offers of marriage, placing her whole happiness in the single point of her union with Cadenus; to which, it would be absurd to suppose, from his advanced time of life, that sensual gratification could have been a chief motive. It is evident she was possessed with an extraordinary passion for one of the most extraordinary men of the age, in which she persevered many years with unparallelled constancy, and at length could not outlive her disappointment. Is there any thing criminal in this? Is there any thing in the story, which must not raise pity in every breast of the least humanity? And yet see what effect the melancholy catastrophe had upon the obdurate heart of the noble remarker! who winds up her story thus: "Thus "perished at Celbridge, under all the agonies of de- "spair, Mrs. Esther Vanhomrigh; a miserable ex- "ample of an ill spent life, fantastick wit, visionary "schemes, and female weakness."

I appeal to the reader, whether he thinks it possible that any venal writer, hired by an enemy for the purpose of defamation, could have drawn any character in terms of more rancorous malignity. Nor do I believe there exists, even in that prostitute tribe, an individual, who, in cold blood, without provocation, or prospect of reward, would set about

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so odious a task. What motive then could induce this writer to lay aside the nobleman, the gentleman, and the man, to commit an act, which the most hardened assassin of reputations would be ashamed of? Let us suppose, for an instant, that all he has said of this lady is true, was he called upon to the hangman's office, of mangling and embowelling the remains of a deceased criminal? But, on the other hand, when we are sure that he could not himself know the truth of any one assertion he has made; that he does not even hint at any authority of others, on which he could rely; and that he has drawn this character in direct opposition to one given to the same person, by the best and most competent judge in the world; we should be apt to conclude, that the whole must have proceeded from a mind fraught with an uncommon portion of malignity.

But his conduct may be accounted for upon a principle not quite of so black a die. His lordship considered only how he should appear in the light of an author. He had before drawn a fancied picture of Stella, whom also he had never seen, in which he had collected such an assemblage of perfections, from the whole catalogue of female beauties, graces, virtues, and accomplishments, as perhaps never met in any human creature. In his great liberality, among his other qualities bestowed on her, he gave her skill in musick, of which she did not know a note; for she neither sung, nor played on any instrument. As the drawing of this character cost him no small pains, he took the usual method of novelists to set it off, by making that of her rival a direct contrast to it: whose deformity,

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formity, in its turn, became more conspicuous, when opposed to the beautiful colouring in the other. And in doing this he answered another end, which he never loses sight of throughout his work, that of degrading Swift as much as possible: for, if the characters of those two ladies were justly drawn, nothing could have shown a more depraved taste in Swift, than any preference given to the latter, over the former.

I shall close the history of this unfortunate lady, with two little poems written by her, strongly descriptive of her state of mind, and affording, in some measure, a confirmation of the account I have given of her.

AN ODE TO SPRING.

HAIL, blushing goddess, beauteous Spring,
Who, in thy jocund train, dost bring
Loves and Graces, smiling hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers,
Come, with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew.
Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets, no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows,
As when CADENUS blest the scene,
And shar'd with me those joys serene.
When, unperceiv'd, the lambent fire
Of Friendship kindled new desire;
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung,
Divine imprest their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.

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My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
(Dear names!) in one idea blend;
O! still conjoin'd, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies.

AN ODE TO WISDOM.

O PALLAS! I invoke thy aid!
Vouchsafe to hear a wretched maid,
  By tender love deprest;
'Tis just that thou should'st heal the smart,
Inflicted by thy subtle art,
  And calm my troubled breast.

No random shot from CUPID's bow,
But by thy guidance, soft and slow,
  It sunk within my heart;
Thus, Love being arm'd with Wisdom's force,
In vain I try to stop its course,
  In vain repel the dart.

O Goddess, break the fatal league,
Let Love, with Folly and Intrigue,
  More fit associates find!
And thou alone, within my breast,
O! deign to sooth my griefs to rest,
  And heal my tortur'd mind.

Immediately after the death of miss Vanhomrigh, as I have already mentioned, Swift made a tour of two months in the southern parts of Ireland: during which, Mrs. Johnson remained at Wood Park; nor did she quit it for some months after his return, probably occasioned by her resentment at the preference

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ference given by him to her rival. However, upon her return to Dublin, a reconciliation soon took place. He welcomed her to town in that beautiful poem, called "Stella at Wood Park," in which he indulged his usual vein of raillery, but concludes with a high compliment to Stella:

For though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood Park with you.

He had an opportunity not long after of showing that he was sincere in this declaration, as he passed a whole summer with her at Quilca, in as inconvenient a cabin, and as dreary a country as could any where be met with: and yet he often declared that they were some of the happiest hours of his life which he thus passed. They were indeed some of the last in which he had any enjoyment in her society, as she soon after fell into a decline, attended with such symptoms as afforded little prospect of any long continuance of life. The first account of her state being desperate reached Swift in London, as was before related. The following extracts from his letter to Dr. Sheridan on the occasion will best show with what agonies of mind he received it.

"I have yours just now of the 19th, and the account you give me, is nothing but what I have some time expected with the utmost agonies. It was at this time the best office your friendship could do, not to deceive me. I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me, but all my preparations will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a Christian. There has been the most intimate friendship between us from her childhood, and the

" greatest merit on her side that ever was in one hu-
" man creature toward another. Nay, if I were now
" near her, I would not see her; I could not behave
" myself tolerably, and should redouble her sorrow.
" Judge in what a temper of mind I write this. The
" very time I am writing, I conclude the fairest ſoul
" in the world has left its body.—Confuſion! that I
" am this moment called down to a viſitor, when I am
" in the country, and not in my power to deny myself.
" I have paſſed a very conſtrained hour, and now re-
" turn to say I know not what. I have been long
" weary of the world, and ſhall for my ſmall remainder
" of years be weary of life, having for ever loſt that
" converſation, which alone could make it tolerable."

Soon after this, we have ſeen that he returned to Ireland, where he found the danger over, and was made happy by her recovery. But on his next journey to London in the following year, he was again alarmed with an account of a moſt dangerous relapſe. The effect this had on him will be beſt deſcribed by his own expreſſions in his letter to Dr. Sheridan.

" I have had your letter of the 19th, and expect, be-
" fore you read this, to receive another from you, with
" the moſt fatal news that can ever come to me, un-
" leſs I ſhould be put to death for ſome ignominious
" crime. I continue very ill with my giddineſs and
" deafneſs, and I ſhall be perfectly content if God
" ſhall please to call me at this time. I beg, if you
" have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me
" no particulars, but the event in general: my weak-
" neſs, my age, my friendſhip will bear no more. I
" do not intend to return to Ireland ſo ſoon as I
" purpoſed; I would not be there in the midſt of
" grief. Neither my health nor grief will permit me

" to

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" to say more. This stroke was unexpected, and my " fears last year were ten times greater."

In a subsequent letter he says, " If I had any " tolerable health, I would go this moment to Ire- " land; yet I think I would not, considering the " news I daily expect to hear from you. I have just " received yours of August the 24th. I kept it an " hour in my pocket, with all the suspense of a man " who expected to hear the worst news that fortune " could give him, and at the same time was not able " to hold up my head. These are perquisites of liv- " ing long: the last act of life is always a tragedy at " best; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's " best friend go before one. I do profess, upon my " salvation, that the distressed and desperate condi- " tion of our friend, makes life so indifferent to me, " who by course of nature have so little left, that I do " not think it worth the time to struggle; yet I should " think, according to what had been formerly, that I " may happen to overcome this disorder; and to what " advantage? Why, to see the loss of that person, for " whose sake only life was worth preserving. What " have I to do in this world? I never was in such " agonies as when I received your letter, and had " it in my pocket. I am able to hold up my sorry " head no longer."

Let any one who understands the language of nature, judge whether the writer of the above passages, had not a heart susceptible of the utmost tenderness and warmth of friendship.

Nor was it to his friend Sheridan alone that he thus opened his heart: I have a letter before me, never published, to Mr. Stopford, then at Paris, dated

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dated from Twickenham, July 20, 1726, in which is the following passage: "I fear I shall have more "than ordinary reasons to wish you a near neighbour "to me in Ireland, and that your company will be "more necessary than ever, when I tell you that I "never was in so great dejection of spirits. For I "lately received a letter from Mr. Worrall, that one "of the two oldest and dearest friends I have in the "world, is in so desperate a condition of health, as "makes me expect every post to hear of her death. "It is the younger of the two, with whom I have "lived in the greatest friendship for thirty-three "years. I know you will share in my trouble, be-"cause there were few persons whom I believe you "more esteemed. For my part, as I value life very "little, so the poor casual remains of it, after such a "loss, would be a burden that I must heartily beg "God Almighty to enable me to bear: and I think "there is not a greater folly than that of entering "into too strict and particular a friendship, with "the loss of which a man must be absolutely mi-"serable, but especially at an age when it is too late "to engage in a new friendship. Besides, that was "a person of my own rearing and instructing from "childhood, who excelled in every good quality that "can possibly accomplish a human creature. They "have hitherto written me deceiving letters, but Mr. "Worrall has been so just and prudent as to tell me "the truth; which, however racking, is better than "to be struck on the sudden. Dear James, pardon "me. I know not what I am saying, but believe "me that violent friendship is much more last-"ing, and as much engaging, as violent love. "Adieu.

"If

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"If this accident should happen before I set out, "I believe I shall stay this winter in England, where "it will be at least easier to find some repose than "upon the spot."

However, as she still continued to linger on, dying by slow degrees, he returned to Dublin, as we have before seen, in order to discharge the last melancholy offices of friendship, by smoothing her passage to the grave, and softening the terrours of death with all the comfortable hopes which religion can hold forth. The prayers composed by him on this occasion, are written in as pure a strain of Christian piety, as ever came from an uninspired pen.

A short time before her death a scene passed between the dean and her, an account of which I had from my father, and which I shall relate with reluctance, as it seems to bear more hard on Swift's humanity than any other part of his conduct in life. As she found her final dissolution approach, a few days before it happened, in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, she addressed Swift in the most earnest and pathetick terms to grant her dying request. That as the ceremony of marriage had passed between them, though for sundry considerations they had not cohabited in that state, in order to put it out of the power of slander to be busy with her fame after death, she adjured him by their friendship to let her have the satisfaction of dying at least, though she had not lived, his acknowledged wife. Swift made no reply, but turning on his heel, walked silently out of the room, nor ever saw her afterward during the few days she lived. This behaviour threw Mrs. Johnson into unspeakable agonies, and for a time she sunk under the weight of so cruel a disappoint-

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disappointment. But soon after, roused by indignation, she inveighed against his cruelty in the bitterest terms; and sending for a lawyer, made her will, bequeathing her fortune by her own name to charitable uses. This was done in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, whom she appointed one of her executors. Upon this occasion the doctor gave an instance of his disinterested spirit; for when Mrs. Johnson mentioned his name to the lawyer, annexing a very handsome legacy to it, the doctor immediately interposed, and would not suffer it to be put down, saying, that as she disposed of her fortune to such pious uses, he should think he defrauded the charity if he accepted of any part of it. During the few days she lived after this, Dr. Sheridan gave her constant attendance, and was in the chamber when she breathed her last. His grief for her loss was not perhaps inferiour to the dean's. He admired her above all human beings, and loved her with a devotion as pure as that which we would pay to angels. She, on her part, had early singled him out from all the dean's acquaintance, as her confidential friend. There grew up the closest amity between them, which subsisted, without interruption, to the time of her death. During her long illness, he never passed an hour from her which could be spared from business; and his conversation, in the dean's absence, was the chief cordial to support her drooping spirits. Of her great regard for him Swift bears testimony, in the close of one of his letters to him from London, where he says, "I fear while you are reading this, you will be "shedding tears at her funeral: she loved you well, "and a great share of the little merit I have with "you,

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"you, is owing to her solicitation." No wonder therefore if the doctor's humanity was shocked at the last scene which he saw pass between her and the dean, and which affected him so much, that it was a long time before he could be thoroughly reconciled to him.

Yet on the dean's part it may be said, that he was taken by surprise, and had no reason to expect such an attack at that time. We have already seen the motives which induced him to go through the ceremony, and the conditions upon which it was performed. After several years passed without any consequence from it, or any reason offered for publishing this to the world, it seems to have been agreed between them that the whole should be buried in oblivion, as if no such thing had ever happened. Insomuch, that he had recommended it to her to make her will, and bequeath her fortune to a charitable use which he had pointed out to her. The marriage was evidently a mere matter of form, intended only to satisfy some vain scruples of the lady, without any view to the usual ends of matrimony, and therefore was in fact no marriage at all. To acknowledge her as his wife, when in reality she never had been such, would be to give sanction to a falsehood, and at the same time afford an opportunity to busy tongues to draw a thousand inferences prejudicial to his character. Or, if the real state of the case were known, and it were believed that no consummation ever followed on this marriage, yet he thought it would ill become the character of a dignitary of the church, to have it known to the world that he had made a mockery of so sacred a ceremony, though he might reconcile it to himself upon

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upon principles of humanity. Besides, the tongue of scandal had been very busy with his fame in regard to miss Vanhomrigh; and they who could charge him with an illicit amour there, would not fail to aggravate the matter, by showing that he had a wife at the same time. On these considerations he had long resolved that the secret of the ceremony's having passed between them, should never be divulged; and he had all the reason in the world to believe that Mrs. Johnson was in the same sentiments. How anxious he was to guard against any appearance of that sort, we may learn from his letters to Mr. Worrall, written from England at the time her life was despaired of, in which there are the following passages, July 15, 1726. "What you tell me of "Mrs. Johnson, I have long expected, with great "oppression and heaviness of heart. I have these "two months seen through Mrs. Dingley's disguises; "and indeed ever since I left you, my heart has been "so sunk, that I have not been the same man, nor "ever shall be again, but drag on a wretched life, till "it shall please God to call me away. I wish it could "be brought about *that she might make her will.* "Her intentions are, to leave the interest of all her "fortune to her mother and sister, during their lives, "and afterward to Dr. Stephens's hospital, to purchase lands for such uses there, as she designs. "Think how I am disposed while I write this, and "forgive the inconsistencies. I would not for the universe be present at such a trial as that of seeing "her depart. She will be among friends, that upon "her own account and great worth, will tend her "with all possible care, where I should be a trouble "to her, and the greatest torment to myself. In "case

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" case the matter should be desperate, I would have " you advise, if they come to town, that they should " be lodged in some healthy airy part, *and not in the* " *deanery*; which besides, you know, *cannot but be* " *a very improper thing for that house to breathe her* " *last in.*"

In another of September 12, 1727, he says, " By Dr. Sheridan's frequent letters, I am, every " post, expecting the death of a friend, with whose " loss I shall have very little regard for the few years " that nature may leave me. I desire to know where " my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs. " Brent, that it might not be *in domo decani, quo-* " *niam hoc minime decet, uti manifestum est: habeo enim* " *malignos qui sinistre hoc interpretabuntur, si eveniat* " *(quod Deus avertat) ut illic moriatur* *."

Thus predetermined as he was in this point, and satisfied that Mrs. Johnson perfectly acquiesced in it, nothing could have astonished him more than such a proposal. He thought it both unkind and unreasonable in his bosom friend to make such a request; which, if granted, could be of no use to her when dead, and might be the cause of much uneasiness to him the survivor. The pretence she made with regard to her character, he knew could be only a pretence, as no woman living had a more unblemished reputation, being considered by all who knew her as a perfect pattern of modesty to her sex, and so reported in the world. It might therefore be imputed, with probability, to no other

* In the deanery house, because this would evidently be very improper, as I have many maligners, who would put a bad interpretation on it, if it should happen (which God forbid!) that she should die there.

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cause but vanity; to have her name preserved to future ages as the wife of so extraordinary a man; and he might think himself not bound to gratify a weakness in her, at the expense of procuring much disquiet to himself. And though there was an apparent cruelty in his behaviour on this occasion, yet whoever could have looked into his breast at the time, would probably have found it agitated with as deep a concern at his not being able to comply with her request, as she was at his refusal of it.

A relation of this transaction fully confirms the account I have given of the nature of their union. For, the only unequivocal proof remaining of the ceremony's having passed between them, arises from Mrs. Johnson's declaration of it, in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, at the time above-mentioned. And as the fact has of late been denied, upon the authority of persons so closely connected with the parties, as to give it great weight, I thought it necessary to adduce this indubitable proof of the truth of the account which I have given of that affair.

Upon this occasion, there is one observation to be made much to Swift's honour; which is, that in refusing to acknowledge Mrs. Johnson as his wife, he gave up all pretensions to her fortune, which otherwise must of course have come to him. But he had no view toward any inheritance from her, either as a wife, or a friend. For we find by his letter to Worrall above quoted, that he had long before suggested the idea to her of leaving her fortune to charitable uses, and seems pressing that she should be prevailed on to make her will accordingly. The same disinterested spirit did he show with regard to miss Vanhomrigh, breaking off all connexion with her

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her at a time when he knew she had in her will bequeathed her whole fortune to him, which was very considerable. So that, at this period of his life at least, avarice had laid no hold of him.

Thus have I given a true relation of the nature of Swift's connexion with Mrs. Johnson, and laid open the cause of their never having cohabited after the ceremony of marriage had passed between them. To account for which, so many conjectures have been formed without any foundation. Among these there was one so very absurd, and so utterly impossible to be true, that it is wonderful how it could ever gain any credit; and yet this report was for a long time generally spread and believed. It was asserted, without any shadow of proof, that Mrs. Johnson was a natural daughter of sir William Temple's; and in the same way, that Swift was his son, and that the discovery of this consanguinity, when or how made was never told, was the cause of their not cohabiting. Now to overthrow this, it is only necessary to examine the time of Swift's birth, which was in November 1667, and to show that sir William Temple had been employed as ambassador in the treaty of Nimeguen, two years before, and three years after that date, during which time he resided constantly abroad. And indeed there is good reason to believe that he never so much as saw Swift's mother in his life. This was so clearly shown by Dr. Delany, that any mention of it here might be thought unnecessary, had there not been published since that time a most circumstantial account of that affair, in the Gentleman's Magazine for November 1757, in which the writer pretends to give the whole account of Mrs. Johnson's Life, as well as that of her mother, with

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such a confident air, and so many minute particulars, as deceived one of the editors of Swift's works into a belief that the account was authentick; insomuch, that he has inserted the whole in the notes upon one of the volumes. How he came to place such implicit confidence in the veracity of an anonymous writer, is strange; but it would be easy to prove, that the whole of this fictitious tale was the invention of some novelist, who had a mind to amuse himself with showing how easily the credulity of mankind is imposed on, by any extraordinary or marvellous story. However, in order to destroy the fabrick, it will be only necessary to say, that the whole was founded upon a fact already proved impossible to be true, which is that Swift was sir William Temple's son. And with respect to Mrs. Johnson, there can be no reason to doubt the authority of Swift's account, who, in the little tract written on her death, has this passage. "She was born at Richmond in "Surry, on the 13th day of March in the year 1681. "Her father was a younger brother of a good family "in Nottinghamshire, her mother of a lower de-"gree; and indeed she had little to boast of her "birth."

Having thus developed his conduct, which has hitherto appeared in so mysterious a light to the world, with regard to the two unfortunate ladies, who had placed their affections on an object probably not capable of making a suitable return, or who, at least, had shown himself a perfect platonist in love; I shall now examine his character with regard to the still nobler affection of the human mind, I mean friendship. There have been already many instances given in the courſe of this work, to show that

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that he had a heart susceptible of the warmest impressions of that sort, but still his friendship was portioned out among numbers; and it seems to have been almost equally shared by Addison, Prior, Arbuthnot, Gay, Pope, lord Oxford, duke of Ormond, lord Peterborow, and many others; but to the perfection of true friendship it is necessary that there should be one particular individual, selected from the rest of mankind, who may be considered as another self, to whom we can unbosom our most secret thoughts, before whom we are not ashamed to lay open our weaknesses and foibles, or, in the expressive phrase, to think aloud. This post was never hitherto occupied by any man; but Swift found no deficiency on that account, as it was amply and more pleasingly supplied by one of the other sex, the incomparable Stella. And to this, in process of time, did Sheridan succeed. His acquaintance with the dean commenced soon after his settlement in Ireland in the following manner. The dean, who had heard much of Sheridan as a man of wit and humour, desired a common friend to bring them together. They passed the day much to their mutual satisfaction; and when the company broke up at night, Swift in his usual ironical way, said, "I invite all here present to dine with me "next Thursday, except Mr. Sheridan," but with a look which expressed that the invitation was made wholly on his account. There are certain spirits, *concordes animæ*, that on the first interview feel an irresistible attraction to each other, and rush into friendship, as some do into love, at first sight; and such was the case between these two men of genius, who had a great similarity both of disposition and

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talents; and who in a short time became inseparable. This union was forwarded, and afterward cemented by Stella, who gave the doctor the preference to all the dean's other friends. As Swift had passed very little time in Dublin previous to his settling there, he had very few acquaintance except among those of high station; to the promotion of some of whom he had contributed, and did good offices to others, when he was in power; such as the primate, archbishop of Dublin, the lord chancellor Phipps, bishop Sterne, &c.; but as he wished for a society where he could be more at his ease, and indulge his sportive fancy, Sheridan introduced him into a numerous acquaintance of the most distinguished men of those times for talents, erudition, and companionable qualities. As he was allowed to be the first schoolmaster in the kingdom, an intimacy with those fellows of the college, whose acquaintance he chose to cultivate, followed of course; and there happened at that time to be a greater number of learned and ingenious men in that body, than ever had been known before at any given period. An acquaintance naturally commenced with such families of distinction as entrusted their children to his care. Besides, as he was looked upon to be one of the most agreeable companions in the world, his society was much courted by all persons of taste. With a select set of these did Swift pass most of his festive hours for many years; but in the round of entertainments care was always taken to engage Sheridan before a party was fixed, as the dean was never known to be in perfect good humour, but when he was one of the company.

As many of the evening parties were made up of this

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this chosen set in the college, where subjects of literature were often the topicks of conversation, Swift, who could not bear to be considered in an inferiour light by any society into which he had entered, found it necessary to revive his knowledge of Greek and Latin, which in the hurry of politicks and bustle of the world, he had so long neglected. With this view he invited Dr. Sheridan to pass his vacations with him at the deanery, where an apartment was fitted up for him, which ever after went by his name; and assisted by him he went through a complete course of the Greek and Roman classicks. This gave him a full opportunity of seeing the profound knowledge which the doctor had of those languages; and he ever after pronounced him to be the best scholar in Europe. Thus living together frequently in the same house, in a communion of the same studies, and the same amusements, a closer connexion and more intimate union followed, than Swift had ever known with any mortal except Stella. As Sheridan was the most open undisguised man in the world, it did not require much time or penetration to see into his whole character; in which Swift found many things to admire, many things to love, and little to offend. He had the strictest regard to truth, and the highest sense of honour; incapable of dissimulation in the smallest degree; generous to a fault, and charitable in the extreme. Of a proud independent spirit, which would not suffer him to crouch to the great ones of the world for any favour, nor to put on even the appearance of flattery. He had a heart formed for friendship, in which Swift had the first place. It was impossible not to esteem a man possessed of qualities so congenial

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with his own; but his affection was engaged by those of a less exalted kind, and more pleasing in the general intercourse of life. Sheridan had a lively fancy, and a surprising quickness of invention. He had such a perpetual flow of spirits, such a ready wit, and variety of humour, that I have often heard his acquaintance say, it was impossible for the most splenetick man not to be cheerful in his company. Imagine what a treasure this must be to Swift, in that gloomy state of mind, into which the disappointment of all his views, upon the queen's death, had thrown him; and in which we find from his letters, he continued so many years. Despair of doing any good, had turned his thoughts wholly from publick affairs, which before had engrossed so much of his time: and he was not in a disposition to set about any work that would require much thought, or labour of the brain; he therefore gave himself wholly up to the *bagatelle*, and to writing nothing but *jeux d'esprit*; in which no one was better qualified to keep up the ball than Sheridan. For one whole year it was agreed that they should write to each other in verse every day, and were to be upon honour that they would take up no more than five minutes in composing each letter. Numbers of riddles, Anglo-latin letters, and other whims of fancy were produced in the same way. But as these were only intended for private amusement, most of them, when they had served their turn, were committed to the flames. Some few, however, have escaped, and are printed in his works; which may serve to gratify the curiosity of such readers, as may be desirous to have a private peep, as it were, at the fancy of this great genius, when frolicksome and unre-

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unrestrained she was playing her sportive gambols *en déshabillé*.

With all these good qualities and pleasing talents, Swift saw some weaknesses and infirmities in his friend, which he in vain endeavoured to cure. However skilled he might be in books, he was a perfect child as to the knowledge of the world. Being wholly void of artifice and design himself, he never suspected any in others; and thus became the dupe of all artful men with whom he had any connexion. As he knew not how to set a true value on money, he had no regard to economy; and his purse was always open to the indigent, without considering whether he could afford it or not. In conversation, his fancy was not always under the direction of discretion, and he frequently gave offence by sudden sallies, without intending it. Swift acted the part of a true friend on these occasions, and was not sparing of his admonitions and advice as opportunities offered; but he found the doctor too opinionated to be guided by the judgment of others, though his own was too weak to restrain his natural propensities. In this case the best service to be done, was, to increase his income in proportion to the largeness of his spirit, as his spirit was not to be confined within the bounds of his income. With this view Swift was indefatigable in his endeavours to promote the flourishing state of his school. He recommended him to all as the ablest master of the age; and published a copy of Latin verses in his praise as such; he descended even at times to act as his usher; and frequently attended at school to hear a class; when the doctor was ill, or absent in the country, he supplied his place; and was always one

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of the examiners at the publick quarterly examinations. Such attention paid by one of Swift's high character, could not fail of raising the reputation of the school; and accordingly it increased so rapidly, that in a few years the number of scholars far exceeded that of any other seminary ever known in that kingdom. But Swift saw with concern that his expenses kept pace with his income, and increased in the same proportion. Indulging his natural disposition, he made frequent costly entertainments, and on certain days when he was freed from the afternoon attendance on school, his table was open to all *bons vivans*, jovial companions, *&c.* And where mirth and good wine circulated so briskly, it is to be supposed there was no lack of guests. Swift saw there was no likelihood of any change in his conduct, while he continued in the same place, and associated with the same sets. In compassion therefore to his young and yearly increasing family, he formed the design of having him removed, upon very advantageous terms, to a distant part of the kingdom, where he would have no such temptation to indulge the extravagance of his disposition. It happened at that time that the schoolmaster of Armagh was in a declining state of health. That school was richly endowed with lands, whose clear rent amounted to four hundred pounds a year, a considerable income in those days, and fully equal to double that sum at present. Swift wrote to a friend in Armagh to send off an express to him instantly on the death of the incumbent. Immediately on the receipt of this, he waited on primate Lindsay (to whose advancement Lindsay himself acknowledges, in one of his letters, Swift had chiefly contributed)

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tributed) saying he had a favour to beg of him. That he was going to turn schoolmaster, and desired he would give him the school of Armagh. It is not vacant, said the primate. Yes, but it is, said Swift, showing him the letter he had received by express. After some raillery from the primate on the dean's turning schoolmaster, Swift at last said, Well, my lord, let me have the disposal of the school, and I'll engage to fill it up to your mind; I mean to place Sheridan in it. The primate consented without hesitation. Swift immediately went to the doctor with the news, who had not the least previous intimation of the affair from the dean. After due acknowledgments of his kindness on this occasion, Sheridan said that he must take some time to consider of it, and that he could not take a step, upon which the whole colour of his future life depended, without consulting his friends. Your friends, said Swift, you will ever be a blockhead as to the world: because they are pleased with your company, and gratify themselves in passing many happy hours with you in social mirth, you suppose them to be your friends. Believe me there is little true friendship in the world; and it is not impossible but the very men who now hug you to their bosoms, may hereafter turn out to be your inveterate enemies. Take my advice; consult none of them; but accept without hesitation of an offer which will secure you a handsome income for life, independent of casualties. Besides, your school will probably flourish as much there as here, as the high reputation you have gained in Dublin will follow you to the north, and secure to you all the boys of that most populous and opulent part of the kingdom.

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The doctor still persisted in his resolution of consulting his friends; and at a meeting of them for that purpose, chiefly composed of the fellows of the college, they were unanimously of opinion that he should by no means accept of the propoſed offer. They represented to him that his school was in a most flourishing state, and likely to increase daily. That he could not hope to have any thing like the number of pupils in a country town, as in the capital; and his income, even with the addition of the endowment, would probably not be greater. That by residing in Dublin, he might make such powerful connexions, as would raise him to considerable church preferments, all expectation of which he must give up if he buried himself in an obscure corner of the kingdom. By these, and other arguments of the like nature, the doctor was easily persuaded to follow the bent of his inclination. For it must have been with great reluctance that he would have quitted the society of such a number of learned, ingenious, and agreeable men, as then formed the circle of his acquaintance.

The doctor had too much reason afterward to repent of his not having followed Swift's advice, as what he had foretold, in a few years came to pass. Those very men, whom he considered as his best friends, set up another school in opposition to his, which they supported with all their interest, of which the doctor speaks in the following manner in a letter to Swift: "As for my *quondam* friends, as you style "them, *quondam* them all. It is the most decent "way I can curse them; for they lulled me asleep, "till they stole my school into the hands of a "blockhead, and have driven me toward the latter "part

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"part of my life to a disagreeable solitude; where I "have the misery to reflect upon my folly in making "such a perfidious choice, at a time when it was not "in my nature to suspect any soul upon earth." In answer to which Swift says—"I own you have too "much reason to complain of some friends, who, "next to yourself, have done you most hurt; whom "I still esteem and frequent, although I confess I "cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the case was "not merely personal malice to you (although it had "the same effects) but a kind of I know not what "job, which one of them has often heartily re-"pented."

Nothing could place Swift's friendship in a more conspicuous or disinterested light, than this whole transaction. To have parted with Sheridan at that period of life, when all was gloom about him, when he most wanted such a friend to raise his drooping spirits, and such an associate in the only amusements which he was then capable of relishing, would have been to him like the loss of a limb. Yet when he thought that it was necessary for the interests of the doctor and his family, that he should remove from his settlement in town, to a more advantageous and secure one in the country, he himself planned the scheme of his removal, which was likely to end, with but few intervals, in a separation for life. How different is this from the false representation made of him by lord Orrery. He had said "The affection between "Theseus and Pirithous, was not greater than be-"tween Swift and Sheridan; but the friendship that "cemented the two ancient heroes, probably com-"menced upon motives very different from those which "united the two modern divines." His lordship did not

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not think proper to state what those motives were; and after having drawn Sheridan's character, with as little regard to truth, and in many points, as little resemblance to the original as any of his other portraits, he assigns Swift's close attachment to him to the meanest and most selfish motives; where he says, "In this situation, and with this disposition, Swift "fastened upon him as upon a prey, with which he "intended to regale himself whenever his appetite "should prompt him. Sheridan therefore was kept "constantly within his reach; and the only time he "was permitted to go beyond the limits of his chain, "was, to take possession of a living in the county of "Corke, which had been bestowed upon him by the "then lord lieutenant of Ireland."

For many years after this fruitless attempt to serve his friend, Swift had it not in his power to promote his interests in any other way, being the most obnoxious of any man living to those who were then in power. But on the appointment of lord Carteret to the government of Ireland, who had been one of his old friends, doctor Sheridan was the first he recommended to his protection. He got him appointed one of his domestick chaplains, with a promise of making a provision for him in the church. Lord Carteret, who was himself an excellent scholar, soon distinguished the doctor's merit in that line, nor was he less pleased with him as a companion, often inviting him to his private parties, and sometimes, laying his state aside, he would steal out from the caſtle in a hackney chair, to pass the evening at Sheridan's with Swift, and the select set which used to meet there. By the desire of the lord lieutenant, the doctor had one of the tragedies of Sophocles performed by his scholars for his entertain-

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entertainment. Before the day of exhibition lord Carteret appointed a morning to pass with him in reading the play together, in order to refresh his memory after so long an absence from his Greek studies. The doctor was astonished at the facility and accuracy with which he translated this difficult author, having scarce any opportunity of giving him assistance through the whole play. While he was expressing his surprise at this, and admiration at the wonderful knowledge which his lordship showed of the Greek language, lord Carteret, with great candour, told him he would let him into the secret how he came to be so far master of this particular author. He said that when he was envoy in Denmark, he had been for a long time confined to his chamber, partly by illness, and partly by the severity of the weather; and having but few books with him, he had read Sophocles over and over so often, as to be able almost to repeat the whole verbatim, which impressed it ever after indelibly on his memory. This candid confession was certainly the act of an ingenuous mind, above the vanity of gaining a character superiour to its merits; and I believe there are very few who would not have suffered the doctor to go away in the full persuasion, that he was one of the most complete scholars of the age in the whole of the Greek language, and accordingly spread this account of him, seemingly so well founded, to the world.

Not long after this, the lord lieutenant bestowed on the doctor the first living that fell in the gift of government, only as an earnest of future favours; and from the countenance shown him at the castle, it was generally supposed that he might expect in time

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time to rise to some high dignities in the church. But all this fair prospect soon vanished, by a concurrence of some very extraordinary accidents. When he went down to be inducted into his living, he was requested by archdeacon Russel of Cork, to supply his place in the pulpit on the following Sunday. The doctor, who was a very absent man, had forgot his engagement, and was sitting quietly at his lodging *en déshabillé*, when a message from the parish clerk, who saw no preacher arrive after the service had begun, roused him from his reverie. He dressed himself with all speed, and of two sermons that he had brought with him, took the first that came to his hand, without looking into it. It happened that the first of August in that year fell on that very Sunday; and the first of August being the day on which queen Anne died, was, in that time of party, a day of great celebrity, and much adverted to by the whigs. But this circumstance had not at all occurred to the doctor, who looked on it only as a common Sunday, without considering the day of the month. The text of this led sermon happened to be, "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." Such a text on such a day, excited a general murmur through the whole congregation, to the great surprise of the preacher, who was the only person ignorant of the cause; of which he was not informed till after he had descended from the pulpit, when the affair was past remedy. There happened to be present in the church a furious whig, and one of the most violent party-men of the times. He immediately took post for Dublin, where, by his representation of this matter, as Swift has observed in giving an account of this transaction, "Such a cla-

"mour

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" clamour was raised by the zeal of one man, of no " large dimensions either of body or mind, that we " in Dublin could apprehend no less than an inva- " sion by the pretender, who must be landed in the " South." Such indeed was the violent clamour raised by the whigs in general, that the lord lieutenant, in order to pacify them, was obliged to order the doctor's name to be struck out of the list of chaplains, and to forbid his appearance at the castle; though he was perfectly satisfied of his innocence, as it appeared that in the whole sermon there was not a syllable relating to government or party, or to the subject of the day; and that he had often preached it before under the same text. And as Swift observes in one of his letters on this subject, " It is " indeed against common sense to think that you " should choose such a time, when you had re- " ceived a favour from the lord lieutenant, and " had reason to expect more, to discover your " disloyalty in the pulpit. But what will that avail? " It is safer for a man's interest to blaspheme God, " than to be of a party out of power, or even to be " thought so; and since the last was the case, how " could you imagine that all mouths would not be " open when you were received, and in some man- " ner preferred by government, although in a poor " way. I tell you there is hardly a whig in Ireland " who would allow a potatoe and buttermilk to a " reputed tory." Swift's letters on this occasion bear the strongest marks of true friendship, by giving him the best advice how to conduct himself, and letting in some rays of hope, that he should be able to settle matters with the lord lieutenant in London, on

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on his shortly intended visit to that city, and so clear the way for some future favour.

But though, as Swift expresses it, the doctor had thus, by mere chance-medley, shot his own fortune dead with a single text, yet it was the means of his receiving a considerable addition to his fortune, of more intrinsick value than the largest benefice he might have reason to expect. As this proceeded from an act of uncommon generosity, it deserves well to be recorded. Archdeacon Russel, in whose pulpit the sermon was preached, considered himself as instrumental, however accidentally, to the ruin of the doctor's expectations. He was for some time uneasy in his mind on this account, and at last determined to make him a noble compensation. He had a great friendship for the doctor, whom he saw loaded with a numerous offspring, upon a precarious income, while he himself was possessed of a considerable property, and without any family. Urged on by those nice scruples in his mind before mentioned, he thought he could not make a better use of his fortune, than to apply the superfluity of it toward making the doctor easy in his circumstances, and thus enabling him to make a provision for his children. With this view he took a journey to Dublin, in order to make over to him, by an irrevocable deed of gift, the valuable manor of Drumlane in the county of Cavan, a bishop's lease, which at that time produced a clear profit rent of two hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* *. An act of such liberality, and seldom to be parallelled in this degenerate and selfish age, deserves well to be rescued from oblivion; nor could the

* I have been well assured, that the lease produces at this day no less a sum than eight hundred *per annum* neat profit to the present possessor.

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author of these memoirs, without ingratitude, pass it over in silence.

But unfortunately this noble benefaction did not answer the end proposed by the bountiful donor. The doctor now thought his fortune was made, and set no bounds to his prodigality: with what he possessed before in the county of Cavan, his landed property produced him full four hundred pounds a year; and his school and living eight hundred more. A large income indeed in those days, but not equal to the profuseness of his spirit. He was, as was before observed, the greatest dupe in the world, and a constant prey to all the indigent of his acquaintance, as well as those who were recommended to him by others. Not content with receiving several into his school whom he taught without pay, he had always two or three whom he lodged and boarded in his house *gratis*; nay some he maintained in clothes and every other necessary, and afterward entered and supported them in the college at his own charge, as if they had been his sons. To his daughters he gave the genteelest education, and dressed them in the most fashionable style. As he was an adept in musick, both in the scientifick and practical part, he had frequent private concerts at his house at no small cost, and the expenses of his table were certainly not diminished by his increase of fortune. While he was going on in this career, his school gradually decreased, from the cause already mentioned, together with some other cooperating circumstances; but as the diminution of his income made no change in his mode of living, it was not long before he had contracted such debts as obliged him to mortgage his lands. He had exchanged his living in the county

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of Cork, for that of Dunboyne, within a few miles of Dublin; in which he was egregiously outwitted, as the latter fell very short of the income of the former. In this declining state of his affairs, his residence in Dublin grew extremely irksome to him, and being determined to change the scene, he again exchanged his living for the freeschool of Cavan, though to another diminution of his income. All this was done without once consulting the dean, who had long been weary of offering fruitless advice.

When the doctor was preparing to remove to Cavan, a little incident happened which at once showed Swift's great affection for him, and the uncommon tenderness of his heart. He happened to call in just at the time that the workmen were taking down the pictures and other furniture in the parlour: that parlour where for such a number of years he had passed so many happy hours; struck with the sight, he burst into tears, and rushed into a dark closet, where he continued a quarter of an hour before he could compose himself. When it is considered that he was at that time verging on seventy, an age in which the heart generally is callous, and almost dead to the fine affections, there cannot be a stronger confutation of the charge made against him of his want of feeling; as I believe the instances are very rare of persons at that time of life, capable of being so much moved by such an incident.

The doctor had not been long settled at Cavan, when Swift, who at that time knew little comfort in life out of his society, followed, in order to pass the winter with him. I was there at his arrival, and

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and during the whole time of his continuance there. It grieved me much to see such a change in him. His person was quite emaciated, and bore the marks of many more years than had passed over his head. His memory greatly impaired, and his other faculties much on the decline. His temper peevish, fretful, morose, and prone to sudden fits of passion; and yet to me his behaviour was gentle, as it always had been from my early childhood, treating me with partial kindness and attention, as being his godson; often giving me instruction, attended with frequent presents and rewards when I did well. I loved him from my boyish days, and never stood in the least awe before him, as I do not remember ever to have had a cross look, or harsh expression from him. I read to him two or three hours every day during this visit, and often received both pleasure and improvement from the observations he made. His intention was to have passed the whole winter there; but as the doctor was called up to town upon business during the Christmas vacation, Swift found the place desolate without him, and followed him in a few days. During this visit, it appeared by many instances that avarice had then taken possession of him to a great degree. Doctor Sheridan had prevailed on the burgesses of Cavan to meet the dean, in a body, at a place four miles distant from the town to compliment him on his arrival. The doctor told him, in return, he ought to invite them to an entertainment; with which the dean, after some time, though not without manifest reluctance, complied. He gave them a very shabby dinner at the inn, and called for the bill, before the guests had got half enough of wine. He disputed several articles, said there were two bottles of wine

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more charged than were used, flew into a violent passion, and abused his servants grossly for not keeping better count. The servants ran away, and doctor Sheridan, without speaking a word, went off and left him to himself. This was the manner in which they always treated him, at that time, when he was in one of those fits, for the least opposition, or even the presence of those with whom he was angry, served but to increase his passion almost to frenzy. But when he had time to cool, he always expressed deep concern at his infirmity.

Of the peevishness of his temper at that time, among many other instances, he gave a remarkable one, at the inn of Virginy, his last stage before his arrival at Cavan. In passing to his chamber, he saw the maid employed in scraping a piece of beef, and stopped to ask her, how many maggots she had got out of it. The wench smartly answered, "Not so many as there are in your head." This repartee, which, at another period of his life would have pleased him much, and probably produced half a crown to the maid for her wit, now threw him into a passion, in which he was so weak as to complain of her to her mistress, and insist on her being discharged for her sauciness.

When the burgesses of Cavan went out to meet him, one of them addressed him in a complimentary speech on the occasion, which was but ill delivered, as he had a remarkable thickness of utterance. When he had done, Swift asked him, "Pray, sir, "are you the town serjeant?" (a low office, and scarcely above the rank of a common constable) "No, Mr. Dean," answered doctor Sheridan, "that

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" is Mr. Brooks the apothecary, our eldest burgess." " I thought so," said Swift, " for he spoke as if his " mouth was full of drugs." How must his disposition have been changed, when the highest civilities that could be shown him, and which formerly were received with the greatest pleasure, and returned with the utmost politeness, now produced nothing but marks of disgust.

From this time all his infirmities increased fast upon him, particularly his avarice, to a high degree. Doctor Sheridan, who still continued to pass great part of his vacations at the deanery, saw many flagrant instances of this, whereof he thought himself bound both by friendship, and a solemn engagement he had entered into, to give him information. This alludes to a conversation that had passed between Swift and doctor Sheridan, as they were riding together on the strand, some years before the doctor left Dublin. The topick happened to be that of old age, which Swift said he found coming fast upon him, and he supposed he should not be exempt from its attendant infirmities. " But " there is one vice its usual concomitant, the most " detestable of all others, and which therefore I would " most endeavour to guard against, I mean avarice: " I do not know any way so effectual for this purpose, " as to engage some true friend to give me warning " when he sees any approaches of that sort, and thus " put me upon my guard. This office I expect from " you, and hope you will give me a solemn assurance " that you will most punctually fulfil it." The doctor very readily entered into the engagement; and now thought himself bound to discharge it. With this view, in one of his vacations passed at the

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deanery, he set down daily in a journal kept for that purpose, all the instances he could perceive of the dean's parsimony; which in a fortnight arose to a considerable amount. Armed with these proofs, he one day took an opportunity of asking the dean, whether he recollected a discourse which had passed between them on the strand, relative to old age and avarice, and the solemn engagement he had made him enter into upon that occasion. Swift, as one suddenly alarmed, answered with precipitation, "Yes, I "remember it very well—Why—do you perceive "any thing of that sort in me?" You shall be judge yourself, said the doctor—read over that paper, and see whether it is not high time I should now perform my promise. The dean read over the articles with a countenance in which shame and despondency were blended. When he had done, he leaned his head upon his hand, with his eyes cast on the ground, and remained for some time buried in profound thought; at last he just lifted up his eyes, without changing his posture, and casting a side glance at the doctor, with a most significant look, asked him—"Doctor—"did you never read Gilblas?" alluding to the famous story of a similar conduct of his toward the archbishop, when he was his secretary, which lost him his post. After such a scene, the reader will easily conclude, that the disease was past remedy; and that the doctor, like poor Gilblas, would probably not continue long in favour. Thus was lord Bolingbroke's observation upon a passage in one of Swift's letters fully verified; where he says, he had made a maxim which ought to be written in letters of diamond, "That a wise man should have money "in his head, but not in his heart." To which his lordship

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lordship replies, "That a wise man should take care "how he lets money get too much into his head, for "it would most assuredly descend to the heart, the "seat of the passions."

And yet this vice, which daily increased, and made him act grudgingly and sordidly in all other articles of expense, had no effect upon his charities, which were continued as usual. I had a remarkable instance given me of this by Mrs. Sican, two years after this period, when his avarice was at the height. She had called on him one morning, and upon the usual question being asked of, "What news?" said, a very melancholy affair had happened the night before to an acquaintance of hers, one Mr. Ellis, a cabinet-maker, whose house and goods were destroyed by fire; and as he was a young man just beginning the world, newly married, she was afraid it would prove his ruin, unless he was relieved by charitable contributions. Swift asked what character he bore? She said an exceeding good one, for sobriety, industry, and integrity. The dean then went to his desk, and brought out five broad Portugal pieces, which passed at that time in Dublin for four pounds each, and gave them to her as his subscription.

Dr. Sheridan, finding himself disappointed in all his expectations on his removal, continued at Cavan but little more than two years; when he sold his school and returned to Dublin. While a house was preparing for him, he took up his abode as usual at the deanery, where he was seized with a fit of illness, which confined him for some weeks to his chamber. The dean was not in a condition at that time to afford him any consolation, nor in a

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disposition of mind to be troubled with a sick guest. A longer fit than usual of his old complaint, had deprived him of all society, and left him a prey to the horrour of his own thoughts. He had long been weary of the world, and all that was in it. He had no prospect of relief but from death, for which he most ardently wished, even when his state was not so bad. For some years before, he never took leave of a friend in an evening, but he constantly added, "Well, God bless you, and I hope I shall never see "you again." * In this hopeless state, deprived of all the comforts of life, no wonder if he was dead also to the feelings of friendship. When the doctor had sufficiently recovered to be able to go abroad, he was apologising to the dean for the trouble he had given him; saying, "I fear, Mr. "Dean, I have been an expensive lodger to you "this bout." Upon which Mrs. W——, a relation of the dean's, who then chiefly managed his affairs, and who happened to be present, briskly said, "It is "in your power, doctor, easily to remedy this, by "removing to another lodging." Swift was silent. The poor doctor was quite thunderstruck. As this lady had always professed great friendship for him,

* That he was weary of life, appears in many passages of his letters, and the following anecdote will show how much he wished for death. In the year 1739, three years after his memory had first declined, he had been standing with a clergyman under a very large heavy pierglass, which, just as they had moved to another part of the room, fell down suddenly, and broke to pieces. The clergyman, struck with a sense of the danger they had escaped, turned to Swift, and cried out, "What a mercy it is that we moved the moment we "did, for if we had not, we should certainly have been both "killed." Swift replied, "Had you been out of the case, I should "have been happy to have remained there."

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and lay under considerable obligations to him, he quickly saw that this must have been done by Swift's direction; in which he was confirmed by his silence on the occasion. He immediately left the house, in all that anguish of mind, which a heart possessed of the warmest friendship must feel, upon the abrupt breach of one of so long a standing, and so sincere on his part; nor did he ever enter it again.* He lived but a short time after this. His friend and physician, Dr. Helsham, foretold the manner, and almost the very time of his death. He said his disorder was a polypus in the heart, which was so far advanced, that it would probably put an end to his existence in a short time, and so suddenly, as to give him no warning of it; and therefore recommended it to him to settle his affairs. The doctor upon this, retired to a house of one of his scholars, Mr. O'Callaghan, at Rathfarnham, three miles from Dublin. In a few days he sent for his friend and namesake, counsellor Sheridan, to draw his will; and when that was done, he seemed cheerful and in good spirits. The counsellor, and a brother of Mr. O'Callaghan's, who had lent him his house, upon being called away to another part of the kingdom, dined with him that day. Soon after dinner, the conversation happened

* The story told by a lying biographer, in a work published under the name of Theophilus Cibber, and since transferred into a note on the dean's works, is utterly false. It is there related, that the doctor being in fear of his creditors, had retired for refuge to the deanery, and one evening requesting a bottle of wine, the dean grudgingly answered, "though he had given him a lodging, he had not promised to furnish him with wine;" for the doctor, at that time, did not owe a shilling in the world; having sold a great part of his landed property to pay his debts.

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to turn on the weather, and one of them observed, that the wind was easterly. The doctor upon this, said, " Let it blow east, west, north, or south, the " immortal soul will take its flight to the destined " point." These were the last words he ever spoke, for he immediately sunk back in his chair, and expired without a groan, or the smallest struggle. His friends thought he had fallen asleep, and in that belief retired to the garden, that they might not disturb his repose; but on their return, after an hour's walk, to their great astonishment, they found he was dead. Upon opening the body, doctor Helsham's sagacious prognostick proved to be true, as the polypus in the heart was discovered to be the immediate cause of his death. I know not whether it is worth mentioning, that the surgeon said, he never saw so large a heart in any human body.

It is with reluctance I have dwelt so long on this part of Swift's life; but as many representations of his conduct at that juncture, founded on truth too, had got abroad, much to the disadvantage of his character, I thought it necessary to draw at full length a picture of his state of mind at that time, to show how unreasonable it is to impute faults to the sound and perfect man, which were the natural consequence of the decay of his faculties, the infirmities of age, and cruel disease; by which so total a change was made in him, that scarce any thing of his former self remained. Among the charges against him, none bore more hard than his latter behaviour to Dr. Sheridan, for which I have already accounted. In their whole intercourse, previous to that

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that period, I have shown how sincere a friend he had always proved himself to be; and afterward, when his understanding was gone, and his memory failed, when some former feelings of the heart only remained, I had a strong instance given me by his servant William, how deep an impression the doctor had made there; who told me that when he was in that state, the dean, every day, for a long time, constantly asked him the same question—"William, "did you know doctor Sheridan?" "Yes, sir, very "well;"—and then, with a heavy sigh, "O! I lost "my right hand when I lost him."

SECTION VII.

HAVING thus finished the Life of Swift, and related in a regular series all that I thought most worthy to be recorded, I have purposely reserved to a separate part of the work, such anecdotes, memoirs, and detached pieces, as could not have been interwoven into the history, without much interruption. This was the method pursued by that great biographer Plutarch, and that is the part of his work, which, in general, is read with most pleasure. There is a wonderful curiosity in mankind to pry into the secret actions of men, who have made a distinguished figure in publick, as it is from private anecdotes alone that a true estimate can be formed of their real characters, since the other may be assumed only to answer the purposes of ambition. Even circumstances in themselves trifling, often lead to this, and on that account are registered with care, and read with avidity. I shall,

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shall, therefore, without farther preface, relate such anecdotes of Swift, as have come to my knowledge, and have not hitherto been made known to the world, as they rise in my memory; but shall set down none which I have not good reason to believe authentick; as I received most of them from my father; others from his and the dean's intimate friends; and some came within my own knowledge.

We have already seen that soon after the dean's acquaintance with doctor Sheridan commenced, being both equally fond of the *bagatelle*, they were laying themselves out for various contrivances to create innocent sport. There happened to arrive in town at this time, one Gibbons, who had been a contemporary of the doctor's in the college, but had been absent in the country for some years. On his arrival he renewed his acquaintance with doctor Sheridan. He had a great simplicity of character, which made it easy to impose on him, and certain oddities and peculiarities, which rendered him a proper subject for a practical joke. A plan was immediately concerted between them, that Swift should personate the character of a distressed clergyman, under the name of Jodrel, applying to doctor Sheridan to be made one of his ushers. A time was appointed for their meeting at the doctor's an hour before dinner, and several of their set were invited to be present at the sport. When they were assembled, Swift, as Jodrel, entered the room in an old rusty gown, and lank shabby periwig, which were provided at the doctor's for the purpose. As he was an excellent mimick, he personated the character of an awkward country parson to the life. Gibbons was requested by the doctor to examine him,

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him, in order to see whether he was fit for the post; and Jodrel gave such answers to the questions asked by Gibbons, as afforded high entertainment to all present. One of his questions was, "What is "Christ's church?" To which Jodrel replied, "A "great pile of building near the four courts."—For so that church is called. On which Gibbons exclaimed, "was there ever such a blockhead? Who "the devil put you in orders?" The sport occasioned by this was too rich to be suddenly given up. Gibbons, Jodrel, and the other guests met several times at dinner, where Jodrel's behaviour was always awkward and absurd. One time he held out his plate with both his hands, stretching it in the most ridiculous posture quite across the table, which provoked Gibbons to call him fool! dunce! and even to give him a slap on the wrist with the flat of his knife; at the same time showing him how he ought to hold his plate, or that he should send it by one of the servants. When this sort of amusement was adjudged to have continued long enough, doctor Sheridan delivered a message to Gibbons from the dean, inviting him to dine with him. Gibbons, who had expressed a great ambition to be known to Swift, received the message with transport, but said, sure he won't ask that fool Jodrel. Sheridan told him he might set his heart at rest, for that the dean never had, nor never would ask him as long as he lived. When the appointed day came, Gibbons went with the doctor to the deanery, who placed him at a window from which he could see the dean returning from prayers. He was dressed that day in as high a style as the clerical function will allow; in a paduasoy gown, square velvet cap, &c. Gibbons

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bons looked at him with great attention, and turning to Sheridan with much perturbation of countenance, cried out, why doctor, that is Jodrel. Peace, fool, said the doctor, I was very near losing the dean's acquaintance, by happening to say that Jodrel had some resemblance to him. When the dean entered the chamber where they were, Gibbons changed colour, and in great confusion said to Sheridan, by my soul it is Jodrel—What shall I do? Sheridan then smiled; so did the dean, and opened the matter to Gibbons in such a way as to set him at ease, and make him pass the remainder of the day very pleasantly. But Swift had not yet done with him. He had perceived that though Gibbons had no pretensions to scholarship, he had a good deal of vanity on that score, and was resolved to mortify him. He had beforehand prepared Mrs. Johnson in a passage of Lucretius, wherein are these lines:

——— *Medioque in fonte leporum,*
Surgit amari aliquid.

Among their evening amusements, Mrs. Johnson called for Lucretius, as an author she was well acquainted with, and requested of Gibbons to explain that passage to her. Why, says he, there can be nothing more easy, and began immediately to construe it in the schoolboys fashion, "*Que* and *medio in fonte*, in the middle of a fountain, *leporum*, of hares.—No, Mr. Gibbons, interrupted Mrs. Johnson, if that word signified hares, it would be a false quantity in the verse, the *o* being necessarily long in the last foot of the line, whereas the *o* in leporum, when it signifies hares, is short. Poor Gibbons was quite confounded, acknowledged his errour, and did not

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not choose to give any farther proofs of his erudition, before a lady so profoundly skilled in latin.

As Swift was fond of scenes in low life, he missed no opportunity of being present at them, when they fell in his way. Once when he was in the country, he received intelligence that there was to be a beggar's wedding in the neighbourhood. He was resolved not to miss the opportunity of seeing so curious a ceremony; and that he might enjoy the whole completely, proposed to Dr. Sheridan that he should go thither disguised as a blind fidler, with a bandage over his eyes, and he would attend him as his man to lead him. Thus accoutred they reached the scene of action, where the blind fidler was received with joyful shouts. They had plenty of meat and drink, and plied the fidler and his man with more than was agreeable to them. Never was a more joyous wedding seen. They sung, they danced, told their stories, cracked jokes, &c. in a vein of humour more entertaining to the two guests, than they probably could have found in any other meeting on a like occasion. When they were about to depart, they pulled out their leather pouches, and rewarded the fidler very handsomely. The next day the dean and the doctor walked out in their usual dress, and found their companions of the preceding evening, scattered about in different parts of the road, and the neighbouring village, all begging their charity in doleful strains, and telling dismal stories of their distress. Among these, they found some upon crutches, who had danced very nimbly at the wedding; others stone blind, who were perfectly clear-sighted at the feast. The doctor distributed among them the money which he had received as his pay; but

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but the dean, who mortally hated those sturdy vagrants, rated them soundly; told them in what manner he had been present at the wedding, and was let into their roguery, and assured them, if they did not immediately apply to honest labour, he would have them taken up, and sent to gaol. Whereupon the lame once more recovered their legs, and the blind their eyes, so as to make a very precipitate retreat.

When the dean was at Quilca, a country seat of doctor Sheridan's, on a small estate which he possessed in the county of Cavan, during the doctor's absence, who could only pass his school vacations there, he acted as bailiff, in superintending the works then carrying on. He had a mind to surprise the doctor, on his next visit, with some improvements made at his own expense. Accordingly he had a canal cut of some extent, and at the end of it, by transplanting some young trees, formed an arbour, which he called Stella's bower, and surrounded some acres of land about it with a dry stone wall (for the country afforded no lime) the materials of which were taken from the surface of the ground, which was very stony. The dean had given strict charge to all about him to keep this secret, in order to surprise the doctor on his arrival; but he had in the mean time received intelligence of all that was going forward. On his coming to Quilca, the dean took an early opportunity of walking with him carelessly toward this new scene. The doctor seemed not to take the least notice of any alteration, and with a most inflexible countenance continued to talk of indifferent matters. Confound your stupidity, said Swift, in a rage, why you blockhead

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blockhead don't you see the great improvements I have been making here? Improvements, Mr. dean; why I see a long bog hole out of which I suppose you have cut the turf; you have removed some of the young trees I think to a worse situation; as to taking the stones from the surface of the ground, I allow that is a useful work, as the grass will grow the better for it; and placing them about the field in that form, will make it more easy to carry them off. Plague on your Irish taste, says Swift; this is just what I ought to have expected from you; but neither you nor your forefathers ever made such an improvement; nor will you be able while you live to do any think like it.

The doctor was resolved to retaliate on the dean the first opportunity. It happened when he was down there in one of his vacations, that the dean was absent for a few days on a visit elsewhere. He took this opportunity of employing a great number of hands to make an island in the middle of the lake, where the water was twenty feet deep; an arduous work in appearance, but not hard to be executed in a place abounding with large stones upon the surface of the ground, and where long heath grew every where in great plenty; for by placing quantities of those stones in large bundles of heath, the space was soon filled up, and a large island formed. To cover this a sufficient quantity of earth and green sods were brought, and several well grown osiers, and other aquatics, were removed to it. The doctor's secret was better kept than Swift's; who, on his return, walked toward the lake, and seeing the new island, cried out in astonishment, "Heigh! how "the water of the lake is sunk in this short time to

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" discover that island of which there was no trace be-
" fore!" Greatly sunk indeed, observed the doctor with a sneer, if it covered the tops of those osiers. Swift then saw he had been fairly taken in, and acknowledged the doctor had got the better of him, both in his stratagem, and the beauty of his improvement.

Many were their contrivances to play tricks on each other as occasions offered, and it seldom happened but that where one succeeded, a speedy retaliation ensued. The dean, the doctor, another gentleman, and the bishop of Meath, once set out together from Dublin, to pass some days at a friend's house in the country. The bishop had said that he should not be able to visit his diocese for some time, as his house was rebuilding; upon which Swift made him a tender of his house at Laracor, till his own should be ready for him. The discourse naturally fell upon country seats; and Sheridan enlarged a good deal upon the beauties of Quilca; which though at that time in a very rude state, to use a modern phrase, had certainly great capabilities. Swift exclaimed, my lord, do you hear that vapouring scab? I will show you an exact picture of that place which he has painted in such fine colours. Upon which he put his hand in his pocket, and, for the first time, produced that ludicrous copy of verses on Quilca, since printed in his works. This occasioned a good deal of laughter at the doctor's expense, who bore it patiently for some time, but meditated speedy revenge. He then pretended to be weary of the coach, and said he would mount his horse, which was led, and go before to prepare breakfast for them at the inn. He made what speed he

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he could, and upon his arrival there, instantly called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the poem, describing the dean's goods at Laracor. Upon seeing a beggar at the door, the thought struck him to have this presented to the bishop by way of petition. He accordingly folded it up in that form, and gave the beggar his lesson when and how he was to present it. When breakfast was over, and they had all got into the coach, the beggar with much importunity, stretched his hand out with the petition to the bishop. Swift, always at enmity with these vagrants, begged of his lordship not to receive it, and was calling out to the coachman to drive on, when the bishop, who had been let into the secret by Sheridan, stopped him, and opening the petition, kept it close to his eyes, so that no one else might see its contents, and for some time seemed to read it with attention. He then gave the poor man a shilling, and said he would examine into the truth of what was there set down, when he returned. Swift for a long time after indulged himself on his usual topick, inveighing strongly against giving encouragement to such sturdy vagabonds, who were the pests of society, &c. &c. The bishop at last interrupting him said, "Indeed, Mr. dean, if what "is here set forth be true, the man is a real object "of compassion, as you shall see." Upon which he read aloud the following contents of the paper.

A true and faithful inventory of the goods belonging to doctor Swift, vicar of Laracor; upon his offering to lend his house to the bishop of Meath, until his own was built.

An oaken, broken, elbowchair;
A caudle cup, without an ear;

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A batter'd, shatter'd, ash bedstead;
A box of deal without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A backsword poker, without point;
A pot that's crack'd across, around
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock without a key;
A wig, with hanging quite grown gray;
A curtain worn to half a stripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A dish which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle bottom, wooden platter;
One is for meal, and one for water;
There likewise is a copper skillet;
Which runs as fast out, as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuffdish, and saveall,
And thus his household goods you have all.
These to your lordship, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend;
They'll serve your lordship for a shift;
Why not, as well as doctor Swift?

Thus were the tables turned upon the dean, and a good deal of mirth indulged at his expense.

When he was at Quilca he went one Sunday to a church at the distance of more than two hours ride. The parson of the parish invited him to dinner, but Swift excused himself by saying that it was too far to ride home afterward; no, I shall dine with my neighbour Reilly at Virginy, which is half way home. Reilly, who was what is called there a gentleman farmer, was proud of the honour, and immediately dispatched a messenger to his wife to prepare for the reception of so extraordinary a guest.

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She dressed herself out in her best apparel; the son put on his new suit, and his silver laced hat adorned his head. When the lady was introduced to the dean, he saluted her with the same respect as if she had been a duchess, making several *conges* down to the ground, and then handed her with great formality to her seat. After some high-flown compliments, he addressed his host—"Mr. Reilly, I suppose you have a considerable estate here; let us go and look over your demesne." Estate, says Reilly, devil a foot of land belongs to me or any of my generation. I have a pretty good lease here indeed from lord Fingal, but he threatens that he will not renew it, and I have but a few years of it to come. "Well—but when am I to see Mrs. Reilly?" "Why don't you see her there before you?" "That Mrs. Reilly! impossible! I have heard she is a prudent woman, and as such would never dress herself out in silks, and other ornaments, fit only for ladies of fashion. No—Mrs. Reilly the farmer's wife, would never wear any thing better than plain stuff, with other things suitable to it." Mrs. Reilly happened to be a woman of good sense, and taking the hint, immediately withdrew, changed her dress as speedily as possible, and in a short time returned to the parlour in her common apparel. Swift saluted her in the most friendly manner, taking her by the hand and saying, "I am heartily glad to see you Mrs. Reilly. This husband of yours would fain have palmed a fine lady upon me, all dressed out in silks, and in the pink of the mode, for his wife, but I was not to be taken in so." He then laid hold of young master's fine laced hat; with his penknife ripped off the lace, and folding it up in several pa-

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pers, thrust it into the fire. When it was sufficiently burnt, he wrapped it up in fresh paper, and put it in his pocket. It may be supposed that the family was put into no small confusion at this strange proceeding; but they did not dare to show that they took any umbrage at it, as the presence of Swift struck every one with uncommon awe, who were not well acquainted with him.

However as he soon resumed his good humour, entertaining them with many pleasantries to their taste (for no man knew better how to adapt his conversation to all classes of people) they soon recovered their spirits, and the day was passed very cheerfully. When he was taking his leave, he said, I do not intend to rob you Mrs. Reilly; I shall take nothing belonging to you away with me; there's your son's hat-lace, I have only changed the form of it to a much better one. So God bless you, and thanks for your good entertainment.

When he was gone, Mrs. Reilly, upon opening the paper, found there were four guineas enclosed in it, together with the burnt lace. While he staid in the country, he kept an eye upon them, and found his lessons had not been thrown away, as they were cured of their vanities, and lived in a manner more consonant to their situation in life. In consequence of which, one of the first things he did on his return to Dublin, was to pay a visit to lord Fingal, and engage him to renew Reilly's lease; without which the poor man would, in a few years, have had nothing for his own or his family's support.

During his residence at Quilca he wrote a great part of his Gulliver's Travels, and prepared the whole

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whole for the press. While he was upon the subject of the Brobdingnags, he used frequently to invite a Mr. Doughty, who lived in that neighbourhood, to dine with him. He was of a gigantick stature; and supposed to be the strongest man in Ireland, as well as the most active. Swift used to take great delight in seeing him perform several of his feats, some of which were of so extraordinary a nature, that I should be afraid to relate them, lest it should impeach my credibility. Among these, Swift asked him whether he could carry on his back a Manks horse which happened to be in the court-yard at that time. Doughty, after having tied his legs, immediately took him up and threw him on his shoulders, with the same ease that another man would lift a sheep, and walked about with him for a long time without shrinking at all under his burden. It happened one day that a gentleman of that neighbourhood, well known in the country by the name of Killbuck Tuite, dined with the dean at Quilca when Doughty was there. He was a blunt freespoken man, no respecter of persons, and stood in awe of no one, let his rank or character be what it would. After dinner, Swift asked him whether he could direct him the road to Market-hill. Tuite said he did not know it. That is the way, said Swift, with all you Irish blockheads; you never know the way to any place beyond the next dunghill. Why, answered Tuite, I never was at Market-hill: have not you been there Mr. dean? He acknowledged he had. Then what a damned English blockhead are you, replied Killbuck, to find fault with me for not directing you the way to a place where I never had been, when you don't know

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if yourself, who have been there? Swift, with a countenance of great counterfeited terrour, immediately rose and changed seats with Doughty, who happened to be next to him, placing the giant between him and Tuite to protect him against that wild man, and skulking behind him like a child, with well acted fear, to the no small entertainment of the company; who, however, were not sorry that the dean had met with his match. And the fame of Killbuck for this bold retort on the dean, of whom all the world stood in awe, was spread through the country.

Swift had got the character of a morose, ill-natured man, chiefly from a practice of his to which he constantly adhered. Whenever he fell into the company of any person for the first time, it was his custom to try their tempers and disposition, by some abrupt question that bore the appearance of rudeness. If this were well taken, and answered with good humour, he afterward made amends by his civilities. But if he saw any marks of resentment from alarmed pride, vanity, or conceit, he dropped all farther intercourse with the party. This will be illustrated by an anecdote of that sort related by Mrs. Pilkington. After supper, the dean having decanted a bottle of wine, poured what remained into a glass, and seeing it was muddy, presented it to Mr. Pilkington to drink it; "for," said he, "I "always keep some poor parson to drink the foul "wine for me." Mr. Pilkington, entering into his humour, thanked him, and told him, he did not know the difference, but was glad to get a glass at any rate. "Why then," said the dean, "you "shan't, for I'll drink it myself. Why p—x take "you,

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"you, you are wiser than a paltry curate, whom I "asked to dine with me a few days ago; for, upon "my making the same speech to him, he said he did "not understand such usage, and so walked off with- "out his dinner. By the same token, I told the gen- "tleman who recommended him to me, that the fel- "low was a blockhead, and I had done with him."

Captain Hamilton, of Castle-Hamilton, in the county of Cavan, gave me the following account of his first acquaintance with Swift. The captain was possessed of one of the largest estates and best houses in the county, where he constantly resided and lived in a most hospitable way. He had a good natural understanding, but utterly unimproved through a neglect in his education. He was cheerful, good natured, and generous in the highest degree. A long friendship had subsisted between sir Arthur Acheson and him, and they usually passed two months in the year at each other's house alternately. It happened that captain Hamilton paid one of these visits when Swift was there. Sir Arthur, upon hearing of his friend's arrival, ran out to receive him at the door, followed by Swift. The captain, who did not see the dean, as it was in the dusk of the evening, in his blunt way, upon entering the house, exclaimed, that he was very sorry he was so unfortunate to choose that time for his visit—Why so?—Because I hear dean Swift is with you. He is a great scholar, a wit; a plain country 'squire will have but a bad time of it in his company, and I don't like to be laughed at. Swift then stepped up to the captain, from behind sir Arthur, where he had stood, and said to him, "Pray, captain Hamilton, do you know how "to say yes or no properly?" Yes, I think have under-

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understanding enough for that. "Then give me "your hand—depend upon it you and I will agree "very well." The captain told me he never passed two months so pleasantly in his life, nor had ever met with so agreeable a companion as Swift proved to be during the whole time. Insomuch, that at parting he pressed him most cordially to pass the next summer with him at Castle-Hamilton.

There lived at that time in Ireland a gentleman of the name of Mathew, whose history is well worth recording, although in a great part it may appear digressive. He was possessed of a large estate in the finest county of that kingdom, Tipperary: which produced a clear rent of eight thousand a year. As he delighted in a country life, he resolved to build a large commodious house for the reception of guests, surrounded by fifteen hundred acres of his choicest land, all laid out upon a regular plan of improvement, according to the new adopted mode of English gardening (which had supplanted the bad Dutch taste brought in by king William) and of which he was the first who set the example in Ireland; nor was there any improvement of that sort then in England, which was comparable to his, either in point of beauty or extent. As this design was formed early in life, in order to accomplish his point, without incurring any debt on his estate, he retired to the Continent for seven years, and lived upon six hundred pounds a year, while the remaining income of his estate was employed in carrying on the great works he had planned there. When all was completed, he returned to his native country; and after some time passed in the metropolis, to revive the old, and cultivate new acquaintance,

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tance, he retired to his seat at Thomas-town to pass the remainder of his days there. As he was one of the finest gentlemen of the age, and possessed of so large a property, he found no difficulty, during his residence in Dublin, to get access to all, whose character for talents, or probity, made him desirous to cultivate their acquaintance. Out of these, he selected such as were most conformable to his taste, inviting them to pass such leisure time as they might have upon their hands, at Thomas-town. As there was something uncommonly singular in his mode of living, such as I believe was never carried into practice by any mortal before, in an equal degree, I fancy the reader will not be displeased with an account of the particulars of it, though it may appear foreign to the subject in hand.

His house had been chiefly contrived to answer the noble purpose of that constant hospitality, which he intended to maintain there. It contained forty commodious apartments for guests, with suitable accommodations to their servants. Each apartment was completely furnished with every convenience that could be wanted, even to the minutest article. When a guest arrived, he showed him his apartment, saying, this is your castle, here you are to command as absolutely as in your own house; you may breakfast, dine and sup here whenever you please, and invite such of the guests to accompany you as may be most agreeable to you. He then showed him the common parlour, where he said a daily ordinary was kept, at which he might dine when it was more agreeable to him to mix in society; but from this moment you are never to know me as master

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master of the house, and only to consider me as one of the guests. In order to put an end to all ceremony at meal time, he took his place at random at the table, and thus all ideas of precedence being laid aside, the guests seated themselves promiscuously, without any regard to difference of rank or quality. There was a large room fitted up exactly like a coffeehouse, where a bar-maid and waiters attended to furnish refreshments at all times of the day. Here, such as chose it, breakfasted at their own hour. It was furnished with chess-boards, backgammon-tables, newspapers, pamphlets, &c. in all the forms of a city coffeehouse. But the most extraordinary circumstance in his whole domestick arrangement, was that of a detached room in one of the extremities of the house, called the tavern. As he was himself a very temperate man, and many of his guests were of the same disposition, the quantity of wine for the use of the common room was but moderate; but as drinking was much in fashion in those days, in order to gratify such of his guests as had indulged themselves in that custom, he had recourse to the above-mentioned contrivance; and it was the custom of all who loved a cheerful glass to adjourn to the tavern soon after dinner, and leave the more sober folks to themselves. Here a waiter in a blue apron attended (as was the fashion then) and all things in the room were contrived so as to humour the illusion. Here, every one called for what liquor they liked, with as little restraint as if they were really in a publick-house, and to pay their share of the reckoning. Here too, the midnight orgies of Bacchus were often celebrated, with the same noisy mirth as is customary in

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in his city temples, without in the least disturbing the repose of the more sober part of the family. Games of all sorts were allowed, but under such restrictions as to prevent gambling; and so as to answer their true end, that of amusement, without injury to the purse of the players. There were two billiard tables, and a large bowling green, ample provision was made for all such as delighted in country sports; fishing tackle of all sorts; variety of guns with proper ammunition; a pack of buck hounds, another of fox hounds, and another of harriers. He constantly kept twenty choice hunters in his stables, for the use of those who were not properly mounted for the chace. It may be thought that his income was not sufficient to support so expensive an establishment; but when it is considered that eight thousand a year at that time was fully equal to double that sum at present; that his large demesne, in some of the richest soil of Ireland, furnished the house with every necessary except groceries and wine; it may be supposed to be easily practicable if under the regulation of a strict economy; of which no man was a greater master. I am told his plan was so well formed, and he had such checks upon all his domesticks, that it was impossible there could be any waste, or that any article from the larder, or a single bottle of wine from the cellar could have been purloined, without immediate detection. This was done partly by the choice of faithful stewards, and clerks of approved integrity; but chiefly by his own superintendance of the whole, as not a day passed without having all the accounts of the preceding one laid before him. This he was enabled to do by his early rising: and the business being finished

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finished before others were out of their beds, he always appeared the most disengaged man in the house, and seemed to have as little concern in the conduct of it as any of the guests. And indeed to a stranger he might easily pass for such, as he made it a point that no one should consider him in the light of master of the house, nor pay him the least civilities on that score; which he carried so far, that he sometimes went abroad without giving any notice, and staid away several days, while things went on as usual at home; and on his return, he would not allow any gratulations to be made him, nor any other notice to be taken of him, than if he had not been absent during that time. The arrangements of every sort were so prudently made, that no multiplicity of guests or their domesticks, ever occasioned any disorder, and all things were conducted with the same ease and regularity, as in a private family. There was one point which seemed of great difficulty, that of establishing certain signals, by which each servant might know when he was summoned to his master's apartment. For this purpose there was a great hall appropriated to their use, where they always assembled when they were not upon duty. Along the wall bells were ranged in order, one to each apartment, with the number of the chamber marked over it; so that when any one of them was rung, they had only to turn their eyes to the bell, and see what servant was called. He was the first who put an end to that inhospitable custom of giving vales to servants, by making a suitable addition to their wages; at the same time assuring them, that if they ever took any afterward, they should be discharged with disgrace; and to prevent temptation,

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tation, the guests were informed that Mr. Mathew would consider it as the highest affront, if any offer of that sort were made. As Swift had heard much of this place from Dr. Sheridan, who had been often a welcome guest there, both on account of his companionable qualities, and as being preceptor to the nephew of Mr. Mathew, he was desirous of seeing with his own eyes whether the report of it were true, which he could not help thinking to have been much exaggerated. Upon receiving an intimation of this from Dr. Sheridan, Mr. Mathew wrote a polite letter to the dean, requesting the honour of a visit, in company with the doctor, on his next school vacation. They set out accordingly on horseback, attended by a gentleman who was a near relation of Mr. Mathew, and from whom I received the whole of the following account. They had scarce reached the inn where they were to pass the first night, and which, like most of the Irish inns at that time, afforded but miserable entertainment, when a coach and six horses arrived, sent to convey them the remainder of their journey to Thomas-town; and at the same time bringing store of the choicest viands, wine, and other liquors for their refreshment. Swift was highly pleased with this uncommon mark of attention paid him, and the circumstance of the coach proved particularly agreeable, as he had been a good deal fatigued with his day's journey. When they came within sight of the house, the dean, astonished at its magnitude, cried out, "What, in the name of God can be the use of "such a vast building?" "Why, Mr. dean," replied their fellow traveller before mentioned, "there "are no less than forty apartments for guests in that "house,

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" house, and all of them probably occupied at this " time, except what are reserved for us." Swift, in his usual manner, called out to the coachman to stop, and bade him turn about, and drive him back to Dublin, for he could not think of mixing with such a crowd. " Well," said he, afterward suddenly, " there is no remedy, I must submit; but " I have lost a fortnight of my life." Mr. Mathew received him at the door with uncommon marks of respect; and then conducting him to his apartment, after some compliments, made him his usual speech; acquainting him with the customs of the house, and retired, leaving him in possession of his castle. Soon after the cook appeared with his bill of fare, to receive his directions about supper, and the butler at the same time with a list of wines and other liquors. " And is all this really so," said Swift? " and may I command here as in my own house?" The gentleman before mentioned assured him he might, and that nothing could be more agreeable to the owner of that mansion, than that all under his roof should live conformably to their own inclinations, without the least restraint. " Well, then," said Swift, " I invite you and Dr. Sheridan to be " my guests while I stay, for I think I shall hardly be " tempted to mix with the mob below." Three days were passed in riding over the demesne, and viewing the several improvements, without ever seeing Mr. Mathew, or any of the guests; nor were the company below much concerned at his absence, as his very name usually inspired those who did not know him with awe, and they were afraid his presence would put an end to that ease and cheerfulness which reigned among them. On the fourth day, Swift,

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Swift entered the room where the company were assembled before dinner, and addressed Mr. Mathew in one of the finest complimental speeches that ever was made; in which he expatiated on all the beauties of his improvements, with the skill of an artist, and taste of a connoisseur. He showed that he had a full comprehension of the whole of the plan, and of the judicious adaption of the parts to the whole, and pointed out several articles which had escaped general observation. Such an address, from a man of Swift's character, could not fail of being pleasing to the owner, who was at the same time the planner of these improvements; and so fine an eulogium from one who was supposed to deal more in satire than panegyrick, was likely to remove the prejudice entertained against his character, and prepossess the rest of the company in his favour. He concluded his speech by saying, "And now, la-"dies and gentlemen, I am come to live among you, "and it shall be no fault of mine if we do not pass "our time agreeably." After dinner, being in high spirits, he entertained the company with various pleasantries: doctor Sheridan and he played into one another's hands; they joked, they punned, they laughed, and a general gayety was diffused through the whole company. In a short time all constraint on his account disappeared. He entered readily into all their little schemes of promoting mirth, and every day, with the assistance of his coadjutor, produced some new one, which afforded a good deal of sport and merriment. Never were such joyous scenes known there before; for, when to ease and cheerfulness, there is superadded, at times, the higher zest of gay wit, lively fancy, and droll humour,

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nothing can be wanting to the perfection of the social pleasures of life. When the time came which obliged Dr. Sheridan to return to his school, the company were so delighted with the dean, that they earnestly intreated him to remain there some time longer; and Mr. Mathew himself for once broke through his rule of never soliciting the stay of any guest, (it being the established custom of the house that all might depart whenever they thought proper, without any ceremony of leave taking) by joining in the request. Swift found himself so happy in his situation there, that he readily yielded to their solicitations, and instead of the fortnight which he had originally intended, paſſed four months there much to his own satisfaction, and that of all those who had visited the place during that time. Having gone somewhat out of my way to give an account of the owner of this happy manſion, I am tempted to digress a little farther by relating an adventure he was engaged in, of so singular a kind, as deserves well to be recorded. It was toward the latter end of queen Anne's reign, when Mr. Mathew returned to Dublin, after his long residence abroad. At that time party ran very high, but raged no where with ſuch violence as in that city, insomuch that duels were every day fought there on that score. There happened to be, at that time, two gentlemen in London who valued themselves highly on their skill in fencing; the name of one of them was Pack, the other Creed; the former a major, the latter a captain in the army. Hearing of these daily exploits in Dublin, they resolved, like two knight-errants, to go over in quest of adventures. Upon inquiry, they learned that Mr. Mathew, lately arrived from France, had

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the character of being one of the first swordsmen in Europe. Pack, rejoiced to find an antagonist worthy of him, resolved the first opportunity to pick a quarrel with him; and meeting him as he was carried along the street in his chair, jostled the fore chairman. Of this Mathew took no notice, as supposing it to be accidental. But Pack afterward boasted of it in the public coffeehouse, saying, that he had purposely offered this insult to that gentleman, who had not the spirit to resent it. There happened to be present a particular friend of Mr. Mathew's, of the name of Macnamara, a man of tried courage, and reputed the best fencer in Ireland. He immediately took up the quarrel, and said, he was sure Mr. Mathew did not suppose the affront intended, otherwise he would have chastised him on the spot; but if the major would let him know where he was to be found, he should be waited on immediately on his friend's return, who was to dine that day a little way out of town. The major said that he should be at the tavern over the way, where he and his companion would wait their commands. Immediately on his arrival, Mathew being made acquainted with what had passed, went from the coffeehouse to the tavern, accompanied by Macnamara. Being shown into the room where the two gentlemen were, after having secured the door, without any expostulation, Mathew and Pack drew their swords; but Macnamara stopped them, saying, he had something to propose before they proceeded to action. He said, in cases of this nature, he never could bear to be a cool spectator, so sir, (addressing himself to Creed) if you please, I shall

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have the honour of entertaining you in the same manner. Creed, who desired no better sport, made no other reply than that of instantly drawing his sword; and to work the four champions fell, with the same composure as if it were only a fencing match with foils. The conflict was of some duration, and maintained with great obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the many wounds which they had received. At length, quite exhausted, they both fell, and yielded the victory to the superiour skill of their antagonists. Upon this occasion, Mathew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect composure of his mind during the action. Creed had fallen the first; upon which Pack exclaimed, "Ah, poor Creed, are "you gone?" "Yes," said Mathew, very composedly, "and you shall instantly *Pack* after him;" at the same time making a home thrust quite through his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more remarkable, as he was never in his life, either before or after, known to have aimed at a pun. The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties was very great; and what seems almost miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The surgeons, seeing the desperate state of their patients, would not suffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, but had beds immediately conveyed into it, on which they lay many hours in a state of insensibility. When they came to themselves, and saw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice, said to his companion, "Creed, I "think we are the conquerors, for we have kept the "field of battle." For a long time their lives were despaired of, but to the astonishment of every one, they

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they both recovered. When they were able to see company, Mathew and his friend attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterward ensued, as they found them men of probity, and of the best dispositions, except in this Quixotish idea of duelling, whereof they were now perfectly cured.

The dean was often applied to, to redress private grievances, by persons of whom he had no knowledge; and never failed to interpose his good offices, when the case was such as merited his attention. Among these he was particularly struck with that of a young gentleman in the college of the name of Fitzherbert; whose father, though a man of considerable estate, had treated him with great inhumanity, banishing him his house, and not affording him the common necessaries of life. The young man, driven almost to desperation, though he had no other acquaintance with Swift than that of seeing him sometimes at Dr. Sheridan's school, where he was bred, drew up so affecting a narrative of his case, and in such a masterly style, in a letter to the dean, as gave him a high opinion of his talents and genius, and rendered him an object well worthy of his protection. Accordingly he wrote to the father, who was a stranger to him, in very strong terms; highly extolling his son's abilities, and recommending him to his favour*. He waited for an answer to this letter from the father, before he could make a satisfactory reply to that of the son; but after some days had elapsed, the young man growing impatient of the dean's silence, resolved to second his first address in prose, by another in poetry, and sent him the following copy of verses:

* For this letter, see Vol. XIII. p. 172.

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To the DEAN of ST. PATRICK'S.

Obscure in garret vile I lay,
And slumber'd out the tedious day;
Or par'd my nails, or watch'd the cries
Of savoury sausages or pies;
Or strove, with dexterous art, to hide
Chinks in my stockings gaping wide;
Or read old authors o'er and o'er,
In number hardly half a score;
Those, dusty, tatter'd, full of holes;
The rest were gone to purchase coals.
In prose * I told how EPICTETUS,
Upon a pinch, the best of meat is;
On which I was compell'd to dine,
While gay PETRONIUS paid for wine.
How HORACE cater'd, PLUTARCH, pot—
Companion boon, discharg'd my shot.
How TULLY too the kennel thumps,
Converted to a pair of pumps.
I told how GULLIVER, with sense
Enrich'd me first, and then with pence,
And ah! I might with tears relate
Poor metamorphos'd VIRGIL's fate;
Who, having erst adorn'd my leg,
Now hangs and rots upon a peg.
Unable to dismiss a crowd
Of duns importunate and loud:
Though pinch'd with hunger, thirst, and cold,
I yet disdain'd to have it told.

* Alluding to his former prose letter to the dean.

Too

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Too proud for pity, I suppress'd
The sighs that struggl'd in my breast;
And while a vulture gnaw'd my heart,
Smiles in my face, conceal'd the smart.
Ye younger brothers, who inherit,
In lieu of fortune, the *bon* spirit;
For which, unless your father's bail,
You must for ever rot in jail;
Ye gamesters, who have lost codille,
Unpaid as yet your tailor's bill;
Ye thieves, detected on the top
Of houses, or within a shop;
Ye tender damsels, who bestow
Your virgin treasures on a beau,
Forsaken of your fop, the scorn
Of bitter prudes, and quite forlorn;
Say, did ye oftner wish to die,
Or feel sincerer grief than I?
Now ripe with injuries and age,
My spirits kindle into rage;
Now visionary projects roll,
And crowd tumultous on my soul.
So fire conceal'd from human eyes,
In mount Vesuve or Ætna lies,
Till burst at last, and finding vent,
Is to the clouds with fury sent.
My story to the dean I wrote
With great expense of oil and thought;
Did he receive it with a nod,
Profess it was extremely odd?
Did he his shoulders shrug, or think
My cause unworthy of his ink?
Did he a ragged youth despise?
Ah! no, the dean is just and wise;

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And truth an easy passage finds,
Like a full tide, to generous minds.
Hail bard and patriot! could I hope
The muses would from thee elope,
To make me, by their mighty pow'r,
A poet only for an hour;
Thy matchless virtues should be known
In verse as lasting as your own.
But I ne'er tasted of the spring
Which taught immortal Swift to ſing;
Nor e'er invok'd the tuneful nine
To help me with a single line;
Then let your own Apollo praise
Your virtue, humour, wit, and ease.

Swift on receipt of this, returned a short answer, and enclosed a bill for twenty pounds, telling him he should soon hear from him again. He then went to his father, and having rated him sufficiently for want of manners in not answering his letter, proceeded to the affair of his son. The gentleman, who had nothing to offer in his excuse, exceedingly alarmed at the resentment shown by Swift for his neglect, to make amends for this, immediately acquieſced in any measures that Swift might propose, with regard to the object of his visit; and it was agreed upon the spot, that the young gentleman should be sent immediately to Leyden to study physick, with a suitable allowance for his support.

In one of his rambles through the country of Ireland, he happened to stop at a small village in some part of the Bog of Allen. The landlord of the house to which he was directed for entertainment, was quite unfurnished of every kind of provision that might refreſh either himself or his horses.

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horses. The dean seeing a church not far off, inquired who was the parson, and where he lived; being informed in these points, he desired the landlord to go in his name, and beg a little hay and oats for his horses; who brought him back for answer, that the vicar, Mr. Hervey, would send him none; but if the dean would do him the honour to take share of his dinner, which was near ready, he should have as much as he pleased. The dean readily accepted the invitation; and going immediately to Mr. Hervey's, asked what he had for dinner? A shoulder of lamb and sallad. And what have you got to drink? Some pretty good ale; and had I known of your coming, I would have had a bottle of wine. Wine! ſaid the dean, what is your vicarage worth? About fourſcore pounds a year. And dares such a little fellow as you pretend to drink wine? Only on extraordinary occasions. The dean was much pleased with his host and his entertainment; and when he was going away, he called to his servant to take good notice of that clergyman, "And "be sure remember, if ever he should come to in-"quire for me at the deanery, to say I am not at "home." Mr. Hervey understood his meaning well; and on his next visit to Dublin, did not fail to pay his respects to the dean; who received him very cordially, and entertained him with great kindness.

Once stopping at an inn at Dundalk, he sent for a barber to shave him; who performed his office very dexterouſly, and being a prating fellow, amused the dean, during the operation, with a variety of chat. The dean inquired of him who was the minister of his parish, and whether he had one farthing to rub

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rub upon another? The barber answered, that though the benefice was but small, the incumbent was very rich. "How the plague can that be?" Why, please your reverence, he buys up frizes, flannels, stockings, shoes, brogues, and other things when cheap, and sells them at an advanced price to the parishioners, and so picks up a penny. The dean was curious to see this vicar, and dismissing the barber with a shilling, desired the landlord to go in his name, and ask that gentleman to eat a mutton chop with him, for he had beſpoke a yard of mutton (the name he usually gave to the neck) for dinner. Word was brought back that he had rid abroad to visit some sick parishioners. Why then, said the dean, invite that prating barber, that I may not dine alone. The barber was rejoiced at this unexpected honour, and being dressed out in his best apparel, came to the inn, first inquiring of the groom what the clergyman's name was who had so kindly invited him; what the vengeance, ſaid the servant, don't you know dean Swift? At which the barber turned pale, said his babbling tongue had ruined him; then ran into the house, fell upon his knees, and intreated the dean not to put him into print; for that he was a poor barber, had a large family to maintain, and if his reverence put him into black and white, he should lose all his customers. Swift laughed heartily at the poor fellow's simplicity; bade him sit down and eat his dinner in peace, for he assured him he would neither put him, or his wife, or the vicar in print. After dinner, having got out of him the history of the whole parish, he dismissed him with half a crown, highly delighted with the adventures of the day.

One

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One day Swift observed a great rabble assembled in a large space before the deanery door in Kevin street, and upon inquiring the cause of this, was told it was to see the eclipse. He immediately sent for the beadle, and gave him his lesson what he should do. Away ran Davy for his bell, and after ringing it some time among the crowd, bawled out, O yes, O yes, all manner of persons concerned, are desired to take notice, that it is the dean of St. Patrick's will and pleasure, that the eclipse be put off till this hour to morrow. So God save the king, and his reverence the dean. The mob upon this notice immediately dispersed; only some, more cunning than the rest, swore they would not lose another afternoon, for that the dean, who was a very comical man, might take it into his head to put off the eclipse again, and so make fools of them a second time.

Swift, once in a private conference between some of the ministry and monsieur Menage, acted as interpreter. Observing both parties using their utmost endeavours to deceive each other, and that the whole time was spent in disguising their true designs, and finding artful evasions, his impatience arose to that height, that forgetting his situation as interpreter, he took upon him to offer his advice to the ministers on both sides; which was, in short, to speak plain truth and nothing else; adding, that if they followed that method, they would do as much business in an hour, as they then did in a week.

In one of his jaunts to Windsor with lord Oxford, being employed full as idly as Horace says he was when taking the air with Mæcenas, they were playing a sort of game called Cocks and Hens; which

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which consisted in each of them counting the poultry on his side of the road, and whichever reckoned thirty one first, or saw a cat, or an old woman in a certain posture, won the game. It happened while they were thus engaged, lord Bolingbroke's coach overtook them, who got into that of lord Oxford, and immediately entered upon some political business. He had not talked long before lord Oxford cried out, "Swift, I am up, there is a cat." Lord Bolingbroke, much offended at this, called to the coachman to stop, got out of the carriage, saying, "when his lordship was disposed to be serious, he "would talk to him about business." This seems to have happened when things were tending toward that breach between them, which all the dean's address and influence were not able to close.

Swift, like many who jest freely on others, could not bear a retort. Dining one day at a publick dinner of the mayor and corporation at Corke, he observed that alderman Brown, father to the bishop of that diocese, fed very heartily without speaking a word, and was so intent upon that business, as to become a proper object of ridicule. Accordingly he threw out many successful jests upon the alderman, who fed on with the silence of the still sow, neither seeming to regard what the dean said, nor at all moved by the repeated bursts of laughter at his expense. Toward the latter end of the meal, Swift happened to be helped to some roasted duck, and desired to have some applesauce on the same plate; upon which the alderman bawled out, "Mr. dean, "you eat your duck like a goose." This unexpected sally threw the company into a long continued

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nued fit of laughter, and Swift was silent the rest of the day.

One time, going out of town, he said to Mr. Cope, "will you write to me?" And without waiting for an answer, continued, "No, I forgot, "you are an idle man, and will never find time." He spent a good deal of time in the north at Mr. Robert Cope's, and was member of a club consisting of the neighbours who met periodically: one of the members was an old man remarkably stiff and surly; who valued himself much upon great plantations of fir-trees which he had raised about his house. Swift desired to look at them; and having put a rule in his pocket for the purpose, said he would try whether they were planted at exact distances, and laying down his rule, went obliquely on purpose from tree to tree, saying, he that planted them knew nothing of the matter. The old gentleman snatched up the rule in a great passion, swearing he never saw such a fool of a measurer in all his life.

There was a trap laid for the same old gentleman by one of the merry members of the club, Dr. Tisdal; who riding in company with Dr. Swift and others, near his house, laid a wager that he would make old Workman call himself Bruin the Bear. He had beforehand known that it was his day for brewing. They all rid up to the door, when Tisdal accosted the old gentleman with, "Pray, Mr. Work-"man, are not you brewing to day?" "Yes." "Are "you brewing the barley, or brewing the beer?" "Brewing the barley," said Workman, to Tisdal's great disappointment; who, beside losing his wager, had the laugh of the company against him.

A young

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A young gentleman, much addicted to laughing, happened to get into Swift's company; and having heard much of the dean's pleasantries, was upon the titter at every thing he said: "Where is the jest?" said some one. "There," said Swift, pointing at the laughing young gentleman.

One day travelling in England, he asked a farmer which was the road to such a place; the farmer said it lay straight before him, he could not miss it. Swift riding a little way, observed a by-road to the left, and turned into it. The farmer called out to him that he was going wrong. "Why," said Swift, "did you not tell me I could not miss it?" "No "more you could," said the farmer, "if you had "not been a fool."

Another time seeing a man fall from his horse in a slough, he rode up to him, inquiring whether he was hurt? "No," replied the farmer, "but I am "woundily bemired." "You make good the old "proverb," said Swift, "the more dirt, the less "hurt." The man seemed much comforted with the old saying, but said he had never heard of that proverb before; and no wonder, for Swift had made it on the occasion. He used often to coin proverbs of that sort, and pass them for old.

One day walking in the garden of a stingy old gentleman, with many others in company, he saw a quantity of fine fruit, of which the owner never offered them a taste; Swift stopped at a peach tree loaded with tempting fruit, and addressed the company with—"It was an old saying of my grand-"mother's, always pull a peach, when it lies in "your reach:" he accordingly plucked one; and his example

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example was immediately followed by all the rest, under the sanction of that good old saying.

He had many useful rules which he threw into rhime for the more easy recollection of them. One of them I remember was a direction to those who ride together through the water:

When through the water you do ride,
Keep very close, or very wide.

Another related to the decanting of wine:

First rack slow, and then rack quick,
Then rack slow till you come to the thick.

In a conversation with Dr. Ellwood, the doctor happened to speak of some one, as a fine old gentleman; what, said Swift, have you kept company with me these twenty years, and have not the common sense to know that there is no such thing as a fine old gentleman; because, if the persons to whom that title is given, had been possessed either of a mind or body worth a farthing, they would have worn them out before they arrived at that age.

Dining one day at Mr. B——'s, his son, the present Mr. B——, then very young, was sent into the parlour after dinner to pay his compliments to the dean. His mother, lady B——, had always kept him drest in the nicest manner. After drinking a glass of wine, and staying a little while with the company, he returned to his father, who was confined to his chamber with the gout, "Well, Will, "what did the dean say to you?" "I heard him say, "as I was leaving the room, '*Enfant gâté*'." His father laughed, and told it lady Betty. This came round to the dean before he left the house; who said upon it—"What a confounded blockhead was

"I,

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" I, to think there could be ſuch a thing as a ſpoiled " child who had not learned French."

In the purſuit of the *bagatelle*, he often deſcended to puerilities. Paſſing ſome time in the country, where Dan Jackſon was one of the company (he whoſe long noſe furniſhed a ſubject for ſeveral humorous copies of verſes to be found in Vol. VII. p. 215 and fol.) Swift uſed to try many practical jokes on him. One day he pretended to lay hold of a creeper on Dan's neck, and put himſelf in the poſture of cracking it on the table with his thumb nail, at the ſame time making a noiſe ſimilar to it with the joint of his finger; a common ſchoolboy's trick. He had ſerved him in this manner more than once, when Dan reſolved to be prepared for him if he ever attempted it again. With this view he procured a louſe of the largeſt ſize he could get, and ſtopping it up in a quill, kept it in his pocket. It was not long before Swift repeated the trick; when Dan Jackſon took an opportunity, while the dean was looking another way, of unſtopping the quill, and dropping the louſe juſt before him, calling out Mr. dean—Mr. dean—you have miſſed killing it this time, there it is crawling juſt before you. This turned the laugh againſt Swift, and put an end to that and ſome other of his pranks, as he found Dan was not ſo patient a butt as he had taken him for, and knew how to retaliate with advantage.

Among other *jeux d'eſprit*, he was fond of punning, and uſed to ſay that none diſliked it but thoſe who could not make one. The old lord Pembroke was a remarkable punſter, and when lord lieutenant of Ireland, delighted much in Swift's company on that account. One day being at the caſtle

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Castle when a learned physician was reading a long lecture to his excellency on the nature and qualities of bees, calling them on every occasion, a nation, and a commonwealth; "Yes, my lord," said Swift, "they are a very ancient nation; you know, my lord, "Moses takes notice of them; he numbers the *Hi-* "*vites* among those nations which Joshua was ap- "pointed to conquer."

Lord Pembroke had brought over with him, as his first chaplain, one Dr. Mills, a man remarkable for a large Roman nose, against whom Swift had taken a particular dislike. After dining one day with a private party at the castle, of which Mills was one, Swift began to rail at the lord lieutenants of Ireland for bringing over such blockheads for chaplains as they usually did. Lord Pembroke said, that censure could not be applied to him, as his first chaplain present had been a professor at Oxford, and was accounted an excellent scholar. "He a scholar!" said Swift; "I dare "say he does not know how to construe a line of "Virgil." Lord Pembroke, who expected some sport from this, took part with his chaplain, saying, "he "was sure there was no passage in Virgil which "he could not perfectly explain." "Let the book "be brought," said Swift. Accordingly a Virgil was sent for, and Swift opening the book, pitched upon the following line. *Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam.* Mills immediately translated it very properly in the usual way. "There," says Swift, "I knew he could not do it—he has not construed "one word of it right." "Why, pray how would "you construe it?" "Thus—*Romanos*—you've a Ro- "man nose—*rerum*—you're a rare rum——*dominos*—

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" damn your nose—*gentemque togatam*, and the whole " race of chaplains." Swift then took up his hat and walked off, leaving lord Pembroke and the rest of the party laughing heartily at the droll scene which had just passed.

Now I am upon the subject of his punning, I cannot refrain from mentioning an excellent one which he made at my father's, in a happy application of one of Virgil's lines. It happened that a lady whisking about her long train, which was then the fashion, threw down and broke a fine Cremona fiddle belonging to him; upon which Swift cried out—

Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!

Once in the country he was making inquiries about a gentleman in the neighbourhood, with whom the others did not seem to associate, and asked the reason of it. They said he was a very stupid fellow. Swift some time after, in one of his rides, overtook him, and entered into conversation with him by praising his horse, saying, among other things, that he carried a very fine tail; to which the gentleman replied, " and yours carries the best " head in Ireland." The dean, on his return, related this as a very clever saying, and wondered how they could account the author of it stupid. One of the company, when he next saw the gentleman, told him how much the dean was pleased with what he had said to him. " Why, what was it," said the other? " You told him that his horse carried the " best head in Ireland." " And so he does," replied the gentleman (utterly unconscious of his having said a good thing) " I think I never saw a horse " with a finer forehead."

When

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When George Faulkner the printer returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bag wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him with all the ceremony that he would show to a perfect stranger. "Pray, Sir, what are your commands with me?" "I thought it my duty to wait "on you immediately on my arrival from London." "Pray, Sir, who are you?" "George Faulkner the "printer." "You George Faulkner the printer! why, "thou art the most impudent barefaced impostor I "ever heard of. George Faulkner is a sober sedate "citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace, "and other fopperies. Get about your business, and "thank your stars that I do not send you to the house "of correction." Poor George hobbled away as fast as he could, and having changed his apparel, returned immediately to the deanery. Swift, on seeing him, went up to him with great cordiality, shook him familiarly by the hand, saying, "My good friend, "George, I am heartily glad to see you safe returned. "Here was an impudent fellow in a laced waistcoat, "who would feign have passed for you; but I soon "sent him packing with a flea in his ear."

He could not bear to have any lies told him, which he never failed to detect; and when the party endeavoured to palliate them, his usual expression was—"Come, come, don't attempt to darn "your cobwebs." It was a saying of his, that an excuse was worse than a lie, because an excuse was a lie guarded.

There was a violent quarrel between the dean and sergeant Bettesworth, which for some time made

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a great noise in Dublin. It was occasioned by the following verses in one of Swift's Poems:

So at the bar the booby Bettesworth,
Though half a crown outpays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law, nor text, nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother sergeant.

The animosity of the dean against the sergeant, did not arise from any personal pique, but on account of his being an avowed enemy of the clergy, and taking the lead in the house of commons in procuring one of the most unjust and arbitrary votes ever made by that body, by which the clergy were deprived of a considerable part of their tithes, which they had enjoyed time immemorial.

The poem was sent to Bettesworth when he was in company with some of his friends, from one of whom then present, I had the following account: He read it aloud till he had finished the lines relative to himself. He then flung it down with great violence, he trembled and turned pale; and after some pause, his rage for a while depriving him of utterance, he took out his penknife, and opening it, vehemently swore, with this very penknife, by G—d, will I cut off his ears. Soon after he went to seek the dean at his house, and not finding him at home, followed him to Mr. Worrall's, where he had an interview with him, which has been described by Swift in a letter to the duke of Dorset, then lord lieutenant of Ireland. But as there are some passages omitted in that narrative, which he related to Dr. Sheridan, immediately after the scene had passed, I shall here insert such part of them as I recollect. Upon inquiring for Swift, the sergeant was

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was shown into the street parlour, and the dean called out to him from the back room, where he was sitting after dinner with Worrall and his wife. Upon entering the room, Swift desired to know his commands. "Sir," says he, "I am sergeant Bet-tes-"worth," (which was always his pompous way of pronouncing his own name in three distinct syllables). "Of what regiment, pray?" says Swift. "O, "Mr. Dean, we know your powers of raillery; you "know me well enough, that I am one of his ma-"jesty's sergeants at law." "What then, Sir?" "Why "then, Sir, I am come to demand of you, whe-"ther you are the author of this poem (producing it) "and these villanous lines on me?" At the same time reading them aloud with great vehemence of emphasis, and much gesticulation. "Sir," said Swift, "it was a piece of advice given me in my "early days by lord Somers, never to own or disown "any writing laid to my charge; because if I did this, "in some cases, whatever I did not disown after-"ward, would infallibly be imputed to me as mine. "Now, Sir, I take this to have been a very wise "maxim, and as such have followed it ever since; "and I believe it will hardly be in the power of all "your rhetoric, as great a master as you are of it, to "make me swerve from that rule." Many other things passed as related in the above-mentioned letter. But when Bettesworth was going away, he said, "Well, since you will give me no satisfaction in this "affair, let me tell you, your gown is your protec-"tion; under the sanction of which, like one of your "own Yahoos who had climbed up to the top of a high "tree, you sit secure, and squirt your filth round "on all mankind." Swift had candour enough not

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to conceal this last circumstance, at the same time saying, "that the fellow showed more wit in this "than he thought him possessed of." After this, as Bettesworth still continued to utter furious threats against the dean, there was an association formed and signed by all the principal inhabitants of that quarter, to stand by one another with their lives and fortunes, in support of their general benefactor, against any one who should attempt to offer the least injury to his person or fortune. Beside which, the publick indignation was kindled against him for this treatment of their great favourite, and the resentment of all the wits was poured out upon him in a vast effusion of libels, pointed with ridicule, or edged with satire, which placed his character in a contemptible, or an odious light; so that the unfortunate sergeant, who had before made a considerable figure at the bar, in a short time lost his business, and was seldom employed in any suit afterward; so dangerous was it to attack this idol of the people.

He was always attended by two servants when he rode out, but he walked through the streets, and did not put on his spatterdashes (which he always wore instead of boots) and spurs, till he came to the place of mounting. One day, being detained longer than usual, and inquiring into the cause, he found it was owing to a dispute between the two servants, to which of their offices it belonged to carry the spatterdashes and spurs. Swift soon settled the matter, by making each of them carry one of each, and in that manner walk behind him through the streets. The blackguards of Dublin, who are remarkable for low humour, soon smoked the de-

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sign, and ridiculed the fellows as they passed along in such a way as made them quite ashamed of themselves, and willing to come to a compromise. But Swift, to punish them, made them continue their progress in the same way, enjoying the low jokes of the mob as they passed; till at their earnest entreaty afterward they were allowed to take it turn about.

He had always some whimsical contrivance to punish his servants for any neglect of his orders, so as to make them more attentive for the future. The hiring of the maidservants he left to his housekeeper; and when that ceremony was over, he used to send for them, saying, he had but two commands to give them; one was, to shut the door after them whenever they came into a room; the other, to shut the door after them when they went out of a room; and bade them be very punctual in executing these orders. One of these maids went to him on a particular occasion, to request that she might be allowed to go to her sister's wedding, which was to be on that day, at a place distant about ten miles from Dublin. Swift not only consented, but said he would lend her one of his horses, with a servant to ride before her; and gave his directions accordingly. The maid in the midst of her joy for this favour, forgot to shut the door after her when she left the room. In about a quarter of an hour after she was gone, the dean ordered a servant to saddle another horse, and make what speed he could after them, and wherever he overtook them, to oblige them to return immediately. They had not got much above half way, when he came up with them, and told them it was the dean's positive commands, that they

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should return instantly; with which, however reluctantly, the poor girl was obliged to comply. When she came into Swift's presence, with a most mortified countenance, she begged to know his reverence's commands: "Nothing, child," said he, "only you forgot to shut the door after you." But not to carry the punishment too far, he then permitted her to pursue her journey.

There was nothing Swift disliked more than applications from witlings and poetasters to look over their pieces, and he generally had some whimsical contrivance to make them repent of this, which, being told, might also deter others from the like. Among these, there was a poor author of my acquaintance, who had written a very indifferent tragedy, and got himself introduced to the dean, in order to have his opinion of it. In about a fortnight after the delivery, he called at the deanery to know how he approved of it. Swift returned the play carefully folded up, telling him he had read it, and taken some pains with it; and he believed the author would not find above half the number of faults in it, that it had when it came into his hands. Poor Davy, after a thousand acknowledgments to the dean for the trouble he had taken, retired in company with the gentleman who had first introduced him, and was so impatient to see what corrections Swift had made, that he would not wait till he got home, but got under a gateway in the next street, and, to his utter astonishment and confusion, saw that the dean had taken the pains to blot out every second line throughout the whole play, so carefully, as to render them utterly illegible. Nor

was

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was it in the power of the unfortunate author to conceal his disgrace, as his friend, from whom I had the story, thought it too good a joke to be lost.

Swift, whatever mastery he had gained over the greater passions, had no command of his temper. He was of a very irritable make, prone to sudden starts of passion, in which his expressions of course were not very guarded. His friends made all due allowance for this, knowing it to be an infirmity often attendant on the best natures, and never took any thing amiss that he said or did on such occasions. But Dr. Sheridan, when he saw one of these fits coming on him, used to divert its course, by some whimsical stroke of fancy that would set him a laughing, and give his humour another bent. And in this he was so successful, that one of their common friends used to say, that he was the David, who alone could play the evil spirit out of Saul. Among the many off-hand poems, which they daily writ to each other, there was one come to my hands, which, though negligently written, is so descriptive of the mode of their living together, and so characteristick of Swift's manner, that I am tempted to lay it before the publick. When he was disengaged, the dean used often to call in at the doctor's about the hour of dining, and their custom was to sit in a small back parlour *tête à tête*, and have slices sent them upon plates from the common room of whatever was for the family dinner. The furniture of this room was not in the best repair, being often frequented by the boarders, of which the house was seldom without twenty; but was preferred by the dean as being more snug than the state parlour, which was used only when there was company. The subject

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subject of the poem, is an account of one of these casual visits.

When to my house you come, dear dean,
Your humble friend to entertain,
Through dirt and mire along the street,
You find no scraper for your feet;
At which you stamp and storm and swell,
Which serves to clean your feet as well.
By steps ascending to the hall,
All torn to rags by boys and ball,
With scatter'd fragments on the floor;
A sad uneasy parlour door,
Besmear'd with chalk, and carv'd with knives,
(A plague upon all careless wives)
Are the next sights you must expect,
But do not think they are my neglect.
Ah that these evils were the worst!
The parlour still is farther curst.
To enter there if you advance,
If in you get, it is by chance.
How oft by turns have you and I
Said thus—"Let me—no—let me try—
"This turn will open it I'll engage"—
You push me from it in a rage.
Turning, twisting, forcing, fumbling,
Stamping, ſtaring, fuming, grumbling,
At length it opens—in we go—
How glad are we to find it so!
Conquests through pains and dangers please,
Much more than those attain'd with ease.
Are you dispos'd to take a seat;
The instant that it feels your weight,

Out

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Out go its legs, and down you come
Upon your reverend deanship's bum.
Betwixt two stools 'tis often said,
The sitter on the ground is laid;
What praise then to my chairs is due,
Where one performs the feat of two!
Now to the fire, if such there be,
At present nought but smoke we see.
"Come, stir it up"—"Ho—Mr. Joker,
"How can I stir it without poker?"
"The bellows take, their batter'd nose
"Will serve for poker, I suppose."
Now you begin to rake—alack
The grate has tumbled from its back—
The coals all on the hearth are laid—
"Stay, sir—I'll run and call the maid;
"She'll make the fire again complete—
"She knows the humour of the grate."
"Pox take your maid, and you together—
"This is cold comfort in cold weather."
Now all is right again—the blaze
Suddenly rais'd as soon decays.
Once more apply the bellows—"So—
"These bellows were not made to blow—
"Their leathern lungs are in decay,
"They can't even puff the smoke away."
"And is your reverence vext at that?
"Get up in God's name, take your hat;
"Hang them, say I, that have no shift;
"Come blow the fire, good doctor Swift.
"If trifles such as these can tease you,
"Plague take those fools that strive to please you.
"Therefore no longer be a quarr'ler
"Either with me, sir, or my parlour.

"If

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" If you can relish ought of mine,
" A bit of meat, a glass of wine,
" You're welcome to it, and you shall fare
" As well as dining with the mayor."
" You saucy scab—you tell me so—
" Why, booby-face, I'd have you know
" I'd rather see your things in order,
" Than dine in state with the recorder.
" For water I must keep a clutter,
" Or chide your wife for stinking butter.
" Or getting such a deal of meat,
" As if you'd half the town to eat.
" That wife of yours, the devil's in her,
" I've told her of this way of dinner,
" Five hundred times, but all in vain—
" Here comes a rump of beef again:
" O that that wife of yours would burst—
" Get out, and serve the boarders first.
" Pox take 'em all for me—I fret
" So much, I shall not eat my meat—
" You know I'd rather have a slice."
" I know, dear sir, you are not nice;
" You'll have your dinner in a minute,
" Here comes the plate and slices in it—
" Therefore no more, but take your place—
" Do you fall to, and I'll say grace."

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MEMOIRS and ANECDOTES of SWIFT, extracted from the former Publications by DOCTOR DELANY and others.

AS Swift had been charged by many with want of religion, Voltaire, and other freethinkers, wishing to have a man of his genius enrolled in their class; doctor Delany enters into a justification of him in that respect. Among other passages to this effect, are the following: As to his religion, I myself have observed many strong indications and proofs of his sincerity in it, beside those now mentioned. His saying grace, both before and after meat, was very remarkable. It was always in the fewest words that could be uttered on the occasion, but with an emphasis and fervour which every one around him saw and felt, and with his hands clasped into one another, and lifted up to his breast, but never higher. The religious and christian form of his last will, and the many prayers composed, and constantly offered up by him in Mrs. Johnson's sickness, are strong proofs to the same purpose.

There was no vice in the world he so much abhorred as hypocrisy; and of consequence nothing he dreaded so much as to be suspected of it. This naturally led to make him verge sometimes too much to the other extreme; and made him often conceal his piety with more care, than others take to conceal their vices. I have been assured by doctor Delany, who lived for a considerable time in his house, that he resided with him for more than six

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fix months, before he knew, or so much as suspected that he ever read prayers to his family. Which nevertheless he constantly did, at a fixed hour every night in his own bedchamber, to which the servants regularly and silently resorted, at the time appointed, without any notice from a bell, or audible call of any kind, except the striking of a clock. And I am well assured, that when he lived in London, his constant way was to go to early prayers, and sacrament; which he thought made him less distinguished in his devotions. But though in his private capacity he indulged himself in his own method of paying his devotions, yet when his duty called on him either as a parish priest, or dean, no one performed all the functions of that sacred office in a more exemplary manner, because in this case nothing of ostentation could be imputed to him. Of this doctor Delany gives several instances, and concludes with a very remarkable one, where he says, after a good deal of meditation upon Swift's character, as a man of true religion, I think I have found out one proof of it so clear and incontestable, as may well supersede the necessity of any other. His cathedral of St. Patrick's, is the only church in that city, wherein the primitive practice of receiving the sacrament every Lord's day was renewed, and is still continued; and to the best of my remembrance and belief, renewed in his time. At least, as he was ordinary there, it could not be continued without his consent; and it is most certain that he constantly attended that holy office; consecrated and administered the sacrament in person. Nor do I believe he ever once failed to do so, when it was in his power; I mean

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I mean when he was not sick, or absent at too great a distance.

His attention to the economy of his cathedral was such, that he would not suffer a shilling of its revenues to be alienated from its proper use, even for the purposes of charity. If any thing of that kind was proposed, his answer was, that this money was appropriated; but he would give out of his own pocket, in proportion to his income, as much toward any charitable purpose, as any of them would in proportion to theirs. Then turning to the person who made the proposal, "You, sir, declare upon "your conscience, that the person you now solicit "for, is a proper object of Christian charity. My "deanery is worth seven hundred pounds a year; "your prebend, worth two; if you will give two "shillings to this charity, I will give seven, or any "greater sum in the same proportion."

His strict religious attention to the revenues of the deanery, was so great, that he never failed to sacrifice his own present emoluments, to the reasonable prospects of a future sufficient maintenance for his successors and chapter. One instance of this appeared most remarkably in the great decline, and almost total decay of his understanding. He had resolved many years before, never to renew a certain lease of lands belonging to the deanery, without raising the rent thirty pounds a year. The tenant had often applied to him for a renewal upon other terms, but to no purpose. And finding now that Swift's understanding was in the decay, and his avarice remarkably predominant; he thought this the proper season to make his last effort for a renewal, and tempt him with such a fine, as he was sure the dean could

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could not resist in those circumstances. Accordingly he made his attempt; but to as little purpose as ever he had done before, the dean remaining immovable. He refused a large fine, at a time when he loved money incomparably beyond any thing else in the world, and raised the rent, as he had long since resolved to do. I visited him the next day after the renewal of this lease, and inquiring after his health, he told me in a tone of heavy complaint, that his memory was almost totally gone, and his understanding going; but that he had yesterday done something for the benefit of his successor, but he had forgot what; but doctor Wilson (who then lived in the house with him) would tell me. I inquired, and was informed of this renewal, as I have now related it.

As an ecclesiastick, he was scrupulously exact in the exercise of his function, as well with regard to temporal, as spiritual things. He expended more money to support and adorn his cathedral, than had been applied to the same use in any period since it was first built. He was extremely exact and conscientious in promoting the members of the choir according to their merit, and never advanced any person to a vicarage, who was not qualified for it in all respects, whatever their interest, or however recommended. He once refused a vicarage to a person for whom lady Carteret was very importunate; at the same time declaring to her ladyship, that, if it had been in his power to have made the gentleman a dean, or a bishop, he would have obliged her willingly, because, he said, deaneries and bishopricks were preferments in which merit had no concern; but the merit of a vicar would be brought to the test every day.

It

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It happened that a young gentleman of his choir being abroad with his gun, suffered irreparable hurt by its going off accidentally. When the dean heard of it he expressed great concern, and having paused a little, "well," said he, "this will be a good oppor-"tunity at once to reward merit, and alleviate dis-"tress; I will make him a vicar;" which he did accordingly the same hour.

The poor in the liberty of his cathedral, were better regulated than any other in the kingdom; they were all badged, and were never found begging out of their district. For some of these he built and furnished a little almshouse, being assisted in this by some voluntary contributions; and preserved among them uncommon cleanliness and decency, by constantly visiting them in person.

In the distribution of his charity, that he might proportion his bounty to the necessities and merits of the different objects he met with, and yet give but one piece of money at a time, he constantly kept a pocket full of all sorts of coin, from a silver threepence to a crown piece.

He was a strenuous supporter of all the rights and privileges belonging to his deanery, against all incroachments attempted by his powerful neighbour the archbishop of Dublin; in opposition to whom he determined to assert his right of absence without his grace's permission, at the expense of several hundred pounds, at a time when he did not believe he should ever again claim the privilege for himself; but because he would not endanger the liberty of his successor by an injurious precedent.

In contradiction to the account given of the great decorum and solemnity with which Swift performed all religious duties, there are two stories told by

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lord Orrery, to which I can give no credit. The first is thus related by his lordship: "As soon as "he had taken possession of his two livings, he "went to reside at Laracor, and gave publick notice "to his parishioners, that he would read prayers "every Wednesday and Friday. Upon the subse- "quent Wednesday the bell was rung, and the rec- "tor attended in his desk; when after having sat "some time, and finding the congregation to con- "sist only of himself, and his clerk Roger, he began "with great composure and gravity, but with a turn "peculiar to himself, 'Dearly beloved Roger—the "Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places,' "&c.—And then proceeded regularly through the "whole service. I mention this trifling circumstance "only to show you, that he could not resist a vein of "humour, whenever he had an opportunity of exert- "ing it."

Now to suppose that a man of Swift's religious turn, should have made such a mockery of this solemn act of worship, and afterward go through the whole service, notwithstanding the many absurdities that would follow in the course of it, from there being no congregation present, merely for the sake of a paltry jest, is too gross an imposition to be easily swallowed. It is not indeed improbable, that Swift afterward, in relating this circumstance, might have said, he had a mind to begin the service with—"Dearly beloved Roger," &c. and they who heard this, as is frequently the case on such occasions, thought it would improve the story much by making him carry it into execution, and related it accordingly. The other story is thus told by his lordship. "His humorous disposition tempted him to actions "inconsistent with the dignity of a clergyman; and "such

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"such flights drew upon him the general character "of an irreligious man: I remember to have heard a "story of him, that fully shows how little he regarded "certain ceremonies, which ought always to be ob- "served with respect. Soon after he had been made "dean of St. Patrick's, he was loitering one Sunday "in the afternoon at the house of doctor Raymond, "with whom he had dined at Trim (a small town "near Laracor) of which the doctor was vicar. The "bell had rung, and the people were assembled for "evening prayers. Doctor Raymond was preparing "to go to the church, which was scarce two hun- "dred yards from his house. 'Raymond,' said the "dean, 'I will lay you a crown, I will begin the "prayers before you this afternoon.' 'I accept the "wager,' replied doctor Raymond; and immedi- "ately they both ran as fast as they could toward the "church. Raymond, who was the nimbler man "of the two, arrived first at the door; and when "he entered the church, walked decently toward the "reading desk. Swift never slackened his pace, but "running up the aisle, left doctor Raymond behind "him in the middle of it, and stepping into the read- "ing desk, without putting on a surplice, or opening "the Prayerbook, began the liturgy in an audible "voice, and continued to repeat the service suffici- "ently long to win the wager." Now it is very possible that such an adventure might have happened at that time between two clergymen, and nothing more probable than that it would immediately be transferred to Swift and his neighbour. We see it every day practised, that witty sayings, blunders, and things of humour, are constantly fathered upon the most remarkable wit, blunderer, or humourist of the times, whether they belong to them or not.

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As his lordship has given no sort of authority for the truth of the above stories, nor indeed for that of any others that he has related to the prejudice of Swift, except hearsay; we may judge to what degree of credit they are entitled.

Among the many false representations made by his lordship, he has been attacked for one of them with great spirit, by doctor Delany, in the following passage. A friend of mine, turning over the index to your letters, showed me these words—*Swift's Seraglio*—Surprised at this, I immediately turned to the place; where, to my much greater surprise, I found the following paragraph: "You see the com- "mand which Swift had over all his females; and "you would have smiled to have found his house a "constant seraglio of very virtuous women, who "attended him from morning to night, with an obe- "dience, an awe, and an assiduity, that are seldom "paid to the richest, or the most powerful lovers; "no, not even to the grand seignior himself." This paragraph, my lord, gives me great concern, upon many accounts; though I shall mention only this one; that it seems to be written in the style of a man, who knew what he said to be truth; which yet most certainly was not, could not, be your case; and therefore I conclude you wrote it in the style in which it was delivered to you, by your monstrous misinformers.

My lord, the intercourse in which my station engaged me, for many years, with the dean; my long intimacy with his most intimate friends, and the frequent visits to him which my love and gratitude exacted; enable me to assure your lordship and the world (as I do in the most solemn and sincere manner) that nothing ever was more false, than the informations you received upon this point; and that

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that in fact, females were rarely admitted into his house; and never came thither but upon very particular invitations, not excepting even Mrs. Johnson. The truth is, not one of those you are pleased to call his senators, ever presumed to approach him, till he very particularly signified his pleasure that they should, except his near kinswoman, Mrs. Whiteway, who was often with him, but not until the latter part of his life.

And yet, my lord, as the honour I bear you strongly inclines me to assent to your positions, wherever I can; I must own, that if keeping a great number of professed nominal mistresses, constitutes the complete idea of a seraglio, Swift kept a greater, and a much more extended one than the grand seignior. And I have had the honour to be admitted, more than once, to bear him company in his visits to them. But this I must add, in support of the credit of your judgment of his constitution, that his visits were always by daylight; and for the most part, in the most open and publick places of the city. But yet truth obliges me to own, that he also visited some of them in by-alleys, and under arches; places of long suspected fame. Let me add, that he kept strictly to that Turkish principle, of honouring none, but such as were bred up and occupied in some employment. One of these mistresses sold plums; another, hobnails; a third, tapes; a fourth, gingerbread; a fifth, knitted; a sixth, darned stockings; and a seventh, cobbled shoes; and so on, beyond my counting. And in all this detail of his amours, I take upon me to say, that the singularity of his taste, was as remarkably distinguished, as his genius was, in any, or all of his compositions. One of these mistresses wanted

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an eye; another, a nose; a third, an arm; a fourth, a foot: a fifth, had all the attractions of *Agnas Polypus*; and a sixth, more than all those of Æsop's hump; and all of them as old at least as some of *Lewis* the XIVth's mistresses; and many of them much older. He saluted them with all becoming kindness; asked them how they did; how they throve; what stock they had, *&c.*; and as mistresses, all the world owns, are expensive things, it is certain he never saw his, but to his cost. If any of their ware were such as he could possibly make use of, or pretend to make use of, he always bought some; and paid for every halfpennyworth, at least sixpence, and for every pennyworth, a shilling. If their saleables were of another nature, he added something to their stock; with strict charges of industry and honesty. And I must once more own, for truth exacts it of me, that these mistresses were very numerous; insomuch, that there was scarce one street, or alley, or lane in Dublin, its suburbs, and its environs, that had not at least one or more of them. Some of these he named thus for distinction's sake, and partly for humour; Cancerina, Stumpanympha, Pullagowna, Futterilla, Flora, Stumpantha, *&c.* Pray, my lord, are Horace's Pyrrhas and Lydias to be named in a day with these? And yet I cannot say that any, or all of them, ever influenced him, either in the composition or publication of any of his poems; though I cannot tell whether they might not have occasioned a very celebrated love epistle, from a blind man, to one of Swift's favourite mistresses, called Stumpy, from the fame of her wooden leg.

What a glorious scene is here displayed of Swift's beneficence! To seek out objects in all quarters of the

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the town, from which the bulk of mankind turn with loathing; to place them in a way of gaining an honest livelihood, instead of being publick nuisances in the street; to keep them steady in a course of industry, by frequent visits in such places as the fastidious rich would disdain to enter; to supply their wants when business was slack, and encourage the successful by farther bounties—these are instances of such truly christian charity, as are rarely to be found. And after this shall it be a doubt whether Swift had a heart susceptible of the soft feelings of humanity?

He had a servant well known to all his friends by the name of Saunders; an appellation given him by the dean. He was remarkably kind to him during a course of several years spent in his service; but more particularly throughout a long illness, under which he laboured for many months before he died. He had him buried in the south aisle of his cathedral, where he erected a monument to him in a small piece of statuary marble, with this inscription:

Here lieth the body of
ALEXANDER MAGEE, servant to doctor
SWIFT, dean of St. Patrick's.
His grateful master caused this monument to be
erected in memory of his discretion, fidelity,
and diligence, in that humble station.
Ob. Mar. 24, 1721, *etat.* 29.

In the original draught, which I saw in the dean's own hand writing, it stood thus:

His grateful *friend*, and master, *&c.*

A gentleman of the dean's acquaintance, much more distinguished for vanity than wisdom, prevailed

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upon him to leave out the word *friend*, and only write his grateful master; and this in contradiction to a known maxim of his own.—"That an affec- "tionate and faithful servant, should always be consi- "dered in the character of an humble friend." He performed the burial service himself on the occasion, and in the course of it was observed to shed tears.

As he expected punctual, ready, and implicit obedience, he always tried his servants when he hired them by some test of their humility. Among other qualities, he always asked whether they understood cleaning shoes, because, said he, my kitchen wench has a scullion that does her drudgery, and one part of the business of my groom and footman is constantly to clean her shoes by turns: if they scrupled this, their treaty was at an end; if not, he gave them a farther hearing. His kitchen wench, however, was his cook; a woman of a large size, robust constitution, and coarse features; her face very much seamed with the smallpox, and furrowed by age; this woman he always distinguished by the name of *Sweetheart*.

It happened one day that *Sweetheart* greatly overroasted the only joint he had for dinner; upon which he sent for her up, and with great coolness and gravity, "*Sweetheart*," says he, "take this down into the "kitchen, and do it less." She replied, "that was "impossible." "Pray, then," said he, "if you had "roasted it too little, could you not have done it "more?" "Yes," she said, "she could easily have "done that;" "Why then, *Sweetheart*, if you must "commit a fault, let me advise you to commit one "that can be mended."

To the rest of the servants, indeed, he appeared to be churlish and austere, but, in reality, was one of

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of the best masters in the world. He allowed them board-wages at the highest rate then known; and if he employed them about any thing out of the ordinary course of their service, he always paid them to the full value of their work, as he would have paid another. With these emoluments, and the fragments from his table, he expected they should find themselves in victuals, and all other necessaries, except the liveries which he gave them. If in this situation their expenses were greater than their income, it was judged a sufficient reason to discharge them; but on the contrary, as soon as they had saved a full year's wages, he constantly paid them legal interest for it, and took great pleasure in seeing it accumulate to a sum, which might settle them in some employment if he should die; or if they found it advisable to quit his service, which was seldom the case; and he with whom his servants live long, has indubitable witnesses that he is a good master. Beside the motives already assigned for wishing to continue in his service, their pride was highly gratified while they remained in that station; it was thought an honour to belong to the dean in any shape; they had more respect paid them by the people in general than is usually shown to any others of this fraternity; and the dean's plain livery was a badge of greater distinction than that of the lord lieutenant's with all its finery.

He was one of the cleanliest men in his person that ever lived. His hands were not only washed, as those of other men, with the utmost care, but his nails were constantly kept pared to the quick, to guard against the least appearance of a speck upon them. And as he walked much, he rarely dressed himself without a basin

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basin of water by his side, in which he dipped a towel and cleansed his feet with the utmost exactness.

In company, he neither wrapped himself up in his own importance, without deigning to communicate his knowledge, or exert his wit; nor did he engross the conversation by perpetual and overbearing loquacity. His general rule was, never to speak more than a minute at a time, and then to wait at least as long for others to take up the conversation; after which he had a right to speak again. His colloquial style, like that of his writings, was clear, forcible, and concise. He also excelled greatly in telling a story; and though in the latter part of his life he was apt to repeat his stories too often, yet his wit, as well as his virtue, was always superiour to the wretched expedients of those despicable babblers, who are perpetually attempting to put off *double entendre* and profaneness, for humour and wit. His conversation was in the highest degree chaste, and wholly free from the least tincture of irreligion. As he was zealous to preserve all the delicacies of conversation, he was always best pleased when some of the company were ladies; and in his letter to lord Oxford, he says, "since women have been left out of all our meet-"ings, except parties of play, or where worse designs "are carried on, our conversation has very much de-"generated." And in this instance, his example is a reproof to those pedants, who suppose that women are never in their proper sphere, but in the dressing-room or nursery.

The custom of Dublin in his time was, that the ladies should withdraw immediately after the first glass had gone round; but he never permitted this either when he had parties at home, or was invited to

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to any abroad; always insisting upon their staying till the gentlemen had nearly done with their wine; and then after a decent allowance of time, they joined companies again at tea and coffee, as is the custom of France, and passed the remainder of the evening together. But the gentlemen at that time were too fond of the bottle, and of their own discourse over it, to suffer that custom to become general.

If the conversation turned upon serious subjects, he was neither petulant in the debate, nor negligent of the issue. He would listen with great attention to the arguments of others, and whether he was or was not engaged as a disputant himself, he would recapitulate what had been said, state the question with great clearness and precision, point out the controverted particular, and appeal to the opinion either of some neutral person, or of the majority.

Lord Orrery had said of him, that he was open to adulation, and could not, or would not distinguish between low flattery and just applause. From which charge he has been defended by doctor Delany, in the following manner;

My lord, the charge of Swift's delighting in low adulation, has lain so heavy upon my mind, that I have revolved it with the utmost attention for many hours, yet can find no just foundation for it. His heart was so thoroughly averse from flattery, that he took all occasions not only to express his utter contempt and detestation of it, but also to dissuade others from it. How it might have been with him in the decline of his understanding, when he made hasty approaches to a second childhood, I cannot say; he might then, possibly, be fed by those about him, as children often are, with plums and sweatmeats, instead of salutary food.

In

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In confirmation of the above account given by doctor Delany, I remember, when his lordship's book first came out, to have read this passage to Mrs. Sican, an intimate friend of the dean's; upon which she expressed herself thus: "I never yet knew any "mortal who durst flatter him, except his lordship "himself." Indeed the only way of paying court to him, was not by words, but a very respectful behaviour toward him, which he expected so much, that most of his acquaintance, except his intimate friends, stood in some degree of awe before him. On the contrary, he was more open to admonition than flattery, if it were offered without arrogance, and by persons of whose ability and candour he had no doubt. In his poem of *Baucis* and *Philemon*, which does not consist quite of two hundred verses, Swift himself related, that Mr. Addison made him blot out fourscore, add fourscore, and alter fourscore.

I remember a remarkable instance of this kind, told me by one of his chapter, which deserves to be recorded as a useful lesson to such opinionated authors as cannot bear to be told of any faults in their writings. That gentleman happened to visit him at a time when the dean was about to send a newly written pamphlet to the press; which he put into his friend's hands, desiring that he would point out freely any faults he might find in it. The gentleman stuck at two passages, and proposed an amendment of them, which Swift instantly complied with. When the work came out, the gentleman, upon a second reading, found he had been wrong in his objections, and that the passages had been altered for the worse. Upon his next visit to the dean, he expressed some concern at this, and no small degree of surprise, upon recollecting that the other had so readily acquiesced

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quiesced in the change, without making the slightest objection, though he must have been conscious it was wrong. "Sir," said Swift, "I considered that "the passages were of no great consequence, and I "made the alterations you desired without hesitation, "lest, had I stood up in their defence, you might have "imputed it to the vanity of an author unwilling to "hear of his errours; and by this ready compliance, I "hoped you would, at all times hereafter, be the more "free in your remarks." Though he had no skill in musick, nor ear for its beauties, yet he had sufficient for a most ridiculous and droll imitation of it; of which doctor Delany gives the following instance in a scene at which he was present one evening, together with some others of the dean's friends.

Tom Rosingrave was just returned from Italy; and doctor Pratt, then provost of the college, who was not long come back from the same place, and was far gone in the Italian taste of musick, had been that morning at St. Patrick's, to hear him play a voluntary, and was in high rapture in praise of it. Upon which some of the company wished they had been present to have heard it. "Do you?" said Swift; "then you shall hear it still:" and immediately he sung out so lively, and yet so ridiculous an imitation of it, that all the company were kept in continual laughter till it was over; except one old gentleman, who sat with great composure, and though he listened, yet it seemed to make little or no impression on him; and being asked how he could hear such a fine piece of musick without being at all affected by it, made answer, "that he had heard Mr. Rosingrave "himself play it before." An answer which, it may well be imagined, did not lessen the mirth.

Swift

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Swift had a peculiar knack of conveying fine praise under cover of very rough words. When lord Carteret was lord lieutenant of Ireland, Swift happened to have a little dispute with him about the grievances that kingdom suffered from England, and the folly, nonsense, and injustice of their government in that respect; for he spared no hard words on that subject. The lord lieutenant replied with a mastery and strength of reasoning, for which he was so remarkable, and which Swift not well liking at that time, cried out in a violent passion—"What the "vengeance brought you among us? Get you back "—Get you back—Pray God Almighty send us our "boobies again."

Being one day at a sheriff's feast, who, among other toasts, called out to him, "Mr. dean, The trade of "*Ireland*:" he answered quick,—"Sir, *I drink no* "*memories* *."

He greatly admired the talents of the late duke of Wharton, as the duke did his; who one day dining with the dean, and recounting several wild frolicks he had run through; "My lord," said Swift, "let me recommend one more to you—"Take a frolick to be good—rely upon it, you will "find it the *pleasantest* frolick you ever was engaged "in †."

* To take the force of this answer, it is necessary to observe, that it was made soon after bishop Brown's book had come out against 'Drinking the Memories of the Dead;' which at that time made some noise.

† Doctor Delany has wonderfully marred this tale in the telling, as he has entirely missed the point, concluding it thus—"Take my "word for it, that one will do you more *honour* than all the other "frolicks of your life." To annex the idea of honour to frolicks, is nonsense; they can be only considered as pleasant.

Happen-

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Happening to be in company with a petulant young man, who prided himself in saying pert things to the dean, and at last getting up with some conceited gesticulations, said, with a confident air—"You "must know, Mr. dean, I set up for a wit." "Do "you so," says the dean, "then take my advice, "and sit down again."

Being one day at a visitation dinner, a clergyman, who valued himself more upon his wit than he ought, and often mistook a rough kind of abuse for keen raillery; took it into his head to exercise his talents upon the dean, and that very licentiously. Swift sat with all the composure of a deaf man, not seeming to hear a word that he had said, nor making any kind of answer. At length the bishop interposed, and checked the petulance of the snarl; which was the name he went by. The dean immediately got up, and begged that no restraint might be laid on the gentleman—"*Momus*, my lord, was always admitted "to the feasts of the gods, and privileged to say what-"ever he pleased there." From that time, instead of Snarl, the gentleman was called by no other name but that of Momus.

Sitting one evening with Mr. Addison, the conversation happened to turn upon the most distinguished characters in the history of the Old Testament; in which Swift preferred and supported that of Joseph; and Addison that of Jonathan; and after they had urged their reasons on both sides, with much zeal for a considerable time; Mr. Addison smiled, and said, "he was glad no third person was "witness to their dispute;" just recollecting that he was asserting the hero of Swift's name, Jonathan; and Swift the hero of his, Joseph; which might have been

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been interpreted by a standerby, as an intended compliment of each to the other.

A young clergyman, the son of a bishop in Ireland, having married without the knowledge of his friends, it gave umbrage to his family, and his father refused to see him. The dean being in company with him some time after, said he would tell him a story. "When I was a schoolboy at Kilkenny, and in the "lower form, I longed very much to have a horse "of my own to ride on. One day I saw a poor man "leading a very mangy lean horse out of the town "to kill him for the skin. I asked the man if he "would sell him, which he readily consented to upon "my offering him somewhat more than the price of "the hide, which was all the money I had in the "world. I immediately got on him, to the great "envy of some of my schoolfellows, and to the ri-"dicule of others, and rode him about the town. "The horse soon tired and lay down. As I had no "stable to put him into, nor any money to pay for "his sustenance, I began to find out what a foolish "bargain I had made, and cried heartily for the loss "of my cash; but the horse dying soon after upon "the spot, gave me some relief." To this the young clergyman answered—"Sir, your story is very good, "and applicable to my case; I own I deserve such "rebukes,"—and then burst into a flood of tears. The dean made no reply, but went the next day to the lord lieutenant, and prevailed on him to give the young gentleman a small living then vacant, for his immediate support; and not long after brought about a reconciliation between his father and him.

The following anecdote is given by Dr. Goldsmith, in his Life of Parnell. The Scriblerus Club, when the members were in town, were seldom asunder,

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and they often made excursions together into the country, and generally on foot. Swift was usually the butt of the company, and if a trick was played, he was always the sufferer. The whole party once set out to walk down to the house of lord B—— about twelve miles from town. As every one agreed to make the best of his way, Swift, who was remarkable for walking, soon left all the rest behind; fully resolved, upon his arrival, to choose the very best bed for himself, as was his custom. In the mean time, Parnell was determined to prevent his intentions; and taking horse, arrived at lord B——'s by another way, long before him. Having apprised his lordship of Swift's design, it was resolved at any rate to keep him out of the house; but how to do this was the question. Swift never had the smallpox, and was much afraid of catching it; as soon, therefore, as he appeared striding along at some distance from the house, one of his lordship's servants was dispatched, to inform him that the smallpox was then making great ravage in the family; but that there was a summerhouse at the end of the garden, with a fieldbed at his service. There the disappointed dean was obliged to retire, and take a cold supper that was sent him, while the rest were feasting within. However, at last they took compassion on him; and upon his promising never to choose the best bed again, they permitted him to make one of the company.

During his last deplorable state, the following circumstances are all that are recorded. In the beginning of the year 1741, his understanding was so much impaired, and his passions so greatly increased, that he was utterly incapable of conversation. Strangers were not permitted to approach him, and his friends found it necessary to have guardians appointed of

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his person and estate. Early in the year 1742, his reason was wholly subverted, and his rage became absolute madness. The last person whom he knew, was Mrs. Whiteway; and the sight of her, when he knew her no longer, threw him into fits of rage so violent and dreadful, that she was forced to leave him; and the only act of kindness that remained in her power, was to call once or twice a week at the deanery, inquire after his health, and see that proper care was taken of him. Sometimes she would steal a look at him when his back was toward her, but did not dare to venture into his sight. He would neither eat nor drink while the servant who brought him his provisions staid in the room. His meat, which was served up ready cut, he would sometimes suffer to stand an hour upon the table before he would touch it; and at last he would eat it walking; for during this miserable state of his mind, it was his constant custom to walk ten hours a day.

In October 1742, after this phrensy had continued several months, his left eye swelled to the size of an egg, and the lid appeared to be so much inflamed and discoloured, that the surgeon expected it would mortify; several large boils also broke out on his arms and his body. The extreme pain of this tumour kept him waking near a month, and during one week it was with difficulty that five persons kept him, by mere force, from tearing out his eyes. Just before the tumour perfectly subsided, and the pain left him, he knew Mrs. Whiteway, took her by the hand, and spoke to her with his former kindness: that day, and the following, he knew his physician and surgeon, and all his family, and appeared to have so far recovered his understanding and temper, that the surgeon was not without hopes he might once more enjoy society, and

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and be amused with the company of his old friends. This hope, however, was but of short duration; for a few days afterward, he sunk into a state of total insensibility, slept much, and could not, without great difficulty, be prevailed on to walk across the room. This was the effect of another bodily disease, his brain being loaded with water. Mr. Stevens, an ingenious clergyman of his chapter, pronounced this to be the case during his illness, and upon opening his head it appeared that he was not mistaken: but though he often intreated the dean's friends and physicians that his skull might be trepanned and the water discharged, no regard was paid to his opinion or advice.

After the dean had continued silent a whole year in this helpless state of idiocy, his housekeeper went into his room on the 30th of November in the morning, telling him that it was his birthday, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate it as usual; to this he immediately replied—"It is all folly, "they had better let it alone."

Some other instances of short intervals of sensibility and reason, after his madness had ended in stupor, seem to prove that his disorder, whatever it was, had not destroyed, but only suspended the powers of his mind.

He was sometimes visited by Mr. Deane Swift, a relation, and about Christmas, 1743, he seemed desirous to speak to him. Mr. Swift then told him he came to dine with him; and Mrs. Ridgeway the housekeeper immediately said, "Won't you give Mr. Swift a glass "of wine, sir?" To this he made no answer, but showed he understood the question, by shrugging up his shoulders, as he had been used to do when he had a mind a friend should spend the evening with him, and which was as much as to say "you will ruin me in wine." Soon after he again endeavoured, with a good deal of

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pain, to find words; but at last, after many efforts, not being able, he fetched a deep sigh, and was afterward silent. A few months after this, upon his housekeeper's removing a knife, as he was going to catch at it, he shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "I am what I am;" and, in about six minutes, repeated the same words two or three times.

In the year 1744, he now and then called his servant by his name, and once attempting to speak to him, but not being able to express his meaning, he showed signs of much uneasiness, and at last said, "I am a fool." Once afterward, as his servant was taking away his watch, he said, "bring it here;" and when the same servant was breaking a hard large coal, he said, "that is a stone, you blockhead."

From this time he was perfectly silent till the latter end of October, 1745, and then died without the least pang or convulsion, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

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SOME PARTICULARS CONCERNING DR. SWIFT,

Taken from Mrs. PILKINGTON's MEMOIRS.

MRS. Pilkington's acquaintance with Dr. Swift commenced from sending him some verses on his birthday. These the dean received very kindly, and said he would see her whenever she pleased.

A few days after, she was introduced to the dean, in Dr. Delany's garden at Delville, by a gentlewoman. He saluted her, and asked the lady, if she was her daughter? The lady smiled, and said, she was Mrs. Pilkington. "What," says he, "this "poor little child married! married! God help her, "she is very early engaged in trouble." The dean engaging Mr. Pilkington to preach for him at the cathedral next Sunday in St. Patrick's church, Mrs. Pilkington was charmed to see with what a becoming piety the dean performed that holy service, which he had so much at heart, that he wanted not the assistance of the Liturgy, but went quite through it, without ever looking in the book. He bowed at the table; which behaviour was censured, as savouring of popery. But this circumstance may

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vindicate him from the wicked aspersion of being deemed an unbeliever, since it is plain he had the utmost reverence for the eucharist. Service being ended, the dean was surrounded at the church-door by a crowd of poor; to all of whom he gave charity, except an old woman, who held out a very dirty hand to him. He told her very gravely, that though she was a beggar, water was not so scarce but she might have washed her hands. When they came to the deanery, the dean very kindly saluted Mrs. Pilkington, and without allowing her time to sit down, bade her come and see his library; but merrily told Mr. Pilkington, who was for following them, that he did not desire his company. "Well," said he to her, "I have brought you "here to show you all the money I got when I was "in the ministry; but don't steal any of it." "I "will not indeed, sir," said she. So opening a cabinet, he showed her a parcel of empty drawers: "Bleſs me," says he, "the money is flown." He then opened his bureau, wherein he had a great number of curious trinkets of various kinds, some of which were presented to him by the earl and countess of Oxford, lady Masham, and lady Betty Germain. At last coming to a drawer filled with medals, he bade her choose two for herself; but he could not help smiling, when she began to poise them in her hands, choosing them by weight rather than antiquity.

At dinner the dean's behaviour was very humourous. He placed himself at the head of his table, opposite to a great pier glass, so that he could see in the glass whatever the servants did behind him. He was served entirely in plate, with great elegance,

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elegance, but the beef being overroasted, put the company all in confusion. The dean called for the cookmaid, and ordered her to take the beef down stairs, and do it less. She answered very innocently, that she could not. "Why, what sort of "a creature are you," says he, "to commit a fault "which cannot be amended *?" And turning to Mrs. Pilkington, he said very gravely, "That he hoped, "as the cook was a woman of genius, he should, by "this manner of arguing, be able, in about a year's "time, to convince her she had better send up the "meat too little than too much done;" charging the men servants, whenever they imagined the meat was ready, they should take it, spit and all, and bring it up by force, promising to aid them in case the cook resisted. Having asked Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington if they could smoke? and being answered, that they did not; "It is a sign," said he, "you "were neither of you bred in the university of Ox-"ford; for drinking and smoking are the first rudi-"ments of learning taught there; and in those two "arts no university in Europe can outdo them." Having asked Mrs. Pilkington if she had any faults? "Pray, Mr. dean," said Dr. Delany, "why will "you be so unpolite as to suppose Mrs. Pilkington "has any faults?" "I'll tell you," replied the dean; "whenever I see a number of agreeable qualities in "any person, I am always sure they have bad ones "sufficient to poise the scale." Mrs. Pilkington bowed, and told him he did her great honour; in

* This story has occurred already, though not with all the circumstances here.

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that copying bishop Berkeley, whom she had frequently heard declare, that when any speech was made to him, which might be construed either into a compliment or an affront, or that had two handles, he always took hold of the best.

The dean then asked Mrs. Pilkington, if she were a queen what she would choose to have after dinner? She answered, "your conversation, sir." "Pooh," said he, "I mean, what regale." "A "dish of coffee, sir," answered she. "Why then," said he, "I will so far make you as happy as a "queen; you shall have some in perfection: for, "when I was chaplain to the earl of Berkeley, who "was in the government here, I was so poor, I was "obliged to keep a coffee house, and all the nobility "resorted to it to talk treason." The dean then set about making the coffee: but the fire scorching his hand, he called to Mrs. Pilkington to reach him his glove; and changing the coffeepot to his left hand, held out his right one, ordering her to put the glove on it; which accordingly she did; when taking up part of his gown to fan himself with, and acting in character of a prudish lady, he said, "Well, I don't know what to think; women may "be honest that do such things; but, for my part, "I never could bear to touch any man's flesh— "except my husband's; whom, perhaps," said he, "she wished at the devil."

"Mr. Pilkington," said he, "you would not "tell me your wife's faults; but I have found her "out to be a d——n'd insolent, proud, unmannerly "slut." "What has she done now?" said Mr. Pilkington. "Done," said the dean; "why nothing but "sat there quietly, and never once offered to interrupt "me

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" me in making the coffee; whereas a lady of modern " good breeding would have struggled with me for the " coffeepot, until she had made me scald myself and " her, and made me throw the coffee in the fire, or " perhaps at her head, rather than permit me to take " so much trouble for her."

Mrs. Pilkington staid at home with the dean during the time of the afternoon's service; and he made her read his History of the last Session of Parliament, and the Peace of Utrecht, written at Windsor in 1713, asking her at the conclusion of every period, whether she understood it? " for I would," said he, " have it intelligible to the meanest capa- " city; and, if you comprehend it, it is possible " every body may."

She accompanied the dean to evening prayer; and on their return to the deanery, he told Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington, that he gave them leave to stay to supper; which, from him, was a sufficient invitation.

The dean then missing his golden bottlescrew, told Mrs. Pilkington very sternly, he was sure she had stolen it. She affirmed very seriously, she had not. Upon which he looked for it: and found it where he himself had laid it: " It is well for you," said he, " that I have got it, or I would have charged " you with theft." " Why, pray, sir," said she, " should I be suspected more than any other person " in the company?" " For a very good reason," said he, " because you are the poorest."

At their going away, the dean handed Mrs. Pilkington down all the steps to the coach, thanking them for the honour of their company, at the same time slipping into her hand as much money as Mr. Pilkington and she had given at the offering in the morning,

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morning, and coach-hire also; which she durst not refuse, lest she should have been deemed as great a blockhead as the parson who refused thick wine.

In one of the dean's periodical fits of deafness, he sent for Mrs. Pilkington; who having come, he brought out a large book, finely bound in Turkey leather, and handsomely gilt; "This," said he, "is the Translation of the Epistles of Horace, a "present to me from the author; it is a special "good cover; but I have a mind there should be "something valuable within side of it." So, taking out his penknife, he cut out all the leaves close to the inner margin. "Now," said he, "I will give "these what they greatly want;" and put them all into the fire. "Your task, madam, is to paste in "these letters, in this cover, in the order I shall give "them to you: I intended to do it myself, but that "I thought it might be a pretty amusement for a "child; so I sent for you." She told him, she was extremely proud to be honoured with his commands; but requested to have leave to read the letters as she went on. "Why," said the dean, "pro-"vided you will acknowledge yourself amply re-"warded for your trouble, I do not much care if I "indulge you so far."

In reading the letters, she could not avoid remarking to the dean, that notwithstanding the friendship Mr. Pope professed for Mr. Gay, he could not forbear a great many satirical, or, if she might be allowed to say so, envious remarks on the success of the Beggar's Opera *. The dean very frankly owned, he did not think Mr. Pope was so candid to

* All this account of Pope, and his letters relative to Gay, is pure invention; he had refused to give any countenance to this abandoned

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to the merit of other writers as he ought to be. She then ventured to ask the dean, whether he thought the lines Mr. Pope addressed him with in the beginning of the Dunciad were any compliment to him? *viz.*

" O thou! whatever title please thine ear."

" I believe," said he, " they were meant as such, " but they are very stiff." " Indeed, sir," said she, " he is so perfectly a master of harmonious numbers, " that had his heart been the least affected with his " subject, he must have writ better. How cold, how " forced, are his lines to you, compared with yours to " him!

" Hail, happy Pope! whose generous mind, *&c.*'

" Here we see the masterly poet, and the warm, " sincere, generous friend; while he, according to " the character he gives of Mr. Addison, *damns with* " *faint praise.*"— " Well," replied the dean, " I'll " show you a late letter of his." He did so; and Mrs. Pilkington was surprised to find it filled with low and ungentlemanlike reflections, both on Mr. Gay, and the two noble persons who honoured him with their patronage after his disappointment at court. " Well, madam," said the dean, " what " do you think of that letter?" (seeing she had gone quite through it.) " Indeed, sir," replied she, " I " am sorry I have read it; for it gives me reason to " think there is no such thing as a sincere friend to " be

abandoned woman in the subscription for her poems, and this was the method she took of avenging herself.

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" be met with in the world."—" Why," replied he, " authors are as jealous of their prerogative as kings; " and can no more bear a rival in the empire of wit, " than a monarch could in his dominions." Mrs. Pilkington then observing a latin sentence writ in italick, desired the dean to explain it. " No," replied he, smiling, " I'll leave that for your hus- " band to do. I'll send for him to dine with us, " and in the mean time we'll go and take a walk in " Naboth's vineyard."—" Where may that be, sir ?" said she. " Why, a garden," said the dean, " I " cheated one of my neighbours out of." When they entered the garden, or rather the field, which was square, and enclosed with a stone wall, the dean asked her how she liked it ? " Why, pray, " sir," said she, " where is the garden ?" " Look be- " hind you," said he. She did so; and observed the south wall was lined with brick, and a great number of fruit trees planted against it, which being then in blossom, looked very beautiful, " What are " you so intent on ?" said the dean. " The opening " bloom," replied she ; which brought Waller's lines to her remembrance,

" Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime."

" Oh !" replied he, " you are in a poetical vein ; I " thought you had been taking notice of my wall. It is " the best in Ireland. When the masons were build- " ing it, (as most tradesmen are rogues) I watched " them very close, and as often as they could, they " put in a rotten stone ; of which however I took no " notice, until they had built three or four perches " beyond it. Now, as I am an absolute monarch in " the liberties, and king of the rabble, my way " with them was, to have the wall thrown down to " the

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" the place where I observed the rotten stone; and, " by doing so five or six times, the workmen were at " last convinced it was their interest to be honest:"— " or else, sir," said Mrs. Pilkington, " your wall " would have been as tedious a piece of work as Pene- " lope's web, if all that was done in the day was to be " undone at night." " Well," answered the dean, " I find you have poetry for every occasion; but as " you cannot keep pace with me in walking, I would " have you sit down on that little bank till you are " rested, or I tired, to put us more upon a par."

She seated herself, and away the dean walked, or rather trotted as hard as ever he could drive. She could not help smiling at his odd gait; for she thought to herself, he had written so much in praise of horses, that he was resolved to imitate them as nearly as he could. As she was indulging this fancy, the dean returned to her, and gave her a strong confirmation of his partiality to those animals. " I have been considering, madam, as I " walked," said he, " what a fool Mr. Pilkington " was to marry you; for he could have afforded to " keep a horse for less money than you cost him; " and that you must confess would have given him " better exercise and more pleasure than a wife—Why, " you laugh, and don't answer me—is it not truth?" —" I must answer you, sir," replied she, " with " another question: pray how can a bachelor judge " of this matter?" " I find," said he, " you are vain " enough to give yourself the preference." " I do " sir," replied she, " to that species here; to a Houyhn- " hnm I would, as becomes me, give preference. " But, sir, it is going to rain."—" I hope not," said he, " for that will cost me sixpence for a coach for " you," (the garden being at some distance from the house.)

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house.) "Come, haste; O how the tester trembles "in my pocket!" She obeyed; and they got home just time enough to escape a heavy shower. "Thank "God," said the dean, "I have saved my money. "Here, you fellow, (to the servant) carry this six-"pence to the lame old man that sells gingerbread at "the corner, because he tries to do something, and "does not beg."

Mrs. Pilkington was showed into a little street-parlour, in which was Mrs. Brent, his housekeeper. "Here," says he, "Mrs. Brent, take care of this "child, while I take my walk out within doors." The dean then ran up the great stairs, down one pair of backstairs, up another, in so violent a manner, that Mrs. Pilkington could not help expressing her uneasiness to Mrs. Brent, lest he ſhould fall, and be hurted. Mrs. Brent said, it was a customary exercise with him, when the weather did not permit him to walk abroad.

Mrs. Brent then told Mrs. Pilkington of the dean's charity; of his giving about half of his yearly income in private pensions to decayed families; and keeping five hundred pounds in the constant service of industrious poor, which he lent out five pounds at a time, and took the payment back at two shillings a week; which, she observed, did them more service than if he gave it to them entirely, as it obliged them to work, and at the same time kept up this charitable fund for the assistance of many. "You can-"not imagine," said she, "what numbers of poor "tradesmen, who have even wanted proper tools to "carry on their work, have, by this small loan, been "put into a prosperous way, and brought up their "families

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"families in credit. The dean," added she, "has "found out a new method of being charitable, in "which, however, I believe, he will have but few "followers, which is, to debar himself of what he "calls superfluities of life, in order to administer to "the necessities of the distressed. You just now saw "an instance of it; the money a coach would have "cost him, he gave to a poor man unable to walk. "When he dines alone, he drinks a pint of beer, and "gives away the price of a pint of wine. And thus "he acts in numberless instances."

The dean came to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington at their Lilliputian palace, as he called it; and who could have thought it? He just looked into the parlour, and ran up into the garret, then into Mrs. Pilkington's bedchamber and library, and from thence down to the kitchen; and the house being very clean, he complimented her upon it, and told her, that was his custom; and that it was from the cleanliness of the garret and kitchen, he judged of the good housewifery of the mistress of the house; for no doubt but a slut may have the room clean where the guests are to be entertained.

He was sometimes very free, even to his superiours; of which the following story, related to Mrs. Pilkington by himself, may serve as one instance among a thousand others.

The last time he was in London, he went to dine with the earl of Burlington, who was then but newly married. The earl being willing, it is supposed, to have some diversion, did not introduce him to his lady, nor mention his name. After dinner, said the dean, "Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; "sing me a song." The lady looked on this unceremonious

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monious manner of asking a favour with distaste, and positively refused him. He said, she should sing, or he would make her. "Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor English hedge "parsons; sing when I bid you." As the earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vexed, that she burst into tears, and retired.

His first compliment to her when he saw her again, was, "Pray, madam, are you as proud and as illnatured now, as when I saw you last?" To which she answered with great humour, "No, Mr. dean; "I'll sing for you, if you please." From which time he conceived great esteem for her. But who that knew him would take offence at his bluntness?

He was a perpetual friend to merit and learning; and utterly incapable of envy; for in true genuine wit he could fear no rival.

It has been often observed, that where great talents are bestowed, there the strongest passions are likewise given. This great man sometimes let them have dominion over him, and that on trifling occasions, especially at meal times: however, when the cloth was taken away, he made his guests rich amends for any pain he had given them. For then,

> Was truly mingled in the friendly bowl,
> The feast of reason, and the flow of soul.
>
> POPE.

Yet he preserved strict temperance: for he never drank above half a pint of wine, in every glass of which he mixed water and sugar; yet, if he liked his company, would sit many hours over it, unlocking all the springs

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springs of policy, learning, true humour, and inimitable wit.

The following story the dean told to Mrs. Pilkington.

A clergyman,* who was a most learned fine gentleman, but, under the softest and politest appearance, concealed the most turbulent ambition, having made his merit as a preacher too eminent to be overlooked, had it early rewarded with a mitre. Dr. Swift went to congratulate him on it; but told him, he hoped, as his lordship was a native of Ireland, and had now a seat in the house of peers, he would employ his powerful elocution in the service of his distressed country. The prelate told him, the bishoprick was but a very small one, and he could not hope for a better, if he did not oblige the court. "Very well," says Swift, "then it is to be hoped, when you have a "better, you will become an honest man." "Ay, "that I will, Mr. dean," says he. "Till then, my "lord, farewell," answered Swift. This prelate was *twice* tranſlated to richer sees; and, on every translation, Dr. Swift waited on him to remind him of his promise; but to no purpose; there was now an archbishoprick in view, and till that was obtained, nothing could be done. Having in a short time likewise got this, he then waited on the dean, and told him, "I "am now at the top of my preferment; for I well "know that no Irishman will ever be made primate; "therefore as I can rise no higher in fortune or sta"tion, I will zealously promote the good of my "country." And from that time became a most zealous patriot.

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton, promoted to the bishoprick of Clonfert 1722, translated to Elphin 1724, and to the archbishoprick of Cashell 1729.

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CONCLUSION.

FROM the foregoing memoirs may be drawn the true character of Swift; not on the slender ground of opinion, but the solid foundation of facts.

He was, from his earliest days, as he describes himself in one of his poems,

Addicted to no sort of vice.

Wine, women, and gaming, the three great seducers of youth, had never the least influence over him. He has been often heard to say, that he never was drunk in his life: there have been strong reasons assigned for supposing that he never had any criminal commerce with the fair sex: and though for a short time, during his residence in London, he fell in with the fashion of playing for trifles, yet he wholly left it off when he appeared in Ireland in the character of the dean of St. Patrick's.

Virtus est vitium fugere—

is an old adage; and the bosom that is free from vice, is finely prepared for the reception of virtue. The soil in which no weeds sprout up, will reward the cultivator with plenteous crops of useful grain. Accordingly we find, from his first appearance in the world, he was possessed of three of the cardinal virtues, justice, temperance, and fortitude, in an eminent degree. His prudence, indeed, with regard to worldly views, might often be called in question; and sometimes he might be hurried away from listening to her sober dictates, by the impetuosity of a warm imagination, or allured by the sportiveness of fancy: yet

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yet on all important occasions, he showed that he had no common share of that virtue, so necessary to the right direction of all the others. In the practice of these higher virtues, did he constantly live, even with a stoical severity; and none of the great characters of antiquity, were, on that account, more entitled to our esteem and admiration.

But to conciliate the good will and love of mankind, qualities of a gentler sort are necessary, the virtues of humanity; such as friendship, liberality, charity, good nature, *&c.* all which he was known to possess in a high degree by his intimate friends, though an opposite character of him prevailed in the world. I have already accounted for this in the preface, from a peculiar cast of his mind, which made him not only conceal these qualities from the publick eye, but often disguise them under the appearance of their contraries. I shall now show how this peculiarity first grew upon him. We have already seen during what a length of years his proud spirit groaned under a state of dependance on his relations for a scanty and precarious support. Upon inquiring into the history of his progenitors, he found that his grandfather had been reduced from a state of affluence, to extreme poverty, by the most cruel persecution of the fanaticks in the time of Cromwell. To this he imputed all his own sufferings, as well as those of his family; which fixed such a rooted hatred in him to them and their principles, as he took every opportunity of manifesting by his writings, whenever occasion offered, during the whole course of his life. This it was which gave him such a detestation of hypocrisy, a vice generally laid to their charge, as to make him run into the opposite-extreme. In which

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respect he was certainly highly blamable, as he was himself a teacher of that religion, which enjoins its professors to *Let their light so shine before men, that they might see their good works*, &c. Especially as he stood in so conspicuous a point of view, from the superiority of his talents, that his example might have been of the greatest benefit, toward supporting the cause of religion and virtue; as, on the other hand, infidelity and vice gloried not a little, on the supposed enlistment of so great a name under their banner. It was this strangely assumed character, this new species of *hypocrisy reversed*, as lord Bolingbroke justly termed it, which prevented his appearing in that amiable light, to which he was entitled from the benevolence of his heart, except to a chosen few. In his friendships he was warm, zealous, constant: and perhaps no man ever contracted such a number with so judicious and happy a selection. We find him every where extolled for his preeminence in this first and rarest of virtues, by his numerous correspondents; among whom were many the most distinguished of that age for talents and worth. Mr. Pope, in his preface to Homer, acknowledges in the strongest terms his obligation to him for his uncommon zeal in promoting the subscription to that work: and well he might, as there is good reason to believe that the sum procured by his solicitation was not less than a thousand pounds. We have seen with what ardour he engaged in a similar office for his friend Prior; for though he had at that time little interest in Ireland, yet, by the utmost exertion of that little, he remitted to him between two and three hundred pounds, collected by him for subscriptions to his works; as appears by receipts in my possession. Many instances of

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of a similar kind have been casually brought to light, in spite of his endeavours to conceal them. His constancy in friendship was such, that he was never known to break any connexion of that sort, till his faculties were impaired in the decline of life, except in the case of Steele; wherein he was perfectly justified from the ingratitude and insolence of his behaviour toward him. Indeed his notions of friendship were so exalted, that he wished it might not be confined to the present life; for he says in one of his letters to Pope—"I have often wished that God Al-"mighty would be so easy to the weakness of man-"kind, as to let old friends be acquainted in an-"other state; and if I were to write a Utopia for "Heaven, that would be one of my schemes."

To his good nature and tenderness of heart, many testimonies have been given by those who best knew him, in the several quotations already made from the letters of Addison, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, and many others. Addison in particular says, that he honoured him more for that one good quality, than all his more shining talents. Captain Charlton, in his letter to him, says, "I am sensible how intruding "it may appear in me to trouble you with what I "think; but you have an unlucky quality, which "exposes you to the forwardness of those that love "you; I mean *good nature.* From which, *though I* "*did not always suspect you guilty of it,* I now promise "myself an easy pardon." I have here quoted this passage, the rather, because the latter part of it is a confirmation of what I have advanced with regard to the pains he took to hide those good qualities he possessed, which were discoverable only on a closer

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intimacy. But as the quality of good nature is that part of his character least likely to gain credit, on account of the general prevalence of the contrary opinion, I shall here enumerate some of the more striking instances of his great sensibility and tenderness of heart, which have been dispersed in different parts of this work. Of this the most unequivocal proofs have been given in his letters to Stella, giving an account of the stabbing of Mr. Harley by Guiscard: in his behaviour to the duchess of Hamilton, on the fatal event of her lord's death: in his affecting account of the illness and death of poor Harrison: in his weeping at the funeral of his servant Magee: in his bursting into tears upon seeing the furniture taken down in Dr. Sheridan's parlour previous to his removal into the country: in all his letters to the doctor when Stella's life was despaired of: and in all the tender expressions of the warmest affection dispersed throughout his Journal to Stella, which are manifestly the effusions of a most feeling heart. Many more instances, were it necessary, might be adduced to the same effect, but I shall add only one, from an authority which cannot be doubted; I mean miss Vanhomrigh's; who, in the midst of that bitterness of soul occasioned by his great neglect of her, begins one of her letters in the following manner. "Believe me it is with the utmost "regret that I now complain to you, *because I know* "*your good nature such, that you cannot see any human* "*creature miserable, without being sensibly touched.*"

Nor was it in these articles only that the world were so mistaken in his character; from the same cause proceeded many other charges against him, all equally ill

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ill founded. He has been represented as a man of great ambition, pride, avarice, and misanthropy. Now let us see what foundation there was for any of these charges. And first as to ambition.

This is generally considered as so powerful a passion, that it impels those who are under its dominion, to seek its gratification by all means, just or unjust. From this species of ambition, never mortal was more free than Swift. How little he was inclined to make use even of the common allowable modes of rising in the world, or to gain preferment by any solicitation on his part, may be seen by the following extracts from his letters to the archbishop of Dublin, written at a time when he was in the highest favour with the people then in power. "I "humbly thank your grace for the good opinion you "are pleased to have of me, and for your advice, "which seems to be wholly grounded on it. As "to the first which relates to my fortune, I shall "never be able to make myself believed how indif-"ferent I am about it. I sometimes have the plea-"sure of making that of others, and I fear it is too "great a pleasure to be a virtue, at least in me.... "It is my maxim to leave great ministers to do as "they please; and if I cannot distinguish myself "enough, by being useful in such a way, as be-"comes a man of conscience and honour, I can do "no more; for I never will solicit for myself, though "I often do for others." And in another place he says, "I know nothing of promises of any thing in-"tended for myself, but, I thank God, I am not very "warm in my expectations, and know courts too "well, to be surprised at disappointments; which, "however, I should have no great reason to fear, if I

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" gave my thoughts any trouble that way; which, " without affectation, I do not, although I cannot " expect to be believed when I say so."

Governed as he was by such maxims as these, is there any one at all acquainted with the world, who could suppose that he should rise to any high rank in it? Nay did he himself ever seem to expect it? Perhaps there was no man of his time who had so many, and such fair opportunities of advancing himself to the highest dignities of the church, could he in the least relax from his principles. Upon his return to sir William Temple, after having resigned his living in Ireland, in order to attend his summons, he had the strongest claim upon him for immediate preferment; and there can be no doubt, had he pressed it, that the promise made to sir William by the king, would have been performed. But he had too much generosity of soul, to urge this at a time, when the ill state of his friend's health, required the constant attendance of such a companion to alleviate his sufferings: and when his death had released him from the benevolent task, we have seen how coldly he pursued the claim he had on king William, and how soon he quitted the pursuit, as his high spirit could not brook the attendance necessary to succeed at court. When he went over to Ireland with lord Berkeley, though he had then no fortune, nor prospect of provision from any other quarter, yet, upon his breach of promise, he broke from him with marks of the highest resentment. He was afterward in high favour with the leading men in the whiggish ministry, who made overtures to him of the most advantageous kind, if he would assist them in their designs;

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designs; but when he found their plan was to undermine the church, which he justly considered as one main pillar of the state; and to promote the private interests of a junto, at the expense of the community; he not only quitted them entirely, but published several pieces written expressly to counteract their measures; and this too, long before he was even personally known to any leaders of the other party: so that his conduct could have proceeded only from disinterested motives.

During the last years of queen Anne, from the authentick account given of the part he sustained in the political drama of that time, sure never man had a more clear open way before him to the summit of preferment. He was the prop and pillar of that administration; the sole confidential man, without whose p rticipation and advice, nothing of moment was undertaken, and the chief instrument in carrying their deliberations into execution. The bosom friend of Oxford, and equally beloved by his rival Bolingbroke. Had he been a man of intrigue, what fairer opportunities could he have wished for? Nay, had he only been silent with regard to certain points; had he followed the lead of the ministry themselves, by acquiescing in those measures of the queen, which they found they could not prevail on her to change, his success had been infallible. But, during that critical time, he seems to have left all idea of *self* out of the question. He took a decided part in pursuing such measures as he thought most conducive to the publick interests, let who would be disobliged at it; and accordingly incurred the queen's displeasure to such a degree, as to render hopeless all expectations of favours from her. He foresaw the consequences

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consequences of such a conduct, and says, in his Journal to Stella, he knew it was the sure way to send him back to his willows, adding, with great indifference,—" But I care not." .

From all this it appears, that he never was in the smallest degree infected with that species of ambition, which seeks to attain its end *per fas et nefas:* on the contrary, it has been shown that he declined taking the fair and honest steps, consistent with the nicest principles, which lay before him to promotion; nor would he even sacrifice to it the smallest part of his delicacy, so far as to ask any favour for himself, from those on whom he had conferred the highest obligations. But on no occasion did he show more clearly, how little sway ambition had over his mind, when it interfered even with the most refined delicacy of sentiment, than by accepting of lord Oxford's invitation to accompany him in his retirement after his fall, and refusing the presing solicitations of the new minister, backed by the queen's favourite, to assist them in carrying their new measures into effect; though, at the same time, they were the very measures that had been the object of all his views, from the time that he had entered into the political line.

And yet he had ambition to a high degree, but it was of the purest and noblest kind. He was ambitious of forming a distinguished character in life, by exerting to the utmost those talents that God had bestowed on him, for the good of mankind, and by a preeminence in virtue. To answer this end, conscious of his strength, he relied solely upon himself, and was little solicitous about external aid. In one of his letters to Pope, he says,—

" Because

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" Because I cannot be a great lord, I would acquire " what is a kind of *subsidium*; I would endeavour " that my betters should seek me, by the merit of " something distinguishable, instead of my seeking " them." How successful he was in attaining his end, has been already shown. We have seen in what a high point of light he stood, during the latter years of queen Anne; and what homage was paid him by all the great of both sexes, when he was only a petty vicar of Laracor. But this was nothing in comparison of the honours that afterward awaited him, when a whole kingdom looked up to him as their first and greatest man; when the humble title of dean, dignified by his wearing it, with a *The** before it, conferred by the general voice, made all other titles sink degraded: when at a meeting of all the nobles, with the viceroy on his throne, earls, viscounts, barons, archbishops, bishops, and judges, shrunk into pigmies, like the assembly described by Milton in the Pandemonium, upon the entrance of *The* dean; all eyes being turned on him alone, all voices employed in his praise: and when that kingdom itself, by nature great, but rendered little by oppression, was scarce heard of in Europe, but as the place of his nativity and residence. What titles, what dignities conferred on him by the monarchs of the earth, could have raised him to such a height, as that true nobility of soul, bestowed on him by the King of kings?

To suppose that he was not conscious of his preeminence over others, or that he was not pleased

* He was never mentioned by any other title but that of *The* dean; in the same manner as Aristotle was called *The* Stagyrite, and Homer *The* poet.

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with the homage paid him on that account, would be to suppose him not to be a man. But whoever impute pride to him in consequence of this, charge him unjustly. I mean when the word is taken in its bad sense; for there is a virtuous pride, as well as a laudable ambition: and his pride, like his ambition, was of the noblest kind. That it was viewed in another light by the world, was owing to the wrong judgment formed by the bulk of mankind, who seldom penetrate farther than the surface, and are governed by appearances. But Swift looked deeply into the nature of things, and estimated their value, not by the standard of opinion or fashion, but that of right reason. The maxim he laid down, and always maintained in the face of the great, was, "That a man of genius and talents, was a character "superiour to that of a lord; and the man of virtue, "to that of the man of wealth." Is there any one who will dispute the truth of this in theory, however different the practice may be, from the corruptions of mankind? But Swift was not content with vainly speculating upon this point, in the manner of other writers; he determined that his conduct should be conformable to his principles. As he wanted not the assistance of the noble or the rich, he sought not their acquaintance; and if any were desirous of his, the first overtures must come from them, and their advances be in proportion to their rank; expecting, as he himself expresses it, more from a duke or a duchess, than from those of an inferiour class. To this, numbers of the first order of nobility conformed, acknowledging the justice of his claim; and so high was the reputation of Swift, and his character so distinguished from the

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rest of the world, that some of the most lofty ones among them, sacrificed their pride to the vanity of being numbered among his acquaintance. But it was only to the vainglorious, who were proud of the accidental superiority which their birth gave them, that he assumed this behaviour. To his equals, among which number he reckoned all men of genius and virtue, he put on no airs of superiority, but lived with them on the most friendly and familiar footing. His inferiours, he always treated with complacency and good humour, unless they happened to show themselves to be either knaves or fools, and to them he was not sparing of his correction. In mixed societies, according to his own principle, he expected the same respect to be shown him, as is usually paid to persons of the highest rank: nor was he often disappointed in this, as there was something so commanding in his aspect, expressive of the native superiority of his mind, that it struck the beholders with awe, and produced that reverence from the heart, which is only shown by external ceremonies to artificial greatness. But among his intimates, this deportment was entirely thrown aside; where he indulged the utmost familiarity, giving free scope to the vagaries of fancy, often to a childish playfulness of mirth. In short his pride, if by that name it must be called, was of the same kind as that of admiral Villars, described by Sully, as *arising from that inborn noble elevation of mind, which, in great souls, is only a perception of their own worth, without the least mixture of mean vanity, or the intoxication of self-love.*

The charge of avarice against him, is, if possible, less founded than any of the others; for never man was more free from that vice, till it came upon

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upon him with the other infirmities of old age, as appears by the whole tenour of his conduct. Many instances of his liberality, and unbounded charity, have been already produced; I shall now mention some others, which will show how little place the love of money had in his heart. He allowed Mrs. Dingley a pension of fifty-two pounds *per annum*, which, with her own annuity of twenty-eight, made up a yearly income of eighty pounds; a very handsome support for a single woman in those days. But this he insisted should be kept an entire secret between themselves, always pretending that he only acted as her agent for money which she had in the funds. And the better to deceive those about him, when she has sent for any part of this allowance, he would sometimes pretend to be in a passion, and cry out, "Pox take this woman, she is always plague-"ing me for money; tell her I have none to send "her; I have had no remittances from London this "half year." And then, cooling by degrees, he would send her the money by way of advance, and take her receipt accordingly. By this way of proceeding, those of his greatest intimacy were deceived; nor was it till after his faculties were impaired, that he discovered by accident that these payments came out of his own purse. Acting as he did with such delicacy in conferring favours, it is to be supposed that many other instances of his liberality have never come to light.

Of all the trials of an avaricious disposition, nothing is so likely to make it show itself in the most glaring colours, as some considerable unexpected loss. To this test was Swift severely put in two remarkable occurrences in different periods of his life. The

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The first was in 1712, before he was made dean of St. Patrick's. He had deposited near four hundred pounds in the hands of his friend Stratford, which was all the money he then possessed in the world. An account was brought him that Stratford was broke. What effect this had on him he thus describes in his Journal to Stella. "I came home "reflecting a little; nothing concerned me but MD. "I called all my philosophy and religion up; and, I "thank God, it did not keep me awake beyond my "usual time above a quarter of an hour."

Of the other he gives the following account, in a letter to Mr. Worrall, dated Quilca, June 11, 1725.

"Your letter has informed me of what I did not "expect, that I am just even with the world; for, "if my debts were paid, I think I should not have "fifty pounds beside my goods. I have not railed, "nor fretted, nor lost my sleep, nor stomach, I thank "God. My greatest trouble is, that some friends, "whom I intended to make easy during their lives, "and the publick, to which I bequeathed the rever-"sion, will be disappointed." And in another to Dr. Sheridan, of the same date, he says, "You are "to know that by Mr. Pratt's ruin I lose only "twelve hundred and fifty pounds, which he owes "me. So that I am now, as near as I can compute, "not worth one farthing but my goods. I am there-"fore just to begin the world. I should value it "less, if some friends and the publick were not to "suffer; and I am ashamed to see myself so little "concerned on account of the two latter. For, as "to myself, I have learned to consider what is left, "and not what is lost.—But enough of this."

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Such a perfect resignation and composure of mind on such trying occasions, must surely clear him from all imputations of avarice; and it is evident from the above passages, that he valued money no farther than as it might enable him to be useful to others. For, with regard to all expenses relative to himself, he was more than frugal; as he grudged every superfluity in his domestick economy, in order that he might have it more in his power to gratify his charitable and liberal propensities. And here we have a strong proof given how far he had indulged himself in that way, when we find that in the year 1725, twelve years after his being in possession of his deanery, he had saved only so small a sum as 1250l. But nothing can demonstrate more clearly the little value he at all times set upon money, than his scorning to receive any payment for his works, even when his circumstances were at the lowest. In these two great articles of preferment and fortune, he seems to have adopted the maxims, and followed the example of his noble disinterested friend, sir William Temple; who never solicited any employment, nor received the smallest reward for all the great services he did the nation. But this conduct was certainly more meritorious in Swift, as sir William inherited an easy independent fortune, and Swift was born to no patrimony.

The last charge, as before mentioned against Swift, and which has gained most general credit, is that of perfect misanthropy; and this is chiefly founded upon his supposed satire on human nature, in the picture he has drawn of the yahoos. This opinion has been so universally adopted by almost all who have read Gulliver's Travels, that to controvert it would

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would be supposed to act in opposition to the common sense and reason of mankind. And yet I will undertake to overthrow it, by appealing to that very reason and common sense, upon which they suppose it to be founded. I shall only beg of my reader that he would lay aside for a while any preposession he may have entertained of that kind, and candidly examine what I shall advance in support of the opposite side of the question; and if he finds the arguments there laid down unanswerable, that he will not obstinately persist in errour, by whatever numbers it may be supported, but ingenuously yield to conviction. The position I mean to prove is, that the whole apologue of the Houyhnhnms and Yahoos, far from being intended as a debasement of human nature, if rightly understood, is evidently designed to show in what the true dignity and perfection of man's nature consists, and to point out the way by which it may be attained.

In order to this, let us first see with what design the fourth book of the Travels was written. In the first three books he has given various views of the different vices, follies, and absurdities of mankind, not without some mixture of good qualities, of virtue and wisdom, though in a small proportion to the others, as they are to be found in life. In his last book, he meant to exhibit two new portraits; one, of pure unmixed vice; the other, of perfect unadulterated virtue. In order that the native deformity of the one, might excite in us a deeper abhorrence of evil; and the resplendent charms of the other, allure us to what is good. To represent these to us in sensible forms, he clothes the one with the body of a man;

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the other, with that of a horse. Between these two he divides the qualities of the human mind, taking away the rational soul from the Yahoo, and transferring it to the Houyhnhnm. To the Yahoo he leaves all the passions and evil propensities of man's nature, to be exerted without any check or control, as in the case of all other animals. The rational soul in the Houyhnhnm, acts unerringly as by instinct; it intuitively perceives what is right, and necessarily acts up to the dictates of reason. The Yahoo, as here described, is a creature of fancy, the product of the author's brain, which never had any thing similar to it upon earth. It has no resemblance to man, but in the make of its body, and the vicious propensities of its nature. It differs from him wholly in all the characteristical marks which distinguish man from the rest of the animal world. It has not a ray of reason, it has no speech, and it goes, like other quadrupeds, upon all four. Now, as reason, speech, and walking upright on two legs, are the universal properties of the human race, even in the most savage nations, which peculiarly mark their superiority over brutes, how, in the name of Heaven, has it come to pass, that by almost all who have read Gulliver, the Yahoos have been considered as beings of the human species, and the odious picture drawn of them, as intended to vilify and debase our nature? But it is evident from the whole account given of this creature of his fancy, that the author intended it should be considered as a mere beast, of a new species; for he has not only deprived it of all the characteristical distinctions of man before recited, but has superadded some material

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rial differences even in his bodily organs and powers, sufficient to distinguish it from the human race. He says,—"They climbed high trees as nimbly as a "squirrel, for they had strong extended claws before "and behind, terminating in sharp points, and "hooked." Now it is well known, that the human nails, when suffered to grow to any considerable length, never assume that shape, and unless pared, disable the hands from discharging their office*. He says in another place,—"They are prodigiously nim- "ble from their infancy." This is directly opposite to the nature of the children of men, who are the most helpless in infancy, and the slowest in arriving at any degree of strength or agility, of all living creatures. Indeed it was necessary to the author's end, that of showing the vicious qualities of man's nature in their pure unmixed state, that the creature in whom they were placed should be a mere brute, governed as all others are by an irresistible instinct, without any control from a superiour faculty; and accordingly he seems to have thrown in these additional circumstances to distinguish it from any thing human. At the same time it was also necessary to give this creature the human form, in order to bring the lesson home to man, by having the vicious part of his nature reflected back to him from one in his own shape; for in the form of any other creature, he would not think himself at all concerned in it. Yet it is on account of its bodily form only, represented as it is in so hideous a light,

* The mandarins of China, from an absurd custom of letting their nails grow to their utmost extent, as a mark of distinction, are obliged to have all the common offices of life, even to that of feeding them, performed by their domesticks.

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that the pride of man was alarmed, and made him blind to the author's design, so as to charge him with an intention of degrading and vilifying the whole of human nature below that of brutes. I have already shown that the whole of human nature has no concern in what is related of this creature, as he is entirely deprived of all the characteristick properties of man which distinguish him from, and elevate him above all other animals. I have also shown, that even his body, however resembling in outward form, is not the body of a man, but of a beast. In the first place it is prone, like all other beasts, which never was the case in any human creature.

Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
Jussit.

In the next, he has long hooked claws, which enable him to climb the highest trees with the nimbleness of a squirrel, and to dig holes in the earth for his habitation. Their faces too, as in some other tribes of animals, were all alike, being thus described: "The face of this animal indeed was flat "and broad, the nose depressed, the lips large, and "the mouth wide." When we consider too, that these features were never enlivened by the rational soul, nor the countenance lighted up by the benevolent sensations in man, which constitute the chief beauty of the human face, but on the contrary were continually distorted by a variety of malevolent passions, we must conclude with Gulliver, that such a man beast must be the most odious animal that ever crawled upon the face of the earth; and that his

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his description of it, disgusting as it is, is not in the least exaggerated. At first sight they had so little resemblance to any thing human, that Gulliver mistook them for some new species of cattle belonging to the inhabitants. After having given a description of them as they appeared to him when he first saw a number of them near him, where he lay concealed behind a thicket, in order to mark their form more distinctly, he says, "So that thinking I had seen enough, full of contempt and aversion, I got up and pursued the beaten road, hoping it might direct me to the cabin of some Indian. I had not got far, when I met one of these creatures, full in my way, and coming up directly to me. The ugly monster, when he saw me, distorted several ways every feature of his visage, and started as at an object he had never seen before; then approaching nearer, *lifted up his fore paw*, whether out of curiosity or mischief, I could not tell: but I drew my hanger, and gave him a good blow with the flat side of it, for I durst not strike with the edge, fearing the inhabitants might be provoked against me, if they should come to know that I had killed or maimed any of *their cattle*." And it was not till afterward, when he had an opportunity of examining one of them more closely in his kennel, that he perceived its resemblance to the human figure. But it may be asked, to what end has such an odious animal been produced to view? The answer is obvious: The design of the author, in the whole of this apologue, is, to place before the eyes of man a picture of the two different parts of his frame, detached from each other, in order that he may the better estimate the true value of each, and

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see the necessity there is that the one should have an absolute command over the other. In your merely animal capacity, says he to man, without reason to guide you, and actuated only by a blind instinct, I will show you that you would be degraded below the beasts of the field. That very form, that very body, you are now so proud of, as giving you such a superiority over all other animals, I will show you owe all their beauty, and all their greatest powers, to their being actuated by a rational soul. Let that be withdrawn, let the body be inhabited by the mind of a brute, let it be prone as theirs are, and suffered like theirs to take its natural course, without any assistance from art, you would in that case be the most deformed, as to your external appearance, the most detestable of all creatures. And with regard to your internal frame, filled with all the evil dispositions, and malignant passions of mankind, you would be the most miserable of beings, living in a continued state of internal vexation, and of hatred and warfare with each other.

On the other hand, I will show another picture of an animal endowed with a rational soul, and acting uniformly up to the dictates of right reason. Here you may see collected all the virtues, all the great qualities, which dignify man's nature, and constitute the happiness of his life. What is the natural inference to be drawn from these two different representations? Is it not evidently a lesson to mankind, warning them not to suffer the animal part to be predominant in them, lest they resemble the vile Yahoo, and fall into vice and misery; but to emulate the noble and generous Houyhnhnm, by cultivating the rational faculty to the utmost;

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most; which will lead them to a life of virtue and happiness.

Is it not very extraordinary that mankind in general should so readily acknowledge their resemblance to the Yahoo, whose similitude to man consists only in the make of its body, and the evil dispositions of its mind; and that they should see no resemblance to themselves, in a creature possessed of their chief characteristical marks, reason and speech, and endowed with every virtue, with every noble quality, which constitute the dignity of man's nature, which distinguish and elevate the human above the brute species? Shall they arraign the author of writing a malignant satire against human nature, when reduced to its most abject brutal state, and wholly under the dominion of the passions; and shall they give him no credit for the exalted view in which he has placed the nobler part of our nature, when wholly under the direction of right reason? Or are mankind so stupid, as in an avowed fable, to stop at the outside, the vehicle, without diving into the concealed moral, which is the object of all fable? Do they really take the Yahoo for a man, because it has the form of a man; and the Houyhnhnm for a horse, because it has the form of a horse? But we need not wonder that the bulk of makind should fall into this errour, when we find men pretending to the utmost depths of wisdom, avowing themselves of the same mind. The learned Mr. Harris, in his Philological Inquiries, has the following passage: "Misanthropy "is so dangerous a thing, and goes so far in sapping "the very foundations of morality and religion, that I "esteem the last part of Swift's Gulliver (that I "mean relative to his Houyhnhnms and Yahoos)

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" to be a worse book to peruse, than those which we " are forbid, as the most flagitious and obscene. One " absurdity in this author (a wretched philosopher, " though a great wit) is well worth remarking—in " order to render the nature of man odious, and " the nature of beasts amiable, he is compelled to give " human characters to his beasts, and beastly charac- " ters to his men: so that we are to admire the beasts, " not for being beasts, but amiable men; and to de- " test the men, not for being men, but detestable " beasts." I believe so strange an interpretation of an author's meaning, never fell from the pen of any commentator. He first assumes that the end proposed by Swift in this fable, is, to render the nature of man odious, and the nature of beasts amiable. This surely was a most unaccountable design in any human creature; and before it can be admitted, it ought to be first proved that Swift was of a beastly disposition, which engaged him on the side of his fellow brutes. And if this were his object, no mortal ever used more unlikely means to attain it, and no one ever more completely failed of his end. By representing a beast in a human form, without any one characteristical mark of man, he could hardly expect to render human nature itself odious: and by exhibiting so strange a phenomenon as the soul of man actuating a quadruped, and regulating his conduct by the rules of right reason, he could as little hope to render the nature of irrational beasts more amiable. And accordingly I believe no mortal ever had a worse opinion of human nature, from his description of the Yahoos; nor a better of the brute creation, from that of the Houyhnhnms. And all the ill effect produced by

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this fable, has been turned on the author himself, by raising the general indignation of mankind against him, from a mistaken view of his intention: so that the writer of the above remarks, need not have prohibited the reading of that part of Gulliver with such solemnity, as it never did, nor never can make one proselyte to misanthropy, whereof he seems so apprehensive; but on the contrary may be productive of great good, from the moral so evidently to be deduced from it, as has already been made appear.

In one paragraph of the above quoted passage, the author, wrapped up in the pride of philosophy, seems to look down upon Swift with sovereign contempt; where he says,—"One absurdity in this "author (a *wretched philosopher*, though a great wit) "is well worth remarking," *&c.* But it has been already shown, that the absurdity belongs to the commentator, not to the author; and it will be difficult to persuade the world, that Swift is not one of the greatest adepts in the first philosophy, the science of mankind; of which he has given such ample proofs throughout his works, and more particularly in this very book, so superciliously decried by this *soi disant* philosopher; and which will be of more real benefit to mankind, than the labours of a thousand such writers as the author of Philological Inquiries, employed about splendid trifles, and useless metaphysicks.

Another writer of no small eminence has attacked Swift with great virulence on the same account. In a pamphlet of Dr. Young's, entitled Conjectures on Original Composition, there is the following passage: "If so, O Gulliver! dost thou not shudder at thy "brother Lucian's vultures hovering o'er thee? Shud-

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" der on! they cannot shock thee more, than decency " has been shocked by thee. How have thy Houyhn- " hnms thrown thy judgment from its seat, and laid " thy imagination in the mire? In what ordure hast " thou dipped thy pencil? What a monster hast " thou made of the

" Human face divine? MILTON.

" This writer has so satirized human nature, as to " give a demonstration in himself, that it deserves to " be satirized." In answer to which I shall address him in his own way—O doctor Young, how has thy prejudice thrown thy judgment from its seat, and let thy imagination hurry thee beyond all bounds of common sense! In what black composition of spleen and envy hast thou dipped thy pen! What a monstrous character hast thou given of

One of the noblest men
That ever lived in the tide of times. SHAKSPEARE,

Thou hast so satirized this great man, as to show that thou thyself deservest the utmost severity of satire. After such a string of poetical epiphonemas, what is the charge which he brings against Swift? It is all contained in these words—" What a mon- " ster hast thou made, of the human face divine!" Now as Dr. Young himself, and all the world must have allowed, that the human face can have no claim to the epithet of divine, unless when animated by the divine particle within us, how can he be said to make a monstrous representation of the human face divine, who first supposes the divine part to be with- drawn, which entitles it to that appellation, and sub- stitutes in its place the mind of a brute? Must not the human countenance in this case lose all that beauty and expression, which it derives from the soul's

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soul's looking out at the eyes, and animating every feature? On the contrary, what more deformed or shocking object can be exhibited to view, than the human face distorted by all the vile and malevolent passions belonging to man's nature? Let any one reflect what sensations he has had on the sight of an idiot, an outrageous madman, or one possessed by ungovernable fury, extreme hatred, or implacable revenge, and he must allow that the picture Swift gives of the Yahoo face, always expressive of some one or other of similar passions, however hideous it may be, is yet a just likeness.

What then is the meaning of the general clamour raised against Swift, unless it be thought criminal in him to suppose it possible, even in a fable, that the human frame, upon which we value ourselves so highly, might be the receptacle of a brutal soul? I should not wonder if such men should arraign the Almighty also, for having really effected this in the case of Nebuchadnezzar; or exhibiting another instance of it to our view, without a miracle, in that of Peter the wild man, caught in the woods of Germany; in whom was to be found a perfect image of that man beast which Swift supposes in his Yahoo*. Nor should I be surprised if they who value themselves chiefly on their outward form, should mutter complaints against their Creator, for giving certain animals so near a resemblance to them, as is to be found in some species of baboons, but more particularly in the mantiger; who not only is formed exactly like man in his bodily organs, but,

* It is said the late queen had the curiosity to see this wild man, but was so shocked at the appearance he made, that she ordered him immediately out of her presence.

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like him too, often walks erect upon two legs, with a staff in his hand, sits down upon chairs, and has the same deportment in many other points.

But while they so squeamishly take offence at this nonentity, this chimera of the brain, does it never occur to them that there really exist thousands and ten thousands of their own species, in different parts of this peopled earth, infinitely more detestable than the Yahoos. In whatever odious light their form has been portrayed, can it excite higher disgust than that of the Hottentot, decorated with guts, which are used for food when in a state of putrefaction; and who loads his head with a mixture of stinking grease and soot, to make a secure lodgement for swarms of the most filthy vermin? or than those savages, who slash, mangle, and deform, with a variety of horrid figures, the *human face divine*, in order to strike a greater terrour into their enemies? Are there any actions attributed to the miserable Yahoo so diabolical as are constantly practised in some of these savage nations, by exposing their children, murdering their parents in their old age, and roasting and eating their captives taken in war, with many other abominations? In all which instances we see, that human reason, in its state of depravity, is productive of infinitely worse consequences, than can proceed from a total deprivation of it. This lesson Gulliver has taken care to inculcate, where his master Houyhnhnm, after having received an account from him of the manners and customs of the Europeans, makes the following observation: "That although he hated "the Yahoos of this country, yet he no more blamed "them for their odious qualities, than he did a *gnnayh* "(a bird

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" (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for " cutting his hoof. But when a creature, pretending " to reason, could be capable of such enormities, he " dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty, might " be worse than brutality itself."

It may be said that the instances of depravity above quoted, are only to be found among savages, whose minds, unenlightened by knowledge, are governed wholly by their brutal appetites and passions; and that a true picture of human nature is only to be taken from the more civilized states. Let us see, therefore, whether in our own dear country, while we boast so much of the extraordinary lights drawn from philosophy, and the divine illumination of the Gospel, we do not abound in crimes more numerous, and more fatal to society, even than those of savages. Of these Swift has given us a long muster-roll, where he describes the happy life he led among the Houyhnhnms, free from the odious scenes of vice in his own country, in the following passage: " I enjoyed perfect health of body, and " tranquillity of mind; I did not feel the treachery or " inconstancy of a friend, nor the injuries of a secret " or open enemy. I had no occasion of bribing, flat- " tering, or pimping, to procure the favour of any " great man, or his minion. I wanted no fence against " fraud or oppression; here was neither physician to " destroy my body, nor lawyer to ruin my fortune; " no informer to watch my words and actions, or forge " accusations against me for hire: here were no gibers, " censurers, backbiters, pickpockets, highwaymen, " housebreakers, attornies, bawds, buffoons, game- " sters, politicians, wits, spleneticks, tedious talkers, " controvertists, ravishers, murderers, robbers, vir- " tuosoes:

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" tuosoes: no leaders or followers of party and fac-
" tion; no encouragers to vice by seducement or ex-
" ample; no dungeons, axes, gibbets, whippingposts,
" or pillories; no cheating shopkeepers or mecha-
" nicks; no pride, vanity, or affectation; no fops,
" bullies, drunkards, strolling whores, or poxes; no
" ranting, lewd, expensive wives; no stupid proud
" pedants; no importunate, overbearing, quarrel-
" some, noisy, roaring, empty, conceited, swearing
" companions; no scoundrels raised from the dust
" upon the merit of their vices, or nobility thrown
" into it on account of their virtues; no lords, fidlers,
" judges, or dancingmasters."

In another place, after having brought the whole state of affairs in England before the judgment seat of the king of Brobdingnag, he thus relates the sentiments of that wise and virtuous monarch on the occasion: " He was perfectly astonished with the his-
" torical account I gave him of our affairs during the
" last century, protesting it was only a heap of con-
" spiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions,
" banishments, the very worst effects that avarice,
" faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage,
" madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition
" could produce. His majesty in another audience
" was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had
" spoken; compared the questions with the answers
" I had given; then taking me into his hands, and
" stroking me gently, delivered himself in these
" words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner
" he spoke them in: 'My little friend *Grildrig*, by
" what I have gathered from your own relation, and
" the answers I have with much pains wringed and
" extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk

" of

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" of your natives to be the most pernicious race of " little odious vermin, that nature ever suffered to " crawl on the surface of the earth."

Is it not strange, that so bold a satire on human nature, in its actual state of existence, should excite no resentment in mankind, and that they should so readily take the alarm at an imaginary representation of it? But in the former case men are ready enough to see and allow all manner of vices and bad qualities of the mind in others, though they are so blinded by self-love as not to find the resemblance to themselves; but when their bodily form, common to all men, is vilified and debased, each individual brings the attack home to himself; his self-love takes fire at the view, and kindles his indignation against the author, as an enemy to the whole human species. That this opinion, however ill founded, became so general, is easily to be accounted for, as taking its rise from two of the most prevailing passions in human nature, pride and envy. The former called the universal passion by Dr. Young; and the latter partaking of its nature, as springing from the same root. Their pride instantly took fire upon seeing that part of their frame, whereof in general men are most vain, represented in so odious a light; and envy seized the occasion of making so heavy a charge as that of misanthropy, against a man of such uncommon talents. This broke forth chiefly among authors, jealous of that high degree of fame obtained by the superiority of his genius; and as he was unassailable on that side, they thought to bring him down more on a level with themselves, by attributing some of the finest exertions of that genius to a malevolent disposition: and as the prejudices of mankind were of their side, they

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they cheaply purchased credit to themselves, from appearing champions for the dignity of human nature.

Yet there were not wanting others of clearer discernment, and a more liberal turn of mind, who saw this whole affair in its true light. Among these the benevolent and judicious Dr. Hawksworth, steps forth as an advocate for Swift, and decidedly gives judgment in his favour. In one of his notes on Gulliver, he says, "Whoever is disgusted with this "picture of a *Yahoo*, would do well to reflect, that it "becomes his own in exact proportion as he deviates "from virtue; for virtue is the perfection of reason: "the appetites of those abandoned to vice, are not "less brutal and sordid than those of a Yahoo, nor is "their life a state of less abject servility." And in another of his comments upon a passage wherein Swift had given a lively and true description of the horrours of war, stripped of all the glare and false colouring thrown over it by vain glory and ambition, he explains, justifies, and applauds the author's motive, for exhibiting here, as well as in all other parts of this admirable work, such true pictures of the vicious practices and habits of mankind, however sanctified by custom, or embellished by fashion. His words are these,—"It would perhaps be impossible, "by the most laboured arguments, or forcible elo-"quence, to show the absurd injustice and horrid "cruelty of war, so effectually, as by this simple ex-"hibition of them in a new light: with war, includ-"ing every species of iniquity, and every art of de-"struction, we become familiar by degrees, under "specious terms; which are seldom examined, be-"cause they are learned at an age in which the "mind

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"mind receives and retains whatever is imprest on it. "Thus it happens, that when one man murders ano- "ther to gratify his lust, we shudder at it; but when "one man murders a million to gratify his vanity, "we approve and admire, we envy and applaud. If, "when this and the preceding pages are read, we dis- "cover with astonishment, that when the same events "have occurred in history, we felt no emotion, and "acquiesced in wars which we could not but know to "have been commenced for such causes, and carried "on by such means; let not him be censured for too "much debasing his species, who has contributed to "their felicity and preservation, by stripping off the "veil of custom and prejudice, and holding up, in "their native deformity, the vices by which they be- "come wretched, and the arts by which they are "destroyed."

Such is the construction which will be put by all men of candour, taste, and judgment, upon these, and all other passages in Swift of a similar kind. But if there are still any who will persist in finding out their own resemblance in the Yahoo, in the name of God, if the cap fits, let them wear it, and rail on. I shall only take my leave of them with an old Latin sentence, *Qui capit ille facit.*

There is another writer, at present of gigantick fame in these days of little men, who has pretended to scratch out a life of Swift, but so miserably executed, as only to reflect back on himself that disgrace, which he meant to throw upon the character of the dean. I promised in the preface to make some strictures on this work, which I shall now perform. At his setting out, Dr. Johnson shows, which is scarcely credible, that he held this extra-

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ordinary man in very little estimation, and that he was not qualified to give any account of him with the least degree of accuracy. He begins his relation thus: "Jonathan Swift was, according to an account "said to be written by himself, the son of Jonathan "Swift, an attorney, and was born at Dublin on St. "Andrew's day, 1667: according to his own report, "as delivered by Pope to Spence, he was born at "Leicester, the son of a clergyman, who was mi-"nister of a parish in Herefordshire. During his "life, the place of his birth was undetermined. He "was contented to be called an Irishman by the Irish, "but would occasionally call himself an Englishman. "The question may, without much regret, be left "in the obscurity in which he delighted to involve "it." Here we see how utterly careless he was about a fact of the greatest notoriety, and established by the most authentick proofs. "According to an ac-"count *said to* be written by himself," &c. Pray mark that expression. Had he taken the trouble to inform himself, he would have found that this account *said* to be written, is really in the dean's own handwriting, and lodged by his relation Deane Swift in the library of Dublin college, an account of which he has published in his Essay on the Life of Swift. In the 21st Section of these Memoirs, the dean says, speaking of himself, "*He was born in Dublin*, on St. "Andrew's day." In opposition to this account given by himself, Dr. Johnson quotes a report from a second hand, communicated to him from Pope through Spence. "*During his life, the place of his birth was* "*undetermined.*" On the contrary, I say that the place of his birth never admitted of any doubt, by those who were desirous of information on that head;

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and if the doctor had ever looked into his correspondence, he would have found that he acknowledged it in several of his letters. " *He was contented to be* " *called an Irishman by the Irish, but would occasionally* " *call himself an Englishman.*" In the same place, where he found that he would occasionally call himself an Englishman, he might have seen the reason of his doing so; which was, that " though dropped in " Ireland," as he himself expresses it, in a letter to lord Oxford, he was descended from English progenitors on both sides. But the doctor seems to have thrown this matter into a state of doubt, merely to introduce the last sentence, in order to insinuate the contemptible idea he had of Swift, where he says,— " The question may, *without much regret*, be left in " the obscurity in which he delighted to involve it." Which in plain English would run thus—It is of very little moment where the fellow was born. As he has been very exact in stating the places of their birth in all the other Lives of his Poets, even those of the lower class, his marked indifference here is the more striking. But it will be said—Is there any man upon earth that can have a contemptible idea of Swift? Yes—such is the high notion which the doctor entertains of his own superiority, that he always treated his name with contempt. His common expression in talking of him, was, that Swift was a very shallow fellow.

Upon that passage in Swift's Life, where it is related that in the early part of it, he generally travelled on foot, and lay at waggoner's inns, he has the following comment. " This practice lord Orrery im- " putes to his innate love of grossness and vulgarity:

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" some may ascribe it to his desire of surveying " human life through all its varieties; and others, " perhaps with equal probability, to a passion which " seems to have been deep fixed in his heart, the " love of a shilling." How little ground there was for such a charge against Swift, has been amply shown; but that it should be authorized here, by the same writer, who in another place says,—" With " all this talk of his covetousness and generosity, it " should be remembered *that he was never rich*,"—can be imputed only to a spirit of detraction.

On another occasion he relates the following anecdote: *Of his humour*, a story told by Pope may afford a specimen, thus related by Spence.

Doctor Swift has an odd, blunt way, that is mistaken by strangers for ill nature.—'Tis so odd that there is no describing it but by facts. I'll tell you one that first comes into my head. One evening Gay and I went to see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in, " Hey-" day, gentlemen (says the doctor) what's the mean-" ing of this visit! How came you to leave all the " great lords that you are so fond of, to come hither " to see a poor dean?" " Because we would rather " see you than any of them." " Ay, any one that did " not know so well as I do, might believe you. But " since you are come, I must get some supper for " you, I suppose."—" No, doctor, we have supped " already."—" Supped already, that's impossible! why " it is not eight o'clock yet.—That's very strange! " but, if you had not supped, I must have got some-" thing for you.—Let me see, what should I have " had? A couple of lobsters; ay, that would have

" done

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" done very well; two shillings—tarts a shilling: but " you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you " supped so much before your usual time only to " spare my pocket."—" No, we had rather talk " with you, than drink with you."—" But if you " had supped with me, as in all reason you ought " to have done, you must then have drank with me. " —A bottle of wine, two shillings—two and two is " four, and one is five; just two and sixpence a piece. " There, Pope, there's half a crown for you, and " there's another for you, sir; for I won't save any " thing by you, I am determined.—This was all said " and done with his usual seriousness on such occa- " sions; and in spite of every thing we could say " to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the " money."

In all this account it is evident that Swift saw into his friends motive for not supping with him, which was the fear of putting him to expense. Their pretending to have supped at so unusual an hour, and afterward refusing a glass of wine, even supposing they had supped, were full proofs of this. It was clear therefore to him that they had given credit to the common report of his covetousness; and in order to show that he was above such sordid thrift, and to punish them for supposing it, by this practical rebuke, he made them undergo the shame of putting into their pockets, what would otherwise have been spent in good fellowship. This was evidently Swift's view, though it does not seem to have occurred to Dr. Johnson, who relates it only as an instance of his odd humour.

In his account of the Tale of a Tub, the doctor says,—" That Swift was its author, though it be uni-

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" versally believed, was never owned by himself, nor " very well proved by any evidence." Surely the doctor has never seen the letters that passed between the dean and Ben Tooke, published at the beginning of the 16th volume of his Works; wherein he not only acknowledges himself the author, but gives directions about the publication of another edition, with an Apology prefixed to it.

With regard to The Battle of the Books, he has revived the old charge of plagiarism against Swift, in the following passage. " The Battle of the Books is " so like the *Combat des Livres*, which the same " question concerning the Ancients and Moderns " had produced in France, that the improbability of " such a coincidence of thoughts without communi- " cation, is not, in my opinion, balanced by the " anonymous protestation prefixed, in which all " knowledge of the French book is peremptorily " disowned."

This charge was first made against Swift by Wotton, in the following words: " I have been assured, that " the Battle in St. James's Library, is, *mutatis mutan-* " *dis*, taken out of a French book, entitled, *Combat* " *des Livres*, if I misremember not." Thus answered by Swift. " In which passage there are two clauses " observable: *I have been assured*; and, *if I misre-* " *member not*. I desire first to know, whether, if that " conjecture proves an utter falsehood, those two " clauses will be a sufficient excuse for this worthy " critick. The matter is a trifle; but would he ven- " ture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater " moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a " writer, than the character of a plagiary, which he " here fixes at a venture; and this not for a passage, " but a whole discourse, taken out from another book,

" only

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" only *mutatis mutandis*. The author is as much in the " dark about this, as the answerer; and will imitate " him by an affirmation at random; that if there be a " word of truth in this reflection, he is a paltry imi- " tating pedant; and the answerer is a person of wit, " manners, and truth. He takes his boldness, from " never having seen any such treatise in his life, nor " heard of it before: and he is sure it is impossible " for two writers, of different times and countries, to " agree in their thoughts after such a manner, that " two continued discourses shall be the same, only " *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he insist upon the " mistake, in the title; but let the answerer and his " friend produce any book they please, he defies them " to show one single particular, where the judicious " reader will affirm he has been obliged for the " smallest hint, giving only allowance for the acci- " dental encountering of a single thought, which he " knows may sometimes happen; though he has never " yet found it in that discourse, nor has heard it ob- " jected by any body else."

Is it possible to conceive that Swift would have made so bold an appeal, if he were not conscious of the truth of what he advanced, when he might have been so easily confuted? Or that Wotton would not have seized the opportunity, if he had it in his power, of supporting his charge, to the utter disgrace of his adversary? But, since neither he, nor any one else, has ever made the attempt, is it not astonishing that the calumny should still remain? This is a striking instance of that levelling principle in mankind, which swallows with avidity any slanders propagated to the disadvantage of exalted characters; for though I have never yet met with any mortal who had seen such a book, yet I have heard from the mouths of hundreds

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" that Swift's Battle of the Books was taken from a " French book, called *Combat des Livres.*" Now, though this might be expected from the bulk of mankind, on account of the principle above mentioned, what shall we say when we find a professed biographer, bound by every principle of justice and humanity to guard the memory of the dead against false aspersions, become himself a *particeps criminis*, by giving his sanction to a charge which in the very face of it carries not the least air of truth? This charge is made by an avowed enemy, not from his own knowledge, but from hearsay; and that too in the most guarded manner; notwithstanding which suspicious circumstances, Dr. Johnson assumes it as a truth, and forms his deductions from it accordingly. The manner in which he invalidates the answer to it, is most curious, and well worthy of the reader's observation; where he says,—" That the improba- " bility of such a coincidence of thoughts, without " communication, [still you see taking the fact for " granted] is not, in my opinion, balanced by the " *anonymous* protestation prefixed, in which all know- " ledge of the French book is peremptorily disowned." Now the only reason here assigned for not giving due credit to this protestation, is, that it is *anonymous*; and in that case we are never to give credit to any of Swift's publications, as they were all anonymous, except his letter to the earl of Oxford. But there is no one who has the least knowledge of style, that is not as sure that the Apology was written by Swift, as if he saw it in his own hand-writing. Or, if there were any doubt, his letter to Tooke proves it beyond all contradiction. This is such an instance of gross prejudice, and want of

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candour, as should make the reader cautious how he gives any credit to the many other misrepresentations of this great man's character, dispersed throughout the work.

In speaking of Swift's political writings, he says—"But he was now immerging into political controversy; for the same year produced the *Examiner*, "of which Swift wrote thirty three papers. In argument he may be allowed to have the advantage, "*&c.* but with regard to wit, I am afraid none of "Swift's papers will be found equal to those *by which* "*Addison opposed him.*"

Here he has shown a most shameful ignorance of his subject, by saying that Swift was opposed by Addison; for had he only turned to the books, he would have found that Addison's last Whig Examiner, was published October 12, 1710; and Swift's first Examiner on the 10th of the following November. So that all this boasted superiority of Addison over Swift in this supposed contest, falls to the ground; and I believe the doctor will find it hard to persuade the world, that either Addison, or any man that ever lived, was superiour to Swift in wit.

On another shining part of Swift's character, he makes the following remark. "His disinterested-"ness has been likewise mentioned, *&c.* He refused, "indeed, fifty pounds from lord Oxford, but he ac-"cepted afterward a draught of a thousand upon the "exchequer, which was intercepted by the queen's "death, and which he resigned, as he says himself, "*multa gemens, with many a groan.*" In what an invidious light has he placed this transaction! But this is a common artifice of malice, to relate bare facts, without any of the concomitant circumstances, which

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which may place those facts in a very different point of view. As they are stated here, the inference to be drawn, is, that though Swift rejected the offer of so paltry a sum as that of fifty pounds, he was not proof against so large a bribe as that of a thousand; and this naturally follows from omitting the circumstances of time and occasion. When lord Oxford presented him with a bill for fifty pounds, it was at an early period of their acquaintance, when Swift engaged to employ his pen in behalf of the measures of that ministry; and was to be considered only as an earnest of future gratifications of the same kind, according to his future merits. We have seen with what indignation he rejected this intended favour, and what resentment he showed at his being thus put on the footing of a hireling writer. He afterward continued his services for near three years without receiving or soliciting any reward; and when at last the deanery of St. Patrick's was given him, he told lord Oxford that he ought to have been put into the clear possession of it, and not be obliged to borrow money, as he hated of all things to be in debt, for the necessary expenses attending his induction to it. His claim was the stronger on the ministry for this, as he was not at all indebted to them for his preferment, which he owed entirely to the friendship of the duke of Ormond. I believe all the world will allow, that, had he received it, this would have been but a poor reward for all his long and important services; and had he pushed it, there can be no doubt but that it would have been obtained. But finding his first hint neglected by lord Oxford, he scorned to press it any farther; and the order on the exchequer

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chequer was made out without his participation, as has been shown before, under the short administration of lord Bolingbroke. The latter part of the sentence—"and which he resigned, as he says "himself, *multa gemens, with many a groan*,"—is written in the same spirit with the rest: for it is evident from the whole turn of the letter which contains this passage, that Swift used this phrase jocosely, which the doctor chooses to take in a serious light, and translate literally. It was impossible indeed that he could have the least solicitude about it at the time this letter was writ, in the year 1726, fourteen years after he had received the order, which he never thought of presenting. For though it is highly probable, from the great favour which he then stood in with the princess, and the civil reception he met with even at St. James's, that upon proper application he might have been paid the demand, to which he had an equitable right; yet he scorned to owe any obligation to a minister, of whose measures he so entirely disapproved. And that this was his way of thinking is fully proved by a letter written to Dr. Sheridan about the same time, where he says,—"Tell the archdeacon that I never asked "for my thousand pound, which he heard I have "got; although I mentioned it to the princess the "last time I saw her, but I bid her tell Walpole I "scorned to ask him for it."

But of all the charges brought against Swift, there is one of the most malignant nature, which has never even been hinted at by any other writer; and is utterly unsupported by any evidence. It is contained in the following passage: "Swift was popular awhile by "another mode of beneficence. He set aside some "hundreds

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"hundreds to be lent in small sums to the poor, "from five shillings, I think, to five pounds. He "took no interest, and only required that at repay- "ment, a small fee should be given to the accompt- "ant; but he required that the day of promised "payment should be exactly kept. A severe and "punctilious temper is ill qualified for transactions "with the poor; the day was often broken, and the "loan was not repaid. This might have been easily "foreseen; but for this Swift had made no provision "of patience or pity. He ordered his debtors to be "sued. A severe creditor has no popular character; "what then was likely to be said of him who em- "ploys the catchpoll under the appearance of cha- "rity? The clamour against him was loud, and the "resentment of the populace outrageous; he was "therefore forced to drop his scheme, and own the "folly of expecting punctuality from the poor."

Now I do assert, from my own knowledge, that there is not one syllable of truth in this whole account, from the beginning to the end. I have before shown what wise precautions Swift took to prevent any diminution of this fund; which were so effectual, that it held out entire to the last, and the circulation of it continued unimpaired, till he was deprived of his understanding; as numbers of families, who now live in credit, and who originally owed their establishment to what was borrowed from that fund, can attest. From his first setting out in this passage, we see how willing the doctor was to depreciate this noble charity, where he says— "He set aside some hundreds to be lent in small "sums to the poor, from five shillings, I think, to "five pounds." Some hundreds, may mean two or three hundred; had he consulted any of his Memoir writers,

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writers, he would have found that the sum was five hundred pounds; and that it was lent out, not in small sums from five shillings to five pounds, but from five pounds to ten. And though the doctor has guarded his paltry sum of five shillings, with an—*I think*—what apology can be made for conjecture, where certainty was so easily to be obtained? As to the cruelty he is charged with to his poor debtors, whatever report of that sort may have been raised in London, it certainly never was heard of in Dublin; but when he adds, that, on this account, "The clamour against him was loud, and the resentment of the populace outrageous"—one cannot help being astonished at so confident an assertion, against a fact of such publick notoriety: for even the worst maligners of the dean allow, that no man ever possessed the love of the populace to so high a degree; and it is well known in Dublin, that no part of his conduct ever gained him so much popularity, as this well devised, well managed charity. If the doctor had any authority for this gross misrepresentation, he ought to have produced it; otherwise the scandal may be brought home to himself—the scandal not only of attempting to deprive Swift of the merit of such a noble institution, but by such misrepresentation, to place his character in a most odious light.

But of all the instances that occur throughout this work, of the strong bias in the doctor's mind, to place every thing with regard to Swift in the worst light, no one is more remarkable than the account he gives of the forged letters sent to the queen in the dean's name, to be found in the following passage; where speaking of the queen, he says—"I know

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" know not whether she had not, in her turn, some
" reason for complaint. A letter was sent her, not
" so much entreating, as requiring her patronage of
" Mrs. Barber, an ingenious Irishwoman, who was
" then begging subscriptions for her poems. To this
" letter was subscribed the name of Swift, *and it has*
" *all the appearances of his diction and sentiments*; but
" it was not written in his hand, and had some little
" improprieties. When he was charged with this
" letter, he laid hold of the inaccuracies, and urged
" the improbability of the accusation; but never de-
" nied it: he shuffles between cowardice and vera-
" city, and talks big when he says nothing." In answer to which, I am tempted to lay before the reader Swift's defence of himself, though set down in a former place, lest it might have escaped his observation. To a letter from his friend Pope, enclosing one of those forged ones, he makes the following reply: " As for those three letters you men-
" tion, supposed all to be written by me to the queen,
" on Mrs. Barber's account, especially the letter which
" bears my name, I can only say, that the apprehen-
" sions one may be apt to have of a friend's doing a
" foolish thing, is an effect of kindness; and God
" knows who is free from playing the fool some time
" or other. But in such a degree, as to write to
" the queen, who has used me ill without any cause,
" and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent
" me, and in such a style, and to have such a zeal
" for one almost a stranger, and to make such a de-
" scription of a woman, as to prefer her before all
" mankind; and to instance it as one of the greatest
" grievances of Ireland, that her majesty has not en-
" couraged Mrs. Barber, a woollendraper's wife de-
" clined

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"clined in the world, because she has a knack of "versifying; was, to suppose, or fear, a folly so trans- "cendent, that no man could be guilty of, who was "not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent "enclosed is not my hand, and why I should dis- "guise, and yet sign my name, is unaccountable.— "If the queen had not an inclination to think ill of "me, she knows me too well to believe in her own "heart that I should be such a coxcomb," &c. And in his letter to Mrs. Howard upon the same subject, he thus expresses himself: "I find, from several in- "stances, that I am under the queen's displeasure; "and, as it is usual among princes, without any "manner of reason. I am told there were three let- "ters sent to her majesty in relation to one Mrs. "Barber, who is now in London, and soliciting for a "subscription to her poems. It seems the queen "thinks that these letters were written by me; and "I scorn to defend myself, even to her majesty, "grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her "justice, her taste, and good sense: especially when "the last of those letters, whereof I have just received "the original from Mr. Pope, was signed with my "name: and why I should disguise my hand, which "you know very well, and yet write my name, is "both ridiculous and unaccountable." Now, I ap- peal to the reader whether it was possible for a man to have made a stronger defence against such a charge. Stronger indeed than was at all necessary on the oc- casion, as it was soon discovered to be a trick of some enemy to render him ridiculous; and lost all credit at court; as we find by an answer to the above let- ter from lady Suffolk, in which she rallies the dean with great sprightliness. "Think of my joy to hear

"you"

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" you suspected of folly; think of my pleasure when " I entered the list for your justification! Indeed, I " was a little disconcerted to find Mr. Pope took the " same side; for I would have had the man of wit, " the dignified divine, the Irish Drapier have found " no friend, but the silly woman and the courtier. " . . . Now, to my mortification, I find every body " inclined to think you had no hand in writing these " letters."

This impotent attack upon the dean, we find, was stifled in its birth. What shall we say then to the attempt made by Dr. Johnson to revive it at this distance of time, in order to level him with the lowest of mankind, by three gross imputations, each of which is utterly incompatible with the whole of his character? And these are, no less than folly, falsehood, and cowardice. Folly in the extreme, in supposing him to write such letters, as could only reflect disgrace on himself, without any assignable motive for his doing so: falsehood of the worst kind, as prevarication is worse than lying; and cowardice in not daring to own what he had done. Who is there that knows any thing of Swift, his utter abhorrence of every species of falsehood; his courage to speak the truth in the face of majesty, with the same freedom as before the meanest subject; but must be shocked at the audacity of the man, who dared to say of him—" He shuffles " between cowardice and veracity, and talks big " when he says nothing?"

The only reasons assigned by the doctor for his believing that the letters were really written by Swift, are these:

1st. To

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1st. To this letter was subscribed the name of Swift, *and it has all the appearances of his diction and sentiments.* Now I will appeal to any one of taste acquainted with Swift's style, whether there ever was a more clumsy imitation attempted, both with regard to thoughts and expression. It bears indeed as little resemblance to his, as one of Overton's wooden prints, to the copper-plate of Hogarth.

2d. "When he was charged with this letter, he "laid hold of the inaccuracies, and urged the im- "probability of the accusation, *but never denied it.*" That is to say, because Swift does not in express terms say, "I did not write those letters,"—therefore he does not deny it. But his indignation at so base a charge was too great to answer it only by a simple denial; to his friend Pope he refutes it by such forcible arguments, as showed the impossibility of his being capable of such an egregious piece of folly, unless, as he expresses it, he were fit for Bedlam. "To the queen indeed (as he nobly says) I scorn to "defend myself; grounding my scorn upon the "opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good "sense."

While the doctor was maliciously endeavouring to fix the stain of a base prevarication on Swift, he did not foresee that the charge—

> Would, like a devilish engine, back recoil
> Upon himself. MILTON.

For, as it is a received opinion in the world, that men judge of others by themselves, there is no one who sees so vile an imputation thrown on so exalted a character, upon such bad grounds, but will suppose

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the doctor capable of acting in that manner himself, under similar circumstances.

It were a tedious business to follow the doctor through many other passages equally reprehensible; but by those which I have already exposed, I have shown how little credit is to be given to the rest. All candid readers of the other Lives written by this biographer, will see how enviously he has endeavoured to depreciate the characters, or works, of men of the greatest genius, and to exalt others of little fame. Of this he has given a remarkable instance in the very next Life to that of Swift, which may be considered as an antidote to his poison. What will posterity say, when they see the Life of *Savage* extended to double the number of pages, occupied by that of Swift? When they shall find the writings of the one, not a line of which will probably descend to them, highly extolled; and the works of the immortal Swift, either condemned, or slightly praised? When they shall see every art used to palliate the actions of one of the worst of men, and place his character in the most favourable light; and all the ingenuity of malice exerted to misrepresent the conduct, and vilify the character of one of the best? But whatever pains the doctor may have taken in drawing all these portraits of our poets, they will never be considered as likenesses; except his own, which he has unwarily handed down to future ages, in such strong features, that the resemblance never can be doubted.

In opposition to all the maligners of Swift, most of whom were such—

As neither knew his faculties or person—SHAKS.

I shall

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I shall oppose the testimony of two men, who were of his intimate acquaintance for more than twenty years, Dr. Delany, and Dr. Stopford. The first concludes his answer to lord Orrery in the following manner.

"My lord, when you consider Swift's singular, "peculiar, and most variegated vein of wit, always "intended rightly, although not always rightly di- "rected; delightful in many instances, and salutary "even where it is most offensive; when you consider "his strict truth, his fortitude in resisting oppression "and arbitrary power; his fidelity in friendship; "his sincere love and zeal for religion; his upright- "ness in making right resolutions, and his steady ad- "herence to them: his care of his church, its choir, "its economy, and its income: his attention to all "those that preached in his cathedral, in order to "their amendment in pronunciation and style; as "also his remarkable attention to the interest of his "successors, preferably to his own present emolu- "ments; his invincible patriotism, even to a coun- "try which he did not love; his very various, "welldevised, welljudged, and extensive charities, "throughout his life; and his whole fortune con- "veyed to the same Christian purposes at his death: "charities, from which he could enjoy no honour, "advantage, or satisfaction of any kind, in this "world.

"When you consider his ironical and humorous, "as well as his serious schemes for the promotion of "true religion and virtue; his success in soliciting "for the first fruits and twentieths, to the unspeaka- "ble benefit of the established church of Ireland; "and his felicity (to rate it no higher) in giving oc-

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" casion to the building of fifty new churches in " London.

" All this considered, the character of his life will " appear like that of his writings, they will both bear " to be reconsidered, and reexamined with the ut- " most attention; and will always discover new beau- " ties and excellencies, upon every examination.

" They will bear to be considered as the sun, in " which the brightness will hide the blemishes; and " whenever petulant ignorance, pride, malice, malig- " nity, or envy interposes, to cloud, or sully his fame, " I will take upon me to pronounce the eclipse will " not last long.

" To conclude.—No man ever deserved better of " any country, than Swift did of his. A steady, per- " severing, inflexible friend: a wise, a watchful, and " a faithful counsellor under many severe trials, and " bitter persecutions, to the manifest hazard both of " his liberty and fortune.

" He lived a blessing, he died a benefactor, and his " name will ever live an honour to *Ireland*."

The other was written in Latin, by Dr. Stopford, bishop of Cloyne; a man inferiour to none of his time in learning, benevolence, and piety; adorned with all the qualities that constitute the scholar, the gentleman, and the Christian. Swift, on an early acquaintance, soon distinguished so excellent a character, took him into his confidence, became his patron, and never ceased his good offices till, from a junior fellow of the college, he raised him to that high rank, so suited to his merit. The good bishop, who always acknowledged that he owed every step of his preferment entirely to Swift, paid the following tribute to the memory of his deceased friend and benefactor.

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MEMORIÆ JONATH. SWIFT, S.

QUEM vivum ex animo coluit, amico liceat mortuum deflere, atque hoc qualicunque fungi munere.

A. C. 1745 Octobris die 19no obiit JONATHAN SWIFT Decanus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Sancti Patricii Dubliniensis; vixit annos septuaginta septem, decem menses, 19 dies.

Vir ultra quam homini concessum videtur, maximis ornatus virtutibus. Vires ingenii mirandæ potius, quam a quoquam exoptandæ; quas exercuit præcipuè in politicis & poetica.

Incorruptus inter pessimos mores; magni atque constantis animi; libertatis semper studiosissimus, atque nostri reipublicæ status, a Gothis quondam sapienter instituti, laudator perpetuus, propugnator acerrimus. Cujus tamen formam, ambitu & largitione adeo fædatam ut vix nunc dignosci possit, sæpius indignabundus plorabat.

Patriæ amore flagrans sortem Hiberniæ, quoties deflevit! quoties laboranti subvenit! Testis epistolæ illæ nunquam interituræ, quibus, insulam miserè labantem, jamque juga ahenea subeuntem, erexit, confirmavit; impiis inimicorum conatibus fortiter infractis, prostratis.

Privatam si inspicias vitam, cum illo gratias, lepores, sales interiisse dicas; quibus suavissime sermones conditi, summo tamen cum decore, utpote cui unicè propositum, quod verum, quod decens, amicis & civibus suis assidue commendare.

Nec levior flagitiorum vindex, fraudes, ambitionem, avaritiam, dictis acerrime laceravit, exemplo feliciter oppressit.

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Erga bonos comis, liberalis, pius, commodis amicorum anxiè inserviens; pro pauperibus semper sollicitus; quorum egestati in hac urbe mire consuluit, pecuniâ mutuo datâ infimis artificum, in ratâ, eâque exigua portione per septimanas rependenda, unde multi paupertati jam succumbentes, sese paulatim expedierunt.

Idem, abstinentiæ exemplar antiquum, parcè atque duriter rem familiarem administravit; quasque sibi inutiles spernebat opes, sedulo tamen comparatas, domui hospitali condendæ, moriens magnifice legavit: ubi idiotæ & lunatici, collati muneris ignari, piè semper tractarentur.

Hic vir, tantus, talisque, qui vividis ingenii viribus longè genus humanum superabat, a civibus ingratis diu neglectus, magnatum invidiam sæpius, gratiam vix unquam expertus, triginta duos annos latuit in Hiberniâ, nullo ultra decanatum insignitus titulo; quod tamen illi pro votis accidisse inter amicos constat, quippe cui semper in ore erat; non tam referre, quo genere honorum sis ornatus, quam a quibus & inter quos.

Tandem senio, atque intolerandis capitis doloribus confectus, mente, memoria, sensu paulatim deficientibus, jamque penitus extinctis, per quatuor postremos vitæ annos, inter mœrentes amicos mortuus vixit; quem tamen omni laude dignissimum ritè consecrant divina ingenii lumina.

I shall close my account of this extraordinary man, with laying open one leading part of his character, which may serve as a clew to the whole. He was perhaps the most disinterested man that ever lived. No selfish motive ever influenced any part of his conduct.

He

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He loved virtue for its own sake, and was content it should be its own reward. The means to arrive at rank, fortune, and fame, the three great objects of pursuit in other men, though all thrown in his way, he utterly despised, satisfied with having deserved them. The same principle operated equally on the author, as on the man; as he never put his name to his works, nor had any solicitude about them, after they had once made their appearance in the world. The last act of his life showed how far he made this a rule of conduct, in his choice of the charity to which he bequeathed his fortune; leaving it for the support of idiots and lunatics, beings that could never know their benefactor.

Upon the whole, when we consider his character as a man, perfectly free from vice, with few frailties, and such exalted virtues; and as an author, possessed of such uncommon talents, such an original vein of humour, such an inexhaustible fund of wit, joined to so clear and solid an understanding; when we behold these two characters united in one and the same person; perhaps it will not be thought too bold an assertion, to say, that his parallel is not to be found either in the history of ancient or modern times.

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APPENDIX.

ANECDOTES

OF THE

FAMILY OF SWIFT,

A FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT.

The original Manuscript in his own hand is lodged in the University Library of Dublin.

THE family of the Swifts was ancient in Yorkshire; from them descended a noted person, who passed under the name of cavaliero Swift, a man of wit and humour. He was made an Irish peer by king James or king Charles the First, with the title of baron Carlingford, but never was in that kingdom. Many traditional pleasant stories are related of him, which the family planted in Ireland has received from their parents. This lord died without issue male; and his heiress, whether of the first or second descent, was married to Robert Fielding, esquire, commonly called Handsome Fielding; she brought

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brought him a considerable estate in Yorkshire, which he squandered away, but had no children: the earl of Eglington married another coheiress of the same family, as he has often told me.

Another of the same family was sir Edward Swift, well known in the times of the great rebellion and usurpation, but I am ignorant whether he left heirs or not.

Of the other branch, whereof the greatest part settled in Ireland, the founder was William Swift, prebendary of Canterbury, toward the last years of queen Elizabeth, and during the reign of king James the First. He was a divine of some distinction: there is a sermon of his extant, and the title is to be seen in the catalogue of the Bodleian Library, but I never could get a copy, and I suppose it would now be of little value.

This William married the heiress of Philpot, I suppose a Yorkshire gentleman, by whom he got a very considerable estate, which however she kept in her own power; I know not by what artifice. She was a capricious, ill-natured, and passionate woman, of which I have been told several instances. And it has been a continual tradition in the family, that she absolutely disinherited her only son Thomas, for no greater crime than that of robbing an orchard when he was a boy. And thus much is certain, that except a church or chapter lease, which was not renewed, Thomas never enjoyed more than one hundred pounds a year, which was all at Goodrich, in Herefordshire, whereof not above one half is now in the possession of a great great grandson.

His original picture is now in the hands of Godwin Swift, of Dublin, esq., his great grandson, as well as

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as that of his wife, who seems to have a good deal of the shrew in her countenance; whose arms of an heiress are joined with his own; and by the last he seems to have been a person somewhat fantastick; for in these he gives as his device, a dolphin (in those days called a Swift) twisted about an anchor, with this motto, *Festina lente.*

There is likewise a seal with the same coat of arms (his not joined with his wife's) which the said William commonly made use of, and this is also now in the possession of Godwin Swift abovementioned.

His eldest son Thomas seems to have been a clergyman before his father's death. He was vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, within a mile or two of Ross: he had likewise another church living, with about one hundred pounds a year in land, as I have already mentioned. He built a house on his own land in the village of Goodrich; which, by the architecure, denotes the builder to have been somewhat whimsical and singular, and very much toward a projector. The house is above a hundred years old, and still in good repair, inhabited by a tenant of the female line, but the landlord, a young gentleman, lives upon his own estate in Ireland.

This Thomas was distinguished by his courage, as well as his loyalty to king Charles the First, and the sufferings he underwent for that prince, more than any person of his condition in England. Some historians of those times relate several particulars of what he acted, and what hardships he underwent for the person and cause of that blessed martyred prince. He was plundered by the roundheads six-and-thirty times, some say above fifty. He engaged

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gaged his small estate, and gathered all the money he could get, quilted it in his waistcoat, got off to a town held for the king, where being asked by the governor, who knew him well, what he could do for his majesty? Mr. Swift said, he would give the king his coat, and stripping it off, presented it to the governor; who observing it to be worth little, Mr. Swift said, then take my waistcoat: he bid the governor weigh it in his hand, who ordering it to be ripped, found it lined with three hundred broad pieces of gold, which as it proved a seasonable relief, must be allowed an extraordinary supply from a private clergyman with ten children, of a small estate, so often plundered, and soon after turned out of his livings in the church.

At another time, being informed that three hundred horse of the rebel party intended in a week to pass over a certain river, upon an attempt against the cavaliers, Mr. Swift having a head mechanically turned, he contrived certain pieces of iron with three * spikes, whereof one must always be with the point upward: he placed them over night in the ford, where he received notice that the rebels would pass early the next morning, which they accordingly did, and lost two hundred of their men, who were drowned or trod to death by the falling of their horses, or torn by the spikes.

His sons, whereof four were settled in Ireland (driven thither by their sufferings, and by the death of their father) related many other passages, which they learned either from their father himself, or from what had been told them by the most credible persons of Herefordshire, and some neighbouring counties; and which some of those sons often told to their

* It should be four.

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their children; many of which are still remembered, but many more forgot.

He was deprived of both his church livings sooner than most other loyal clergymen, upon account of his superiour zeal for the king's cause, and his estate sequestered. His preferments, at least that of Goodrich, were given to a fanatical saint, who scrupled not, however, to conform upon the restoration, and lived many years, I think till after the Revolution: I have seen many persons at Goodrich, who knew and told me his name, which I cannot now remember.

The lord treasurer Oxford told the dean, that he had among his father's (sir Edward Harley's) papers, several letters from Mr. Thomas Swift writ in those times, which he promised to give to the grandson, whose life I am now writing; but never going to his house in Herefordshire while he was treasurer, and the queen's death happening in three days after his removal, the dean went to Ireland, and the earl being tried for his life, and dying while the dean was in Ireland, he could never get them.

Mr. Thomas Swift died in the year 1658, and in the 63d year of his age: his body lies under the altar at Goodrich, with a short inscription. He died about two years before the return of king Charles the Second, who by the recommendation of some prelates had promised, if ever God should restore him, that he would promote Mr. Swift in the church, and otherwise reward his family, for his extraordinary services and zeal, and persecutions in the royal cause: but Mr. Swift's merit died with himself.

He

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He left ten sons and three or four daughters, most of which lived to be men and women: his eldest son Godwin Swift, of the Inner Temple, esq. (so styled by Guillim the herald; in whose book the family is described at large) was I think called to the bar before the restoration. He married a relation of the old marchioness of Ormond, and upon that account, as well as his father's loyalty, the old duke of Ormond made him his attorney general in the palatinate of Tipperary. He had four wives, one of which, to the great offence of his family, was coheiress to admiral Deane, who was one of the regicides. Godwin left several children, who have all estates. He was an ill pleader, but perhaps a little too dexterous in the subtle parts of the law.

The second son of Mr. Thomas Swift was called by the same name, was bred at Oxford, and took orders. He married the eldest daughter of sir William d'Avenant, but died young, and left only one son, who was also called Thomas, and is now rector of Putenham in Surry. His widow lived long, was extremely poor, and in part supported by the famous Dr. South, who had been her husband's intimate friend.

The rest of his sons, as far as I can call to mind, were Mr. Dryden Swift, called so after the name of his mother, who was a near relation to Mr. Dryden the poet, William, Jonathan, and Adam, who all lived and died in Ireland; but none of them left male issue except Jonathan, who beside a daughter left one son, born seven months after his father's death; of whose life I intend to write a few memorials.

J. S. D.D.

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J. S. D.D. and D. of St. P——, was the only son of Jonathan Swift, who was the seventh or eighth son of Mr. Thomas Swift above-mentioned, so eminent for his loyalty and his sufferings.

His father died young, about two years after his marriage: he had some employments and agencies; his death was much lamented on account of his reputation for integrity, with a tolerable good understanding.

He married Mrs. Abigail Erick, of Leicestershire, descended from the most ancient family of the Ericks, who derive their lineage from Erick the Forester, a great commander, who raised an army to oppose the invasion of William the Conqueror, by whom he was vanquished, but afterward employed to command that prince's forces; and in his old age retired to his house in Leicestershire, where his family has continued ever since, but declining every age, and are now in the condition of very private gentlemen.

This marriage was on both sides very indiscreet, for his wife brought her husband little or no fortune; and his death happening so suddenly, before he could make a sufficient establishment for his family, his son (not then born) hath often been heard to say, that he felt the consequences of that marriage, not only through the whole course of his education, but during the greatest part of his life.

He was born in Dublin, on St. Andrew's day; and when he was a year old, an event happened to him that seems very unusual; for his nurse, who was a woman of Whitehaven, being under an absolute necessity of seeing one of her relations, who was then extremely sick, and from whom she expected a legacy;

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a legacy; and being extremely fond of the infant, she stole him on shipboard unknown to his mother and uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven, where he continued for almost three years. For, when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders by all means not to hazard a second voyage, till he could be better able to bear it. The nurse was so careful of him, that before he returned he had learnt to spell; and by the time that he was five years old, he could read any chapter in the Bible.

After his return to Ireland, he was sent at six years old to the school of Kilkenny, from whence at fourteen he was admitted into the university at Dublin; where by the ill treatment of his nearest relations, he was so discouraged and sunk in his spirits, that he too much neglected some parts of his academick studies: for which he had no great relish by nature, and turned himself to reading history and poetry; so that when the time came for taking his degree of bachelor, although he had lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes, he was stopped of his degree for dulness and insufficiency; and at last hardly admitted in a manner, little to his credit, which is called in that college, *speciali gratia*. And this discreditable mark, as I am told, stands upon record in their college registery.

The troubles then breaking out, he went to his mother, who lived in Leicester; and after continuing there some months, he was received by sir William Temple, whose father had been a great friend to the family, and who was now retired to his house called Moor Park, near Farnham in Surry, where

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where he continued for about two years: for he happened before twenty years old, by a surfeit of fruit, to contract a giddiness and coldness of stomach, that almost brought him to his grave; and this disorder pursued him with intermissions of two or three years to the end of his life. Upon this occasion he returned to Ireland, by advice of physicians, who weakly imagined that his native air might be of some use to recover his health: but growing worse, he soon went back to sir William Temple; with whom growing into some confidence, he was often trusted with matters of great importance. King William had a high esteem for sir William Temple by a long acquaintance, while that gentleman was ambassador and mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen. The king soon after his expedition to England, visited his old friend often at Sheen, and took his advice in affairs of greatest consequence. But sir William Temple, weary of living so near London, and resolving to retire to a more private scene, bought an estate near Farnham in Surry, of about 100l. a year, where Mr. Swift accompanied him.

About that time a bill was brought into the house of commons for triennial parliaments; against which, the king, who was a stranger to our constitution, was very averse, by the advice of some weak people, who persuaded the earl of Portland, that king Charles the First lost his crown and life by consenting to pass such a bill. The earl, who was a weak man, came down to Moor Park, by his majesty's orders, to have sir William Temple's advice, who said much to show him the mistake.

But

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But he continued still to advise the king against passing the bill. Whereupon Mr. Swift was sent to Kensington with the whole account of that matter in writing, to convince the king and the earl how ill they were informed. He told the earl, to whom he was referred by his majesty (and gave it in writing) that the ruin of king Charles the First was not owing to his passing the triennial bill, which did not hinder him from dissolving any parliament, but to the passing another bill, which put it out of his power to dissolve the parliament then in being, without the consent of the house. Mr. Swift, who was well versed in English history, although he was then under twenty-one years old, gave the king a short account of the matter, but a more large one to the earl of Portland; but all in vain; for the king, by ill advisers, was prevailed upon to refuse passing the bill. This was the first time that Mr. Swift had any converse with courts, and he told his friends it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity. The consequence of this wrong step in his majesty was very unhappy; for it put that prince under a necessity of introducing those people called whigs into power and employments, in order to pacify them. For, although it be held a part of the king's prerogative to refuse passing a bill, yet the learned in the law think otherwise, from that expression used at the coronation, wherein the prince obliges himself to consent to all laws, *quas vulgus elegerit.*

Mr. Swift lived with him (sir William Temple) some time, but resolving to settle himself in some way of living, was inclined to take orders. However, although his fortune was very small, he had a scru-

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ple of entering into the church merely for support, and sir William Temple then being master of the rolls in Ireland, offered him an employ of about 120l. a year in that office; whereupon Mr. Swift told him, that since he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the church for a maintenance, he was resolved to go to Ireland and take holy orders. He was recommended to the lord Capel, then lord deputy, who gave him a prebend in the north, worth about 100l. a year, of which growing weary in a few months, he returned to England, resigned his living in favour of a friend, and continued in sir William Temple's house till the death of that great man, who beside a legacy, left him the care and trust and advantage of publishing his posthumous writings.

Upon this event Mr. Swift removed to London, and applied by petition to king William, upon the claim of a promise his majesty had made to sir William Temple, that he would give Mr. Swift a prebend of Canterbury or Westminster. The earl of Rumney, who professed much friendship for him, promised to second his petition; but as he was an old, vicious, illiterate rake, without any sense of truth or honour, said not a word to the king. And Mr. Swift, after long attendance in vain, thought it better to comply with an invitation given him by the earl of Berkeley to attend him to Ireland, as his chaplain and private secretary; his lordship having been appointed one of the lords justices of that kingdom. He attended his lordship, who landed near Waterford, and Mr. Swift acted as secretary during the whole journey to Dublin. But another person had so insinuated himself into the earl's

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earl's favour, by telling him that the post of secretary was not proper for a clergyman, nor would be of any advantage to one, who only aimed at church preferments; that his lordship, after a poor apology, gave that office to the other.

In some months the deanery of Derry fell vacant, and it was the earl of Berkeley's turn to dispose of it. Yet things were so ordered, that the secretary having received a bribe, the deanery was disposed of to another, and Mr. Swift was put off with some other church livings not worth above a third part of that rich deanery; and at this present not a sixth. The excuse pretended was his being too young, although he were then thirty years old.

DR. SWIFT'S WILL.

IN the name of GOD, *Amen.* I JONATHAN SWIFT, doctor in divinity, and dean of the cathedral church of St. Patrick, Dublin, being at this present of sound mind, although weak in body, do here make my last will and testament, hereby revoking all my former wills.

Imprimis. I bequeath my soul to God, (in humble hopes of his mercy through Jesus Christ) and my body to the earth. And I desire that my body may be buried in the great aisle of the said cathedral, on the south side, under the pillar next to the monument of primate Narcissus Marsh, three days after my decease, as privately as possible, and at twelve o'clock at night: and, that a black marble of feet square, and seven feet from the

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ground, fixed to the wall, may be erected, with the following inscription in large letters, deeply cut, and strongly gilded. HIC DEPOSITUM EST CORPUS *JONATHAN SWIFT*, S.T.D. HUJUS ECCLESIÆ CATHEDRALIS DECANI, UBI SÆVA INDIGNATIO ULTERIUS COR LACERARE NEQUIT. ABI VIATOR, ET IMITARE, SI POTERIS, STRENUUM PRO VIRILI LIBERTATIS VINDICATOREM. OBIIT ANNO (1745) MENSIS (OCTOBRIS) DIE (19) ÆTATIS ANNO (78).

Item: I give and bequeath to my executors, all my worldly substance, of what nature or kind soever (except such part thereof as is herein after particularly devised) for the following uses and purposes, that is to say, to the intent that they, or the survivors or survivor of them, his executors, or administrators, as soon as conveniently may be after my death, ſhall turn it all into ready money, and lay out the same in purchasing lands of inheritance in fee simple, situate in any province in Ireland, except Connaught, but as near to the city of Dublin, as conveniently can be found, and not incumbered with, or subject to any leases for lives renewable, or any terms for years longer than thirty-one: and I desire that a yearly annuity of twenty pounds sterling, out of the annual profits of such lands, when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said fortune, devised to my executors, as aforesaid, until such purchase shall be made, shall be paid to Rebecca Dingley of the city of Dublin, spinster, during her life, by two equal half-yearly payments, on the feasts of All Saints, and St. Philip and St. Jacob, the first payment to be made on such of the

said

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said feasts as shall happen next after my death. And that the residue of the yearly profits of the said lands, when purchased, and until such purchase be made, the residue of the yearly income and interest of my said fortune devised as aforesaid, to my executors, shall be laid out in purchasing a piece of land situate near Dr. Steevens's hospital, or if it cannot be there had, somewhere in or near the city of Dublin, large enough for the purposes herein after mentioned, and in building thereon an hospital large enough for the reception of as many idiots and lunaticks as the annual income of the said lands and worldly substance shall be sufficient to maintain: and, I desire that the said hospital may be called St. Patrick's Hospital, and may be built in such a manner, that another building may be added unto it, in case the endowment thereof shall be enlarged; so that the additional building may make the whole edifice regular and complete. And my farther will and desire is, that when the said hospital shall be built, the whole yearly income of the said lands and estate, shall, for ever after, be laid out in providing victuals, clothing, medicines, attendance, and all other necessaries for such idiots and lunaticks, as shall be received into the same; and in repairing and enlarging the building from time to time, as there may be occasion. And, if a sufficient number of idiots and lunaticks cannot readily be found, I desire that incurables may be taken into the said hospital to supply such deficiency: but, that no person shall be admitted into it, that labours under any infectious disease: and that all such idiots, lunaticks, and incurables, as shall be received into the said hospital, shall constantly live and reside

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therein, as well in the night as in the day; and that the salaries of agents, receivers, officers, servants, and attendants, to be employed in the business of the said hospital, shall not in the whole exceed one-fifth part of the clear yearly income, or revenue thereof. And, I farther desire that my executors, the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such, shall not have power to demise any part of the said lands so to be purchased as aforesaid, but with consent of the lord primate, the lord high chancellor, the lord archbishop of Dublin, the dean of Christchurch, the dean of St. Patrick's, the physician to the state, and the surgeon general, all for the time being, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing; and that no leases of any part of the said lands shall ever be made other than leases for years not exceeding thirty one, in possession, and not in reversion or remainder, and not dispunishable of waste, whereon shall be reserved the best and most improved rents, that can reasonably and moderately, without racking the tenants, be gotten for the same, without fine. Provided always, and it is my will and earnest desire, that no lease of any part of the said lands, so to be purchased as aforesaid, shall ever be made to, or in trust for any person any way concerned in the execution of this trust, or to, or in trust for any person any way related or allied, either by consanguinity or affinity, to any of the persons who shall at that time be concerned in the execution of this trust: and, that if any leases shall happen to be made contrary to my intention above expressed, the same shall be utterly void and of no effect. And, I farther desire until the charter herein after mentioned

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tioned be obtained, my executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, his heirs, executors, or administrators, shall not act in the execution of this trust, but with the consent and approbation of the said seven additional trustees, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing, and shall, with such consent and approbation as aforesaid, have power from time to time, to make rules, orders, and regulations, for the government and direction of the said hospital. And, I make it my request to my said executors, that they may in convenient time, apply to his majesty for a charter to incorporate them, or such of them as shall be then living, and the said additional trustees, for the better management and conduct of this charity, with a power to purchase lands; and to supply by election, such vacancies happening in the corporation, as shall not be supplied by succession, and such other powers as may be thought expedient for the due execution of this trust, according to my intention herein before expressed. And, when such charter shall be obtained, I desire that my executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such survivor, may convey, to the use of such corporation, in fee simple, for the purposes aforesaid, all such lands and tenements, as shall be purchased in manner abovementioned. Provided always, and it is my will and intention, that my executors, until the said charter, and afterward the corporation, to be hereby incorporated, shall out of the yearly profits of the said lands when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said fortune devised to my executors as aforesaid, until such purchase be made, have power to reimburse themselves for all such sums of

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their own money, as they shall necessarily expend in the execution of this trust. And that, until the said charter be obtained, all acts which shall at any time be done in the execution of this trust by the greater part of my executors then living, with the consent of the greater part of the said additional trustees under their hands in writing, shall be as valid and effectual, as if all my executors had concurred in the same.

Item: Whereas I purchased the inheritance of the tithes of the parish of Effernock, near Trim, in the county of Meath, for two hundred and sixty pounds sterling: I bequeath the said tithes to the vicars of Laracor, for the time being, that is to say, so long as the present episcopal religion shall continue to be the national established faith and profession in this kingdom: but, whenever any other form of Christian religion shall become the established faith in this kingdom, I leave the said tithes of Effernock to be bestowed, as the profits come in, to the poor of the said parish of Laracor, by a weekly proportion, and by such other officers as may then have the power of distributing charities to the poor of the said parish, while Christianity under any shape shall be tolerated among us, still excepting professed jews, atheists, and infidels.

Item: Whereas I have some leases of certain houses in Kevin's-street, near the deanery-house, built upon the dean's ground, and one other house now inhabited by Henry Land, in Deanery lane, alias Mitre alley, some of which leases are let for forty-one years, or forty at least, and not yet half expired, I bequeath to Mrs. Martha Whiteway, my lease or leases of the said houses; I also bequeath to

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to the said Martha, my lease of forty years, of Goodman's Holding, for which I receive ten pounds *per annum*; which are two houses, or more lately built; I bequeath also to the said Martha, the sum of three hundred pounds sterling, to be paid her by my executors out of my ready money, or bank bills, immediately after my death, as soon as the executors meet. I leave, moreover, to the said Martha, my repeating gold watch, my yellow tortoiseshell snuffbox, and her choice of four gold rings, out of seven which I now possess.

Item: I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Swift, alias Harrison, daughter of the said Martha, my plain gold watch made by Quare, to whom also I give my Japan writing desk, bestowed to me by my lady Worseley, my square tortoiseshell snuffbox, richly lined and inlaid with gold, given to me by the right honourable Henrietta, now countess of Oxford, and the seal with a Pegasus, given to me by the countess of Granville.

Item: I bequeath to Mr. Ffolliot Whiteway, eldest son of the aforesaid Martha, who is bred to be an attorney, the sum of sixty pounds, as also five pounds to be laid out in the purchase of such law books as the honourable Mr. Justice Lyndsay, Mr. Stannard, or Mr. M'Aulay shall judge proper for him.

Item: I bequeath to Mr. John Whiteway, youngest son of the said Martha, who is to be brought up a surgeon, the sum of one hundred pounds, in order to qualify him for a surgeon, but under the direction of his mother: which said sum of one hundred pounds is to be paid to Mrs. Whiteway, in behalf of her said son John, out of the arrears which

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which shall be due to me from my church livings (except those of the deanery tithes, which are now let to the rev. doctor Wilson) as soon as the said arrears can be paid to my executors. I also leave the said John five pounds to be laid out in buying such physical or chirurgical books, as doctor Grattan and Mr. Nichols shall think fit for him.

Item: I bequeath to Mrs. Ann Ridgeway, now in my family, the profits of the lease of two houses let to John Cownly, for forty years, of which only eight or nine are expired, for which the said Cownly payeth me nine pounds sterling for rent, yearly. I also bequeath to the said Anne, the sum of one hundred pounds sterling, to be paid her by my executors in six weeks after my decease, out of whatever money or bank bills I may possess when I die: as also three gold rings, the remainder of the seven above-mentioned, after Mrs. Whiteway hath made her choice of four: and all my small pieces of plate not exceeding in weight one ounce and one third part of an ounce.

Item: I bequeath to my dearest friend Alexander Pope of Twickenham, esq., my picture in miniature, drawn by Zinck, of Robert late earl of Oxford.

Item: I leave to Edward now earl of Oxford, my seal of Julius Cæsar, as also another seal, supposed to be a young Hercules, both very choice antiques, and set in gold; both which I choose to bestow to the said earl, because they belonged to her late most excellent majesty queen Anne, of ever glorious, immortal, and truly pious memory, the real nursing mother of her kingdoms.

Item:

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Item: I leave to the reverend Mr. James Stopford, vicar of Finglass, my picture of king Charles the First, drawn by Vandyke, which was given to me by the said James; also, my large picture of birds, which was given to me by Thomas earl of Pembroke.

Item: I bequeath to the reverend Mr. Robert Grattan, prebendary of St. Audoen's, my gold bottlescrew, which he gave me, and my strong box, on condition of his giving the sole use of the said box to his brother Dr. James Grattan, during the life of the said doctor, who hath more occasion for it, and the second best beaver hat I shall die possessed of.

Item: I bequeath to Mr. John Grattan, prebendary of Clonmethan, my silver box in which the freedom of the city of Corke was presented to me; in which I desire the said John to keep the tobacco he usually cheweth, called pigtail.

Item: I bequeath all my horses and mares to the reverend Mr. John Jackson, vicar of Santry, together with all my horse furniture: lamenting that I had not credit enough with any chief governor (since the change of times) to get some additional church preferment for so virtuous and worthy a gentleman. I also leave him my third best beaver hat.

Item: I bequeath to the reverend doctor Francis Wilson, the works of Plato in three folio volumes, the earl of Clarendon's History in three folio volumes, and my best Bible; together with thirteen small Persian pictures in the drawing-room, and the small silver tankard given to me by the contribution of some friends, whose names are engraved at the bottom of the said tankard.

Item:

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Item: I bequeath to the earl of Orrery the enamelled silver plates to distinguish bottles of wine by, given to me by his excellent lady, and the half-length picture of the late countess of Orkney in the drawing-room.

Item: I bequeath to Alexander M'Aulay, esq., the gold box in which the freedom of the city of Dublin was presented to me, as a testimony of the esteem and love I have for him, on account of his great learning, fine natural parts, unaffected piety and benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of the legal rights of the clergy, in opposition to all their unprovoked oppressors.

Item: I bequeath to Deane Swift, esq., my large silver standish, consisting of a large silver plate, an ink-pot, a sand-box and bell of the same metal.

Item: I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Barber, the medal of queen Anne and prince George, which she formerly gave me.

Item: I leave to the reverend Mr. John Worrall, my best beaver hat.

Item: I bequeath to the reverend doctor Patrick Delany my medal of queen Anne in silver, and on the reverse the bishops of England kneeling before her most sacred majesty.

Item: I bequeath to the reverend Mr. James King, prebendary of Tipper, my large gilded medal of king Charles the First, and on the reverse a crown of martyrdom with other devices. My will, nevertheless, is, that if any of the abovenamed legatees should die before me, that then, and in that case, the respective legacies to them bequeathed, shall revert to myself, and become again subject to my disposal.

Item:

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Item: Whereas I have the lease of a field in trust for me, commonly called the Vineyard, let to the reverend doctor Francis Corbet, and the trust declared by the said doctor; the said field, with some land on this side of the road, making in all about three acres, for which I pay yearly to the dean and chapter of St. Patrick's ***.

WHEREAS I have built a strong wall round the said piece of ground, eight or nine feet high, faced on the south aspect with brick, which cost me above six hundred pounds sterling: and, likewise, another piece of ground as aforesaid, of half an acre, adjoining the burial-place called the Cabbage-garden, now tenanted by William White, gardener: my will is, that the ground enclosed by the great wall, may be sold for the remainder of the lease, at the highest price my executors can get for it, in belief and hopes, that the said price will exceed three hundred pounds at the lowest value: for which my successor in the deanery shall have the first refusal; and, it is my earnest desire, that the succeeding deans and chapters may preserve the said vineyard and piece of land adjoining, where the said White now liveth, so as to be always in the hands of the succeeding deans during their office, by each dean lessening one-fourth of the purchase money to each succeeding dean, and for no more than the present rent.

And I appoint the honourable Robert Lindsay, one of the judges of the court of Common Pleas; Henry Singleton, esq., prime serjeant to his majesty; the reverend doctor Patrick Delany, chancellor of St. Patrick's; the reverend doctor Francis Wilson, prebendary of Kilmacktolway; Eaton Stannard, esq., recorder of the city of Dublin; the reverend Mr. Robert

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Robert Grattan, prebendary of St. Audoen's; the reverend Mr. John Grattan, prebendary of Clonmethan; the reverend Mr. James Stopford, vicar of Finglass; the reverend Mr. James King, prebendary of Tipper; and, Alexander M'Aullay, esq; my executors.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, and published and declared this as my last Will and Testament, this third day of May, one thousand seven hundred and forty.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Signed, sealed, and published by the above-named Jonathan Swift, *in Presence of Us, who have subscribed our Names in his Presence.*

Jo. Wynne.
Jo. Rochfort.
William Dunkin.

PEDIGREE

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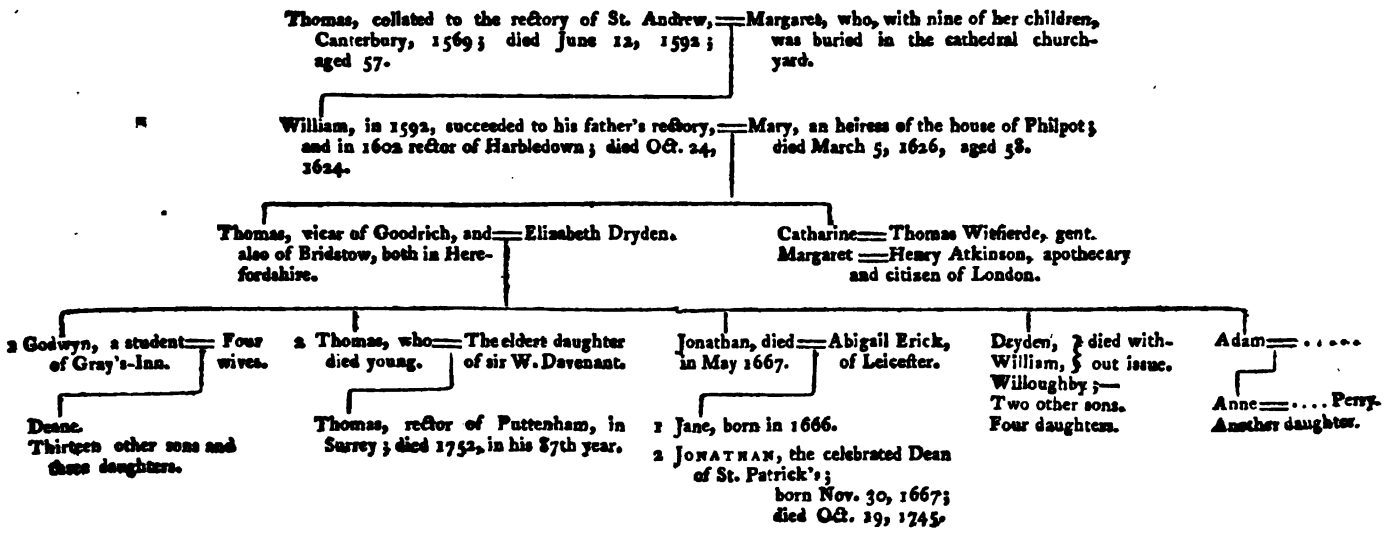
Pedigree of the Younger Branch of the SWIFTS of Yorkshire.

Arms: Or, a chevron nébulé, Argent and Azure, between three bucks in full course, vert.



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